

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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ALPINE DAIRIES.

"WE don't drink the cream up there: it is too rich: we eat it," said an old Alpine dairyman to me once. The remark set me thinking what a splendid, refreshing time they must have of it, making butter and cheese away up on the Swiss Alps,—dairying in high life, so to speak. Long ago I had tasted of the exhilaration of summering on green mountain-slopes, with dark-green woods about, and bits of verdant meadow edged in with Alpine rose and edelweiss, tinkling cow-bells, and picturesquely-clad cow-boys. It was the superlative of the pastoral, refreshing and nerve-building beyond any description. It was in the long ago, too, that I first heard the weird melody of the "Ranz des Vaches," the song of the Swiss cow-boy. The spring had come, and a long row of stall-tired cows were climbing a stony path up the side of Mount Pilatus in search of fresh pastures. As is usual in the Alps, almost every cow carried a bell, and the twenty or thirty bells were tuned for a chime. In the clear, high atmosphere, and with the novel surroundings, the harmony was something delightful. At the head of the line climbed the chief herdsman, bearing on his shoulders an enormous copper kettle, and other paraphernalia of a mountain-dairy. Behind the cows followed the herdsman's wife and daughter, together with an additional cow-boy. It was the beginning of the Alpine dairy-season. All the villagers had turned out to see

the procession start, and to wish their departing neighbors good luck, rich butter, fat calves, and plenty of cheese. "Come, Spiegel, Choli, Falth, and Lusti," cried the herdsman,—every cow of the herd had its familiar name. "Come—come—come," he cried again, and then followed the loud, weird jodel of the "Ranz des Vaches," sung as none but Alpine herdsmen can ever sing it. It was not the sickly, half-tuned jodeling we hear on the stage from the travelling Tyrolese showmen, but the loud, clear, and perfectly-sustained refrain possible only to strong throats in pure mountain-air,—a refrain that made the far-off granite rocks echo and re-echo, and that passed on to other rocks, where other herdsmen heard, and took up, and shouted the full-voiced gladness back. It is said that herdsmen who leave the higher Alps and come down to the valleys seldom retain this accustomed power to jodel; and the denizens of towns, however well they may sing, usually avoid the "Ranz des Vaches," simple though it be, because of the extraordinary voice required for its accompanying jodel. The Swiss music-books give some thirty songs as peculiar to herdsmen of the Alps; but the cow-boys themselves do not recognize half of them as the genuine "Ranz des Vaches." In all the verses end with a jodel, capable of all sorts of repetition and variation, depending on the ability of the singer, and often on the locality.

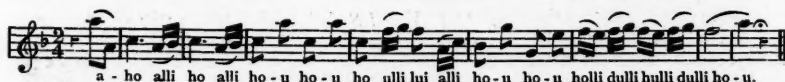
The best jodler I ever heard in the Alps fairly broke down when once at my request he tried a jodel in a village inn. It was all out of place: there was no mountain-air, no echoing rocks, no sense of freedom, no glad mountains, and no kindly cattle coming to the call.

The song, except the jodel, is simple

enough, and sometimes very joyous, as in the "*Départ pour les Alpes*:"

Der Ustig wott cho,
Der Schnee zergeht scho,
Der Himmel ist blaue,
Der Gugger het g'schraue,
Der Meye syg cho.

It is in an old Swiss dialect, and only an Alpine cow-boy can give its accompanying jodel in perfection:



In the summer of 1882 I was gathering some statistics as to Swiss dairies for the use of the government, and I gladly renewed the mountain-acquaintances of years ago. I had visited almost hundreds of cattle-farms and dairies in the valleys, and not even a threatening storm could prevent madame and myself from climbing up to the Frohn Alp. It is high enough to look down on the Rigi, and is celebrated for its Alpine dairies and its pure-blooded cows, known as the "Brown Switzers." It was little to us that an awful fog, almost thick enough to cut, enveloped the whole scene before we were half-way up. The dairymen's huts we knew we could find, fog or no fog. We were nearly mistaken, however, for darkness and storm overtook us when we were still two hours from the top. It was dangerous for us, and still more so for the cattle grazing in the thick fog on bits of meadows overhanging awful precipices. Soon we heard the cow-boys jodel, calling to the cattle in the fog, and then the tinkling bells, as their owners wandered in toward the huts and out of the storm. Soon, too, an apparition appeared in the fog behind us. As it neared us, we discovered in it a steady, strong man, bearing a whole cart-load of baggage, stacked up to a height of several feet above his shoulders, and this surmounted by an old cotton umbrella. He was carrying some tourist's luggage up to a little Alpine inn just ahead of us. The weight he bore was one hundred and thirty pounds, and this up a bad, steep path, to a

height of from five to six thousand feet above sea-level.

For such unusual and atrocious work for a human being, he must, of course, be well paid, we ventured to remark. "Yes," he said; "I receive about twenty-five cents for carrying this load up the mountain." We at once set to work giving this poor, half-paid, honest beast of burden some wholesome advice about a land dimly marked on the maps of Europe as the United States of America. The persons for whom these poor fellows are lugging big trunks for miles up steep paths and to almost inaccessible places in the Alps are usually English, German, and sometimes American tourists and invalids, rich, proud, and stingy. They want the air at some mountain-inn, and they want their big trunks and their poodle-dogs with them, regardless of the slavish and almost killing labor of getting them up there.

When we reached one of the dairy-huts, the beautiful mouse-colored cows, with the straight backs, the short, full necks, the little white horns tipped in black, and the mild brown eyes, were being milked. How docile and gentle they were! Even a stranger could go in and put his arm about their necks and pet them. The huts are little, low, stone buildings, with slab roofs held on by round boulders. For warmth, and economy of room, the cows stood packed like sardines in a row. This close stabling of cows is common, even in the valleys of Switzerland. There is usually almost no means of ventilation. Swiss farmers maintain that there is

more milk for the great warmth, and that less food is required for the cattle; also, that cattle are not annoyed by flies in these dark stalls. Travellers in the country often remark that they notice no cows grazing in the fields. The fact is that, except on the higher Alps, there is no grazing. The cows are kept every day of the year in the close dark stalls, the grass being universally

cut and carried in to them. In some instances they are not even led out to water. This is practised partly because there are almost no fences in the country, but largely to prevent tramping out of grass by grazing; also for the further reason that they yield more milk if kept quiet. Be the reasons what they may, the fact remains that the Swiss cows are magnificent milkers, averaging ten quarts



IN THE ALPS.

daily for three hundred days in the year, and that, usually, with no feed except grass and hay. But of this more anon.

There were nineteen little mouse-colored "Switzers" standing in a row in the hut we entered that night; and in a farther corner, tied up by himself, a brown Switzer bull, that would make a New-York cattle-fancier's heart beat fast to look at. I asked the value of this magnificent creature. "Seven hundred francs," (or one hundred and forty dollars,) was the answer. "And the cows?"—"Nearly as much," said the senn, or cow-boy, proud of his fine herd. We drank of the warm, sweet milk in abundance, and then climbed on to the inn to sleep, instead of resting, as we might

have done, on some hay and a few poles in the herdsman's cabin just joining that of the cows. "We make cheese at five in the morning," said our good-natured cow-boy, with a "good-night," and with the additional remark that as we were "fine folks, and he only a herdsman, we should take his cap for a hat," meaning that we should think him better than he appeared,—a not uncommon expression in the higher Alps, especially in Unterwalden.

It was a serious question if we were gainers by stopping at the inn overnight in preference to sleeping on hay at the herdsman's hut. The night turned out cool after the rain, and the mountain-air was chilly as in November. We sat in the cheerless little parlor till

bedtime, shivering and playing checkers. Our sleeping-room was colder than the parlor, and we could not contrive to keep the little square feather bed, intended for covering, over our feet and over our shoulders at the same time. It was too utterly short for that. Do what we would, feet or shoulders had to shiver. How I longed all the night for the hay!

I recalled, too, how on another occasion I had been alone in the Alps looking at the dairies, when a senn insisted on sharing his hut with me,—how he told me queer Alpine stories, and how he taught me his own (of course the best) method of making Emmenthaler—or Schweitzer—cheese. I retain his method, by the way, and reproduce it later for those who consider none but Emmenthaler fit to eat, and who do not know that half the cheese over which they smack their lips in Paris hotels is not Emmenthaler at all, but poor qualities of *spalten*. I recalled, amid my shiverings, the queer surroundings of that other night on the Alps,—the storm outside, and the bright little fire inside, burning between thin stones standing on their edges,—and the fuel we had! Never outside of Arcadia before were dried Alpine roses used as fire-wood. There were untold millions of the shrub, with its delicious pink blossoms, on the mountain, and my friend of the night kept stacks of it at the door-side ready for use. "It is overrunning and destroying our Alpine grass, and we must grub it out," he said, piling as he spoke a whole armful of the shrub on to the hearth. His cows, sharing half the hut, and sleepless too from the terrific storm, looked over the low manger at the burning roses, the bells tinkling on their necks, and nodded approval. "For us that means more grass," they doubtless meditated. All this was a contrast to the inn and the cold bed. But morning came at last: it always does. It was six o'clock, and the brown cows we had petted the night before were already grazing for an hour preparatory to being milked. Soon we were inside our overcoats, and out with the cattle. The fog was gone, and, instead of the narrow

view and the mist of yesterday, we had before our glad eyes whole chains of snow-clad mountains, with the rising sun coloring their tips with gold and brightness. Near us were lofty peaks, granite pyramids thousands of feet in height, and between them snowy glaciers with green patches of Alpine meadow rapidly sloping to the edge of fearful precipices.

How our little brown cows kept their feet under them we could hardly tell. We should have expected to see them slide off, had we not noticed groups of goats bounding about in spots apparently ten times more dangerous still. I called our cows little. I think they are not little. It is their roundness of form, their sleek hair, their uniform mouse-color, and their docile ways that make one pet them and call them little. The average weight is about twelve hundred to thirteen hundred pounds, and they seem to be always in good condition. Hardiness is claimed for them, and they are exported to, and thrive as milkers in, all sorts of climates, varying from Petersburg to Naples. This is the best race in Switzerland, and the blood is kept pure. They call it the "Switzer," after the town and canton of Schwytz. The town lies down in the valley four thousand feet below. It gave its name Schweiz, or Switzerland, to the confederacy. Over there to the left of it is Küsnacht, where Tell killed Gessler, and down the slopes behind us lies Bürglen, where Tell was born. There, too, spread out like a beautiful mirror, is the Lake of Lucerne, the witness of the whole Tell drama. We could fire a rifle-ball from the meadow where we are into any and all of these classic spots.

The herdsman jodels, and the whole herd of cows start for the hut, to be milked. We, too, try jodeling. What a failure! We crack our voices with the high notes, and the cow-boy laughs. We give him half a franc, and he jodels for us. In the cool, pure air and on the mountain it is better than any concert we ever heard. We tell the boy he could make his fortune jodeling in the cities. He knows better. "They all lose their voices who go down there," he

says, "and their jodeling becomes mockery."

There is a group of men by the fence, indulging in a morning chat before milking. They wear linen roundabouts, with hood attachments reaching up and covering the head. Those queer roundabouts are to keep the grass-seed from running down the neck when they carry the grass, as they must, on their heads. It helps also to keep the rain off, and they wear it when milking. The curious wooden affairs the men wear buckled on behind, with legs sticking out at right angles, are milking-stools.

The milk-pails are all of cedar wood and polished to fastidiousness. They are marked inside with brass tacks, showing the exact measure of milk each cow gives. Eight to ten quarts daily is the average in the summer. It is not quite up to the summer average in the valleys, but the unusual sweetness of the Alpine grass makes the milk so rich that the average butter or cheese obtained is more than in the valley, where the grass is usually not better than our American grass. A trifle less than two pounds of cream is required up here to make a pound of butter. In the valley two and a half pounds are required. In one of the huts near here, where thirty cows are stalled, fifty pounds of butter and a dozen pounds of good Emmenthaler cheese are made weekly. With the *spalten* cheese the result would be better. One hundred and eighty quarts of the milk make thirty pounds of the cheese, worth in the near market about fourteen dollars per hundred-weight. Ordinarily, six pounds of milk are used for a pound of *spalten* cheese. This is one of the principal cheeses made for export, and has its name from the method of packing. It weighs, when ripe, about thirty-three pounds, and seven heads make a "spalten."

Mr. I—, the owner of the prettiest herd on the Alp, lives in Schwytz, where he has been town president. In summer he is on the Alps with his cows, and owns a chalet down by the inn. This chalet and the inn are the only real houses on the mountain. The

milking is over, and Mr. I— is going to show us *his* (also the best) method of making *spalten* cheese. He has taken off about ten per cent. of the cream for butter, putting the remainder, about one hundred and eighty quarts, into the big copper kettle over a slow fire. When heated to 93° Fahrenheit it is swung off and coagulated by rennet strained through linen cloth. In ten minutes, the coagula-



COW-BOY.

tion over, he breaks the mass thoroughly, stirs with wooden forks, swings the kettle over the fire again, stirs constantly, and heats to 131° Fahrenheit. The rennet has been prepared by moistening with whey the day before. In fifteen minutes the cheese is put in the forms and into the press, made of stone for summer and of wood for winter. The water, as far as possible, is pressed out wholly and immediately. The cheese is left twelve

hours in the press, and is then put on the shelves in the thoroughly-ventilated cheese-room, where it is salted and turned daily for three weeks. In twelve months the spallen cheese is ripe and fit for market.

The process seems simple enough, but it must vary a little to suit the season of the year and the temperature of the day and place. Mr. I——'s dairyman, or senn, is sixty years old, and for forty years of his life he has been making spallen cheese. He ought to know how; and Mr. I—— says he does. He laughs at thermometers and all that sort of modern nonsense. "My own blood tells me," says he, "when the temperature is right. I don't know how many degrees you would call it, and all that. I only know that that's the way to make spallen cheese."

The cheese out of the kettle, Mr. I—— goes on with the heating, and produces, by adding an acid, what is called *zieger* (an article resembling our cottage cheese in appearance and taste), and *molken*, a sort of whey, used sometimes for baths at the inn, and for drinking at "molken-cures," sometimes by the servants instead of coffee, and oftener for fattening the pigs.

Mr. I—— keeps his milk in very large shallow zinc pans standing in troughs of stone in running water. In winter wooden pans are used instead of zinc. The cows receive salt only on rainy days, are very carefully milked, and are fed with nothing but grass and hay, summer and winter. This is one of the points worth remembering in any consideration of the Swiss dairy-business. The finest herds I have visited, with few exceptions, were fed only on the product of the meadow. In some districts, extra feeds, as turnips, potatoes, oil-cake, meal, etc., are used, but in meagre quantities; and the statistics have shown that, while the milk was sometimes increased in quantity, the quality was lowered.

Some notes made here and there at different points of the country will show what the result of only grass- and hay-feeding is with the Swiss. They will

show, in short, that with grass and hay more milk and butter, and of better quality, are produced than in England or America with high feeding. The Swiss, besides simple feeding, do some other important things, however, which we Americans, at least, leave undone:

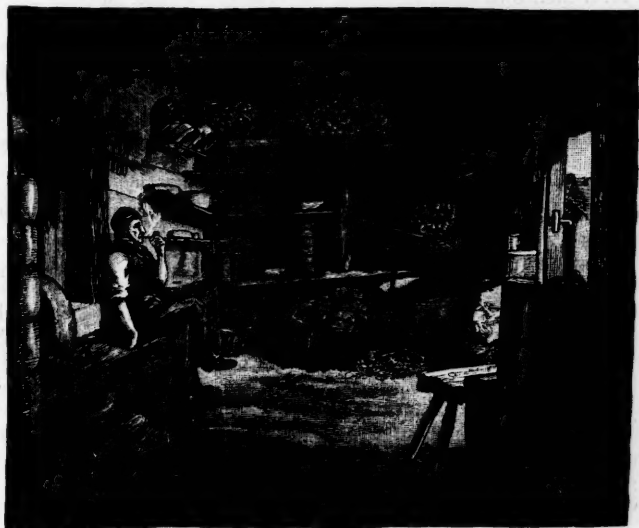
1. They are careful as to breed of cows. The scrubs are all slaughtered.
2. They fertilize every meadow with liquid manures thoroughly and often.
3. They keep their cows warm, give them pure running water, and stall them as carefully as we stall fancy horses.
4. They cut the grass and carry it to the stalls, saving the cows from the plague of flies and the meadows from being tramped.
5. They drain their meadows thoroughly, and water them as thoroughly when needful.

A careful observance of the foregoing principles makes it possible for the Swiss to do well with milk- and butter-producing, in spite of the enormous prices paid for land and the comparatively high value of cows. In the valleys generally, and especially in Eastern Switzerland, good meadow-land is valued at from three hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars per acre. Often, of course, the meadows are filled with fruit-trees, producing an extra profit and helping to maintain the moisture, making three crops of grass a year possible. Near the little town of Hallweil I found a dairyman who collected and sold the milk of seventy-five cows. They produced seven hundred quarts, or nearly ten quarts each, daily, year in, year out, counting every day in the year. In July and August eight hundred and fifty quarts daily were brought in. All this milk the dairyman sells at three and one-fifth cents a quart, and to him the profit is greater than that of making butter or cheese could be. Pure cream he sells at twenty-four cents a quart, and skimmed milk at two and three-quarter cents a quart. Some of these cows receive a trifle of shorts, or sometimes turnips, in addition to the hay and grass. They are valued at ninety to one hundred dollars each. The best in the neighborhood are worth

one hundred and twenty-five dollars. One of his neighbors kept ten cows last year, and sold twelve hundred dollars' worth of milk,—a rather exceptional case. In the same district a Mr. B—— keeps eighteen cows, with the aid of one hand, and sells from them twelve to fifteen quarts of milk per cow daily for three hundred days in the year. Mr. B—— adds shorts to his hay, but some of his neighbors doubt the quality of his milk. Mr. B—— owns but twenty acres

of grass-land, and hence extra feeding is necessary. He sells his calves at three days old, for from five to seven dollars each.

At the celebrated monastery of Einsiedeln, in the Schwytzer Alps, I found a beautiful herd of the brown "Switzer" cows. The monastery is a thousand years old. For nearly as many years its people have busied themselves with cattle-growing and milk-production. The produce of the herd here is always care-



INTERIOR OF A MOUNTAIN-DAIRY.

fully recorded. There are fifty-seven cows, all fed on grass and hay only, summer and winter. The average of milk is ten quarts per cow daily the whole year through. The highest quantity reached is twenty quarts daily, given by twenty cows out of the fifty-seven, in the months of May, June, and July.

No more reliable and interesting milk-statistics exist than the books of the celebrated milk-condensing company at Cham, in Canton Zug, on the edge of one of the most beautiful lakes in Switzerland. This is the largest and the most successful concern of the kind in the world. It uses the milk of between five and six thousand "Switzer" cows, all fed on grass and hay only. They were

milking nine months last year, and produced five thousand three hundred and fifteen pounds of milk per cow in the season,—that is, nine and eight-tenths quarts of milk per cow daily; a large average, when the number of cows is considered. In England this company has a branch condensing establishment, where from five to six thousand of the famous "short-horns" are milked. The average there last year was four thousand six hundred and sixty-eight pounds of milk per cow in the milking-season,—showing a difference in favor of the "Switzer" cows of six hundred and forty-seven pounds of milk in the year. Let it be noted that English farmers use roots, oil-cake, ensilage, and other artificial foods

for their cows. According to the report of the Department of Agriculture for the United States, in 1875, the highest average of milk received in the year at the very best dairies of the State of New York, where all sorts of high feeding are practised, was but four thousand and eight pounds,—a difference in favor of "Switzer" cows fed on grass and hay of thirteen hundred and seven pounds of milk per year. From these statements, perfectly authentic, let American dairymen form their own conclusions.

Of expensive high feeding of milk-cows the greater number of successful Swiss dairymen know nothing. "I have experimented in that direction myself," said Mr. I—, "but I have returned to simply sweet grass, good hay, warm stalls, and no grazing, except on the alps. My experience is that of a thousand other Swiss,—viz., that the natural food for a cow is good grass, and that, with good grass and good care, she will be healthier, produce better offspring and finer butter and cheese, than with the most expensive artificial foods known to the theorists."

I found Mr. I—, like all other Alpine dairymen, paying especial attention to the treatment of the *rennet* used for the cheese. "With carelessly-treated *rennet*," said he, "good cheese could not be made from the best milk in the world." Schatzmann, a Swiss pamphleteer, interrogated nearly every dairyman in the Alps on his special method of treating the *rennet*, and his conclusions from all the answers received are laid down in nine rules, which may be summed up as follows. Use only the stomachs from healthy calves under seven weeks old and that have not been dried to exceed a year. Parts of different stomachs should be used together, with the neck and fat cut away; chop them into small pieces, and pour warm water over them, twenty-four to thirty-six hours before using, in the proportion of three pounds of water to four ounces of *rennet*, the warmth of the fluid to be retained at about 93° Fahrenheit till using. The three pounds of the fluid should thicken

about six hundred and fifty pounds of milk in twenty-five minutes.

Mr. I—'s method of producing Emmenthaler cheese did not differ from that of my friend on Mount Pilatus. A part of the morning's milk, together with the cream of the evening's milk, is heated to 129° Fahrenheit, and stirred when the remainder of the fresh morning's milk is added, cooling the whole down to 95° Fahrenheit. It is then taken from the fire and coagulated with a small quantity of *rennet*. In half an hour the process is complete, and the mass then is cut and stirred. It is next left standing ten minutes, again stirred ten minutes, and afterward put over the fire and heated to 136°, when it is taken from the fire and left standing one hour before removing to the forms and press. In producing Emmenthaler cheese it is a common practice to make a low quality of butter from the milk left from the cheese; but the amount thus obtained barely pays for the trouble.

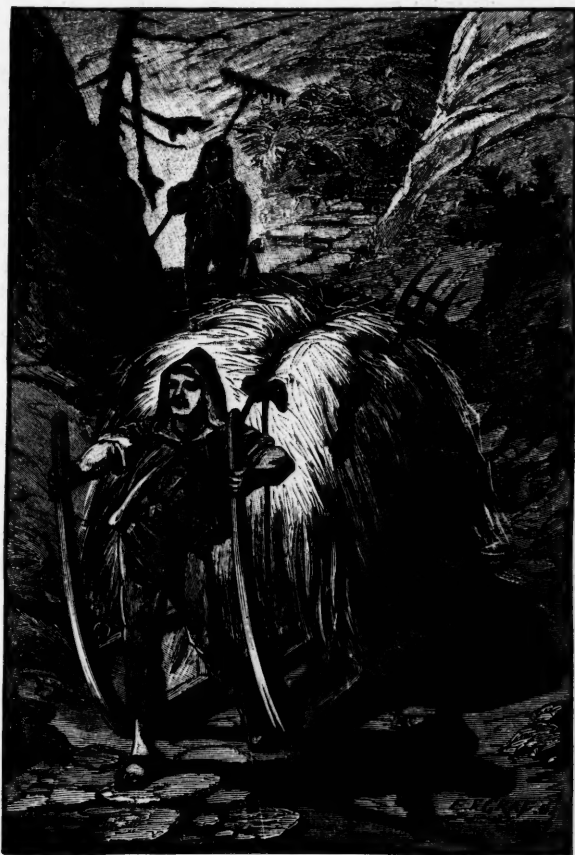
The rarest and most celebrated cheese made in the Alps is the "Schabziger." It is made successfully only in Canton Glarus, and is shipped in small quantities to every quarter of the world. Schabziger has been made in the mountains of Glarus for many centuries, and yet the peasants there have managed to keep the process very nearly a secret. I have asked cheese-makers in half the valleys of Switzerland if they knew how to make Schabziger cheese. The universal answer was, "No; we leave that to the Glarus folks. We stick to our own specialities. The Glarners know how to make it properly, and they have got the trade. Let them keep it." Even my friend Mr. I—, on the Frohn Alp, who, I thought, knew of everything that could be made of milk, innocently confessed that Schabziger was too much for him, and that the Glarners kept the secret and the trade very close among their mountain-tops.

Here, I meditated, was a chance for an American to explore and to discover. I would go to the Glarus Alps myself, and, if necessary, in the disguise of an innocent Alpine cow-boy bringing away the

golden fleece. To get to Glarus from the Frohn Alp I must go down the mountain, ascend the Muotta Valley, and by a two-days' climb get over the Panixer Pass into the valley beyond. The Russian general Suwarow once led an army over this wild pass in midwinter. Certainly an energetic American, used to mountain-climbing, could go over well enough in midsummer. The grand scenery of the whole route well repays one for the aching knees, the torn shoes, and the lonesome hours spent in climbing a pass that is seldom visited. Besides, there was the secret of the Schabziger cheese waiting me in some little hut on an upper Glarus alp.

It was five of an August evening when I reached the village of Mollis, bearing in my pocket a letter to the kind-hearted town president, who undertook to tell me where to go and what to do. His own nephew was *mill-ing*, or finishing the Schabziger cheese, in the valley; but the first processes were all up on the alps, as the Swiss call the little green meadows that fringe the precipices and lie high up between rocky peaks and gray glaciers. Formerly, these spots were only the home of the mountain-goat and the chamois. Nowadays the cows live there in midsummer, and the stone huts of Alpine dairies cling to little green alps thousands of feet high, and, looked at from the valley, seem on the very point of

slipping over precipices. It is a long, hard climb and a difficult path to follow to the upper alps of Mollis. It was a market-day, and the men of the village had gone off to a festival. I was in despair of finding a guide of any



BRINGING IN THE HAY.

kind, when the young daughter of one of the senns volunteered to go with me. "Papa is at the Glarus market; but I have been on the alps a hundred times, and can climb as well as you can," she said laughingly; and in five minutes the little coquette, with stockingless feet and wooden sandals, set out with me for one of the hardest climbs I had had in the mountains. She proved as good as

her word, and climbed steep stony ways with the agility of a practised mountaineer. As usual, the story was soon of that land beyond the sea. Her *schatz* (lover) was there. He, too, was a senn,—had tired of the hard work and harder fare of the Alps, and was now saving money to buy a farm in Iowa. How many questions I answered her, and how many questions I have answered others in these Alpine tramps, about that, to them, far-off and blessed land of the West! Hard as the way was, we were up on the alp and close to the low stone hut or dairy by twilight. The three senns were already at the milking. A bright greeting to them from my pretty guide, a good-luck to me, and she bounded like a roe down the mountain.

The milking over, the milk strained, and the fire lighted, my new acquaintances proceeded to prepare the supper. There was no putting an extra dumpling or potato in the pot for the stranger. There were neither dumplings nor potatoes in the house. A big pan of hot milk was placed on a rude bench, and each of the party was supplied with a mammoth wooden spoon. A loaf of hard bread, some white butter, and a bit of cheese kept the milk company. "There is the supper, and there are the implements," said the chief senn, and all were soon busy dipping and drinking out of the same pan.

"What do you have for breakfast?" I inquired.

"Bread, butter, and milk."

"And for dinner?" I ventured to ask further.

"Milk, butter, and bread," was the laconic answer. And this is the unvaried food, day in, day out, all the long summer and autumn. Good enough, but dreadfully monotonous.

"What hours of the day do you work?" I asked.

"From four in the morning till eight in the evening,—Sundays and all."

"And your pay?"

"Eight dollars a month." This too must seem monotonous. Is it a wonder that Swiss senns talk of emigrating?

Bedtime came, and we turned in to a "bunk" made of poles, covered with a hatful of hay pulverized by months of usage, and, with a sort of cheese-rind tarpaulin over us, we went to bed. Of course we slept in our clothes,—overcoat and all. But I had been used to roughing it in the old war-days: why not sleep soundly now? At midnight I was awakened by the cow-bells, now turned into demons for me; and the pole bed, and the pulverized hay, and my snoring companions, refused all comfort. Sleep was gone, and with it the romance of staying over-night in a little, dirty, floorless, cow-boy's hut on the Alps. I opened the door, stepped out on the dewy grass, and beheld a moonlight and starlight of surpassing beauty. I seemed never to have seen starlight till then. Each group, each constellation, and each individual star shone out through the perfectly pure air with a distinctness that was startling. I forgot my comfortless bed in admiring the sky and the mountains. It was a wonderful midnight scene,—the high peaks around, the distant snow and ice, the deep valley below, the shaded pines, the steep precipices with white walls of rocks,—and, over all, the bright canopy of stars, rivalling the summer moon. And I was there, enjoying it alone.

Still the cow-bells dangled,—not so tormentingly, now that I was wide awake and out of doors,—and at four the senns woke up. The pipe sticks were soon blazing under the enormous kettle of milk, and the Schabziger cheese-making had commenced. This part of it, then, was no secret, after all, notwithstanding the mysterious nonsense I had heard about the whole business. The milk which had been standing three days in cold water, and had been skimmed every morning, was now brought to the state of boiling. No rennet was used, but in its stead about fifteen quarts of twenty-four-hours-old whey to one hundred quarts of milk. Several gallons of fresh buttermilk had also been poured into the boiling mass just before the whey was put in. In five minutes the curd, or white *zieger*, as

they call it, is lifted out, drained, and poured into an immense box, which is covered with slight weights. After a month or so, the processes of souring and sweetening having been completed, the white uncured mass is placed in bags and carried down the mountain to the cheese-mill. Here it is put under an immense roller, resembling an olive- or chocolate-grinder, and is thoroughly pulverized. During the grinding the secret (?) herb is added, one-half pound of the pulverized plant to each hundred pounds of curd. Five pounds of salt are also added. The mixed and pulverized mass is then emptied into large tubs, where boys pound it into the little solid forms with iron pestles. The form is lined with a linen sack, making it possible to shake the pressed cheese out easily. The process is over now, except the drying, which takes place on long, well-aired shelves, sheltered from every breath of wind. In six weeks the cheese is dry, ripe for grating, and ready to eat. The cheeses, all in the shape of little sugar-loaves, weigh oftenest but half a pound. They are packed with straw, in hogs-heads, and sold

usually to Holland, whence they are distributed to New York and elsewhere, not one consumer in a thousand dreaming of the curious processes they have gone through, or the curious places they were made in.

Why cannot Americans make Schabziger cheese? They make sago, and half a dozen other weak imitations of the article: why not the genuine? The single objection is the difficulty of getting the herb that is used in the Glarus Mountains, and knowing how to use it. In no region, not even neighboring cantons in Switzerland, has it been possible to procure a sufficient quantity of this



COMING HOME IN THE AUTUMN.

herb to make a successful experiment. It is called "cheese clover" by the Glarner people, its botanical name being *Melilotus caerulea*. It grows nowhere outside of the little district of Laachen, in Canton Schwytz, and there but in

small quantities. The people raising it do not, as a rule, care to dispose of any of the seed. The herb grows high, and resembles buckwheat in the stalk. The leaves are dried and pulverized, and used as remedies in certain throat-diseases, and for giving to the Schabziger cheese its fine, peculiar flavor and its green color. It costs, at Laachen, about half a dollar a pound. It is, apparently, a tender plant, and cannot be subjected to much freezing. If Americans can grow this plant, they can, with care as to processes, also make Schabziger cheese; and no dairy-product could be more profitable, as there is scarcely an ounce of butter or fat left in the milk when put into the boiler. Aside from the herb used, it is the cheapest cheese made in the world, although one of the rarest.

A large proportion of what is now imported and consumed in America and elsewhere as Schabziger is not Schabziger at all, but some base imitation. Mr. Caspar Zwickz, perhaps the largest producer of this cheese anywhere, tells me that the total amount of genuine Schabziger cheese made in Glarus Canton

does not exceed twenty-five thousand hundred-weight yearly. It is made nowhere else. What, then, must all the stuff be that our cheese-fanciers are eating under the name of Schabziger? Perhaps it is our own poorer cheeses, done over with sage and other herbs to make them smell badly, and with dye-stuff to make them look green.

It is but two weeks till the end of September. Then the cattle and the cow-boys will be looking homeward. Much of the butter and the cheese has already been carried down the mountain. The big kettles will be taken from the crane, the hut will be locked up for the winter, and soon it and the green alps will be buried in the deep snow. Down in the little hamlet the villagers are waiting to greet the return of the herd with song and dance. The sleek, fat cows seem to know it all, and proudly step up to the cabin door to have their heads decorated with Alpine roses and edelweiss. The cow-boy takes one wistful look at his cabin, whistles to his faithful dog, and, with a jodel of the "Ranz des Vaches," the procession starts for the valley. S. H. M. BYERS.



THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUT OF STRENGTH, SWEETNESS.

THE next morning Don Leopoldo came to take leave of the people of the castle before setting out for Rome. It seemed a simple enough visit, but it set more than one heart palpitating with nervous anticipation.

"Do you believe that he really does love me?" Aurelia asked for the twentieth time, as the hour for his coming drew near. She was in Aurora's chamber, and Glenlyon was alone in the drawing-room, looking over the morning papers.

"Of course he loves you!" was Aurora's invariable reply. "But, you know," she added at last, "they say that he has loved a great many others, and that rather takes away the charm: don't you think so? Of course"—seeing Aurelia lift her head rather haughtily—"he cannot have loved any one else so well."

"He is coming now!" And Aurelia, who had been disturbed at the thought of finally and at once rejecting so much devotion and such worldly advantages, regained her delicate sweet frostiness at the thought of Don Leopoldo breathing at other shrines the same eloquent vows which she had found so fascinating.

They went out into the drawing-room, and in a few minutes their visitor entered. There was a moment of stiffness, which the good taste and good feeling of the company soon banished. Aurelia became even cordial to this worshipper at many shrines, seeing how pale and serious he was. She asked in the most friendly manner about his movements, told him that they might go to Rome for Easter, and hoped that the duchess would allow them to pay their respects to her there.

But to all his hints and imploring glances she appeared to be entirely insensible. He spoke of the terrace, where it seemed strange that he had never

been; but no one invited him to go there. He recalled the time when, as a boy, he had passed some pleasant hours in the garden; but no one suggested that he should go to take leave of that remembered scene. When at length he rose to go, he looked at Aurelia with a prayer in his eyes, which there was no mistaking; but she dropped her eyes without responding, and slipped her hand into Glenlyon's arm. Her cheeks grew slightly paler, but he saw that her mouth was resolute. "Till I see you again!" he said, and extended his hand.

"Addio!" she replied, and gave him her own.

He could not go without a word. "I shall never forget you, Aurelia," he said, entirely regardless of witnesses, holding closely the hand in his.

She withdrew it, and stood silent.

Don Leopoldo turned to Glenlyon. "This is my good angel whom I am now being torn away from," he said. "I leave you to consider if you will do well in withholding her from me. Aurelia, will you not look at me once more?"

She felt the pressure of Glenlyon's arm, that trembled, and raised her face with a gentle but distant look. "Addio, signor marchese," she said: "I wish you a pleasant journey."

He bowed profoundly, and went out without another glance; and the moment the door had closed on him, Aurelia dropped her head on Glenlyon's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Courage, my dear!" he said. "You have behaved well."

Don Leopoldo paused outside the door. "Am I to give it all up in this way?" he thought desperately. "Why have I not a horse at the door, and a strong castle where I can carry her off in the good old way? Why did I not tell him that all the world shall not keep her from me?"

He laid his hand on the latch, and stood a moment, his will swinging to and

fro. If he had heard a sob, if those eyes had filled a minute sooner, the tears might have been wiped away on his breast instead of Glenlyon's. But he had seen no sign of relenting, and he heard no sign of regret; and, after a brief hesitation, the instincts of one bred to the conventionalities of life prevailed, and he took his hand from the latch and went away. But, as he went, the vision of those pallid cheeks and downcast eyes went with him, telling a story of self-control rather than of indifference. She had withdrawn her hand, but not before he had felt a tremor in it. As he dwelt on these mute signs of emotion, cloud on cloud his dreams built themselves up again, and hope took up her unstable dwelling in them. He would go to Rome as he had promised, wait for the family to follow him, announce the rupture of his engagement with Miss Melville, then come back and demand Aurelia of her guardian. He went that day, leaving his mother so light of heart that she drove up the very next afternoon to call at the castle, and behaved charmingly.

That Aurelia was a little dignified, and not quite sure that she could dine at the villa on Thursday, rather amused her than otherwise. Of course the girl was disappointed; and one must allow for a little mortification, absurd as it was. The dinner came and passed pleasantly enough, the good-byes were said, the family set out for Rome, and the villa was deserted.

"Any commands for Washington?" Miss Melville whispered to Glenlyon as they took leave.

"Truly?" he asked.

"Truly!" she replied; and there was no opportunity for more.

They went on Saturday; and before the two girls had an opportunity to realize their loneliness, the town was filled with soldiers. The grand military manœuvres were to be performed that autumn in the campagna about Sassovivo, and the *stato maggiore* was posted in the town for a few days. Every one having a respectable house had been asked to receive, and to the castle had

been assigned two officers,—a general and a colonel. They would sleep there only, the officers' mess being in a large apartment in the sindaco's palace.

There was no time for dreaming over imaginary sorrows in this gay bustle. Soldiers were everywhere,—gay young officers, and gray and sober ones, going about by twos, and threes, and groups, or seated outside the café, or lounging about the steps of their hotels or lodgings. Orderlies ran with letters, or were seen at early morning laboriously blacking boots, and flirting with servant-girls as they led horses up and down with a monotonous click-clack that echoed in the once silent streets.

The young ladies of the town appeared in their finest array in balconies, or walked out, smiling and airy, on the arms of their fathers and brothers, and beamed bewitchingly on the officers.

All the young men in town, both high and low, lost their temper and appetite. They felt like barn-yard fowl beside these trim, shining, tight-jacketed, gentlemanly, peremptory, gold- and silver-corded idols of their idols. Even at the castle the feminine heart was not insensible to these warlike glories; and not only was Jenny constantly seeking excuses to show her pert, pretty face in the street, and Giovanna slightly black in one eye in consequence of an engagement with her husband, in which she won possession of the market-basket and with it the privilege of making the daily purchases in the town, but the two young ladies peeped over the railing at their guests when they came in at night, and tried to distinguish their faces, and went into their chambers by day to wonder over the maps, that were sometimes cut into little squares, and the printed forms of reports of combats, and even, with a laughing audacity and half afraid and shocked at themselves, to see what sort of tooth-brush might have the privilege of touching the mouth of a general, and how the colonel had splashed the water about him in washing, and had thrown the bed-clothes almost into the middle of the room on rising in the morning. The excitement

and newness of everything raised Aurelia nearer than usual to the level of her companion's spirits, and the two together committed a score of innocent follies which they would have been greatly ashamed to have been caught in.

Then, to hear the spurred heels coming up their quiet stairs at night, and the rattle of a sword in the room next to their doves' nest,—it was a new sensation. There being but one spare bedroom, Aurora had insisted on giving up hers, Madonna and all, and occupying a sofa in Aurelia's chamber. Nothing could please her better, she declared, than to have the room consecrated by every variety of noble influence; and as the elder Glenlyon had painted there, and left his mark in occasional touches of color or charcoal sketches on the walls, it would now be a delightful variety to have a soldier, with his glory and his top-boots, to knock off, perhaps, a bit of plaster with the hilt of his sword. And so, half laughing and wholly in earnest, she had won her point, and the colonel, with his glory and his top-boots, walked about with ringing heels, and thoughts engrossed in studying the order of violence, where she with soundless steps had danced before the Madonna and with gentle, harmonizing thoughts had sought to find everywhere the poetry of love.

As yet the girls had not seen their guests. Glenlyon alone had received them, and for two days they were off with the early morning light and came in late at night. The greater part of the camp had not yet come, having been stationed beyond the mountains. But on the morning of the third day they saw the shaven wheat-fields below the town all bloomed out in a white flower of tents; the duke's olive-trees curled their peaceful smoke over rows of glittering rifle-barrels and bayonets that flashed a thousand lightnings in the sunshine, and bugle-calls rang clearly through the sweet, fresh air.

They were on the terrace, admiring the view, when an unusual stir in the long street visible beyond the Gola attracted their attention. People were pulling in the rags that had been hung out of the

windows to air, and scrabbling out of the way any unsightly object which might be in the street, and there was visible a group of officers in the distance far up the main street. At this hour, with the camp all astir below, the town had resumed its almost deserted look, and this small group of officers on foot, who were immediately joined by two standard-bearers, were almost the only persons in sight.

"*Evviva il re!*" cried out a piping boy's voice. In fact, the king, passing from one part of the encampment to the other, had come unexpectedly to Sassovivo for a half-hour's visit, and was walking through the town, dressed as an officer, and accompanied by his brother Amedeo. The sindaco had rushed to the rescue of the city's dignity with an excitement which had not left him an inch of breath, and two standards had been got out as by a miracle. As yet there was no further demonstration.

The two girls flew down-stairs, got themselves out of their morning-dresses and into street-dresses in a twinkling, caught on their veils *alla meglio*, snatched each her gloves and a fresh handkerchief, and set off running, with Gian and Jenny at their heels.

"My God!" cried Aurora, stopping in the Gola (the "*Dio mio!*" does not shock one in Italy), "I have come out in my yellow slippers!"

"Nobody will notice you," was the not very complimentary reply. "Come! It is too late to go back."

And on she ran, shod like the morning under her flying black skirts.

The king and his suite had gone into the cathedral midlength of the street to see some ancient frescos of which the town boasted, and everybody was scampering. He had entered by the front door, and would leave by a side-entrance to pay a momentary visit to a college connected with the church. As yet not a note of that martial music with which the unfortunate great are so pitilessly deafened wherever they go had sounded. But the boys' band, dressed in hot haste, ran from every direction, buttoning their jackets as they came,

their instruments under their arms or between their teeth, as might be, and placed themselves at the entrance to the college court. "Oh! where is the bass drum? *Brigante!* he has stopped to eat something! He is always eating something. Madonna! we can't play without a drum!" And the boys gave a succession of compliments to the absent tambour which did credit to the vivacity of their feelings.

The town band came hurrying down the street, all full-grown men, and very red in the face,—a color which was brought out in high relief by their uniform of pale blue and silver and white feathers.

Jests went about the crowd, that increased every moment,—that pleasant crowd of Italy, where elbowing rudeness is almost unknown. The tardy bass drum came at full speed, panting and sucking his teeth, and was saluted with a torrent of gibes. Then, "Here they come! *Evviva il re! Evviva il re!*" and the town band burst into music, and all the handkerchiefs went into the air, and a hundred questions with them: "Which is Umberto? Which is Amedeo? The one who puts his hand to his cap is the king. He is dark, like Vittorio."

The Italian people almost invariably speak of their first king as Vittorio, without title or compliment.

Any sovereign is in these days a possible hero of tragedy, and interesting on that account, if no other; and to these early kings of Italy must ever attach the supreme interest of having cut the Gordian knot of the temporal power of the Popes, which, humanly speaking, no Pope could ever have voluntarily resigned, his inaugural oath obliging him to sustain it,—and this, though it was plain that Italy and the world had long since had more than enough of it, and that Christianity was enduring in its unwholesome atmosphere that lingering agony of an immortal being which can suffer but never die. King Victor and King Umberto, with their governments, have taken all the odium and peril of clearing away this gigantic stum-

bling-block in the way of religion; and if they have not yet been sufficiently thanked by the Christian world, it may be because God, whose instruments they were, has reserved for himself the gratitude of a later and wiser generation. Seen in this light, King Umberto was a man to look at with all the eyes by those who are capable of appreciating greatness in advance of its fame. And, looked at artistically, a king of Italy is a king of Olympus.

The two girls left the crowd, and took their posts on a high step at a distance, near where the horses of the royal party were waiting, that of the king conspicuous for its scarlet saddle-cloth nearly covered with silver. Here the king came and mounted; and as they waved their handkerchiefs he saluted them, holding his hand to his cap while looking steadily at them for a moment.

They made a pretty group. Standing above a crowd of the populace, their faces close together, half supported in each other's arms, smiling and blushing, with their handkerchiefs waving out above their heads, they were charming enough to justify even a king's admiration.

"Wasn't it a success!" Aurora panted breathlessly, as they ran homeward when the cortège had passed.

"He looked at us,—at our very selves!"

"He looked at you, dear," said Aurelia.

It was true. And the king had murmured to one beside him, "That girl could lead a regiment into battle." And well he might say so. Rosy, brilliant, beautiful, with the dark hair pushed half over her lovely brow, and her arm, half bare and white, holding the fluttering handkerchief above her head, she was more than a mere beautiful girl; for looking into those eyes one could see that they saw, beyond the crowned man and the rustic pageant, a vision of empire and of a consecrated life.

The momentary excitement passed, and the town grown still again, Aurora went out toward evening to the cathedral, accompanied by Mariù. A *novena* was

being held there for some festa, and she wished for the benediction; and, besides, she longed to approach her absent mother in the only way possible to her, by approaching that divine centre from which all being radiates. He who touches a sunbeam touches the sun; and he who touches the sun is in connection with its uttermost radiant influence: therefore he who touches a sunbeam is in connection with everything on which the light shines,—which is the syllogism of union in God.

The cathedral was a dingy church, but, being lighted only from the roof, was both picturesque and devotional at this hour. With that beautiful glow over the richly-colored frescos of the ceiling, and soft reflections in the dusk below, nothing could be distinguished as a defect. A large chapel ran out at right angles with the left side-aisle, and near this was an altar blazing with lights. The chapel itself was dark, with only a soft star of light in the centre.

A soldier was kneeling at the *prie-dieu* before this chapel, his tall form wrapped in a military cloak of a soft blue-gray. A rich reflection from the gold-colored mantle of some saint in the ceiling fell over a fine head, with its closely-cut chestnut hair, and around a pair of broad shoulders. His elbow rested on the desk before him, and his hand supported his head in a thoughtful rather than a praying attitude.

In passing him, Aurora walked more slowly, and turned her face his way with a surprised feeling of kindness and sympathy. She was touched by the sight of a soldier in that place.

This soldier, a Piedmontese colonel, remained at the *prie-dieu* when the others gathered about the lighted altar and joined in the prayers. He gazed fixedly into the dark chapel with its star of light, and thought of his mother, just dead, and not yet buried. The letter announcing his loss had been given him by his orderly that morning just as he was mounting his horse, and he had read it in the saddle. All day he had been attending to his duties; and now,

at nightfall, he gave an hour to sacred love and sorrow.

Colonel d'Rubiera was the youngest and only surviving of five sons brought up by their widowed mother in that stern virtue and simplicity which made some families of Piedmont resemble the typical New-England family of a former generation. Though noble, they were not rich; and the crown of their nobleness was the dignity with which they bore their cross of cultivated and generous natures in straitened means. The colonel's father, the Cavaliere d'Rubiera, was the son of another cavalier of the same name, who had married a sister of the Duke Cagliostro, father of the present duke, to her family's great displeasure. They had looked higher for her. The colonel was, consequently, the duke's second cousin; and, still more, he was, after Don Leopoldo, the next surviving heir to the title and estates of the Cagliostri. Don Leopoldo has already spoken of him as the "rough-shod Piedmontese colonel" whom his mother hated.

Aurora and Mariù knelt close to the altar. The service approached its close, and all the congregation joined in singing the "*Tantum ergo*," when among the shriller women's voices there rose a musical baritone, modestly restrained in volume, but still seeming to carry all the others. Singing with a grave expression, and pronouncing fully every word, this voice had yet an exquisite grace, and nothing could excel the firm, smooth finish of every verse it sang. There was all the ease of that cultivation which goes to the utmost point where voice and soul can go together, and all that expression which is lost when singing declines from over-cultivation into the region of mechanics.

"Mariù, look and see who is singing so beautifully," Aurora whispered in a pause of the hymn.

"It is the officer before the santissimo," Mariù replied, having already looked on her own account.

At the "*Genitori genitoque*," the voice began again; but, after pronouncing the words which spoke of praise and

gladness, it broke suddenly and dropped into silence.

When Aurora left the church, the soldier was still kneeling there; but his head was so bowed into his hands that she did not see his face.

That evening one of the officers lodging at the castle came in early, while the family were at dinner, and shut himself into his chamber. The servants did not see him, but heard him go up-stairs.

"He might be sick, and want something," Glenlyon said, and bade Gian question the colonel's orderly.

No, the man replied; he was only tired, and had to go out very early in the morning. There was to be a mock battle the next day.

With early light all the officers were away; at seven o'clock the skirmishing began, and by nine the action had become general, the principal point of attack being a small height and a pass across the plain from Sassovivo. The distance, and the many intervening trees, rendered it impossible to see the battle clearly from the town, even with a glass; and, as they stood on the roof-terrace in the mellow sunshine, Glenlyon smilingly said to Aurora that they must trust to her second-sight for a description.

She accepted the challenge gayly, declared war with Austria, named the commanders, and described the action in a series of vivid pictures. She saw the charge on the batteries even before, with a burst of white smoke against the sunshine, they woke the echoes of the blue Apennines beyond, and of the gracious hills that lay around their rocky bases. When the smoke had grown to a white cloud that veiled all the contested height with its increasing folds, and the fierce and rapid explosions were rolled into one continuous thunder, she pointed to a single snow-white cloud, that, sailing across the sky, seemed to have paused above that strange cloud of the earth. Risen from dewy gardens and solitary fountains and sunny streams, she described it hanging like a lily in the air, cool and sweet, while the genius of Italy bent over its rim to drop a wreath on some brave, fallen head.

And there she stopped abruptly, remembering the soldier she had seen in the church the evening before, and how his voice had broken and dropped silent in the singing. "I cannot play at war," she said: "it is too serious." And, leaving Glenlyon and Aurelia together, she went apart, and, leaning in a corner on the parapet, watched the distant combat with deepening thoughts and still profounder feelings.

All along the fresh campagna, bright with recent rains, the thin blue rifle-smoke was curling, and in intervals of the slackening fire of the batteries were heard sharp, small, individual echoes, reducing the grander terrors of war to a vision of broken hearts, and of thousands of nameless dead for whom nature alone weaves her obsidional crown of grasses.

When at length Aurelia came to call her, she turned a face that was perfectly colorless. "I know now what war is," she said. "These signs were enough for me, and I have seen it all!"

CHAPTER XIX.

LA PAURA L'È FAITA D'NEN.

THAT afternoon the two girls went to the sindaco's palace, to see the troops return to their camp by a road invisible from the castle.

This palace was one of those strange piles possible only in a mountain-city. Its front of forty windows on a line promised a structure of immense capacity; but, in fact, these front rooms were all there were of any consequence. Behind them were only corridors and a few small rooms, with the two chief antechambers. The palace was a mere line, braced against the terraced gardens that rose behind at the level of the third story by four or five backward-running wings containing only kitchens and store-rooms. Between these walls and the gardens were several courts, which, seen from above, looked like immense wells; weeds grew in their damp crevices, and at evening bats went whirling about them in a premature night

while all the flowery terraces were yet rosy with sunset. There were a dozen different slanting roofs to the palace; but over the end where the sindaco lived was a large terrace, with a smaller one beside it. The company was assembled in the large terrace. Across the entrance to the smaller one a bar had been placed, as though it were set apart for some purpose.

Our young ladies were received with graceful cordiality by the sindaco's wife and pretty daughters. The signora offered them tea, much to their surprise. The lady's mind was yet so dazzled by her intercourse with the duchess that she was semi-blind to the normal custom of her own society. All the ladies accepted the cups offered them, though few of them had ever even seen the strange beverage before, and one could see them making private depreciatory grimaces to each other and slyly emptying their tea into the water-spout. The sindaco, laughing at what he called his wife's English modes, offered wine, and both, with an air of pride, dispensed wedges of that simple cake called *pizza*, which Italian country-people, little used to sweets, make only on festal occasions. One is always expected to make a little admiring exclamation when the *pizza* appears, much as when the baby is brought in.

It was a pleasant gathering, gay, cordial, and somewhat noisy. Aurelia, not able to talk with any one except the host and hostess, who were busy, looked about and criticised from an English point of view, with that pleasing consciousness peculiar to her nation that it is the only proper point of view, which is the prime secret of their excellent digestion and rosy complexions. That this graceful and gracious people make themselves merry over insular reserve and stiffness, and call Englishwomen "fountains without water," did not disturb her tranquillity. She found them very loud-voiced, and she thought that the young girls were greatly wanting in modesty and respect for their superiors. The perfectly confident and voluble manner in which they talked,

especially to gentlemen, in the presence of their silent elders and superiors, rather shocked her previous notions of their nun-like education. Apparently, those wonderful restraints of which she had been told were needed by these bold and eager young women. Still, she could not deny that there was something pleasing in all the gay compliments and flatteries which were, at least, not unnatural, but only nature in *issimo*.

Presently a group of officers appeared on the terrace, and after a few minutes the sindaco brought one of them and presented him to the *bella Inglese*, as they already called Aurelia. "The General Pamparà," he said, "who has the pleasure of being an inmate of the signorina's house. The signor general speaks English."

Aurelia blushed and smiled very prettily, and most certainly with a delicate sweetness of which the young ladies about her showed no sign; and the officer, a short, stout, gray-haired man, who some way gave one the impression that he had been born and brought up on horseback and might be expected to die in the saddle, bowed with the most perfect courtliness, and remained uncovered till she begged him to put on his cap. In fifteen minutes she had him as perfectly fascinated as a respectable elderly married man devoted to his family could or ought to be with a respectable young lady.

Aurora had withdrawn herself apart when the officers appeared, with something of that timidity with which a hero-worshipper looks upon her heroes, and also with the involuntary feeling that she should not meet strange gentlemen without a chaperon. One or two ladies had pushed aside the bar put up across the entrance to the smaller terrace and gone in there. She followed them, and, leaning on the parapet overlooking the street, watched the company. She had seen among the officers the tall soldier who had sung in the church, and she soon perceived that he had the air of having come there against his will and of being very little in harmony with the company.

In fact, while Aurora looked at him, he was excusing himself to the Signora Passafiori, who wished to present him to some of the ladies. "I really do not feel equal to it, cara signora," he replied. "And, to show you that I am not uncivil or capricious, I confide to you the reason. I heard yesterday morning of the death of my dear mother in Torino. Please do not mention it. And please allow me to be silent, and to withdraw as soon as I can do so unobserved."

The lady at once and with the greatest kindness expressed her sympathy, and left him to his musings.

Yes, it was really the same, Aurora thought. There was no mistaking that head and those shoulders. And the face harmonized with them,—deep-blue eyes of the North, chestnut hair and moustache, a noble and rather haughty face that looked about with an air of which the boldness was pleasing, being untainted with insolence, but frank and full of courage. A slight shade of sadness hung about him,—that touching sadness of which the person wishing to hide his trouble is unconscious.

The Signora Passafiori, having been charged to say nothing about it, was, of course, going about and whispering the colonel's loss to all her intimate friends, when she perceived the ladies in the second loggia. Immediately she ran toward them with a scream, calling upon them to come away. "The floor is not safe," she cried. "There is a broken beam underneath. We put the bar up on that account."

Whether the beam was already giving way without their feeling the instability of their footing, or whether the shock of their sudden start broke the remaining splinter, would be impossible to say; but, as they all screamed and ran, the floor gave way behind them, and, with a crash of timber and bricks and a cloud of dust, was precipitated into the room beneath. Aurora was left alone, clinging to the parapet, with an unstable brick or two under her feet, a gulf of dusty ruins at one side, and the street, four stories below, at the other. She clung,

and felt the world turn round and grow dark, and heard the women all calling and screaming, and Aurelia's voice say, "Oh! Aurora! Aurora! Will no one save her?"

Their voices made her dizzy; but she clung, and shut her eyes against the blinding dust that rose from below.

Then she heard a man's voice speaking clearly and quietly:

"Courage! And hold on. I'll come for you."

It was the first time that she had ever heard that voice speaking, yet she knew to whom it belonged. Opening her eyes and lifting her drooping head, she saw Colonel d'Rubiera at the barrier, with all the company gathered about him. He had taken off his sword and was securing his belt firmly. When she raised her face, he called out again cheerily, "I'm coming! Hold on, and look at me. Don't look down."

She had been about to fall. She grew firm, and looked at him.

The colonel pulled off his riding-boots and stepped out on to the slanting eaves, trying the long curved tiles with his feet, touching them carefully, and holding the parapet. The women began to exclaim, and some prepared to faint.

"Can't you keep quiet?" he said, looking at them savagely.

They became silent on the instant.

Aurora herself uttered a faint cry. He turned to her with an encouraging smile. "Don't be afraid, but hold on, and look at me," he said. "Keep up your courage! *'La paura l'è fatta d'nen.'*"

"He is Piedmontese," she thought, and recognized the proverb, "Fear is made of nothing."

He came slowly and carefully along the unstable way, trying the tiles with his feet, and now and then trying with his hand the fragments of brick and mortar left inside above the cornice of the room below. Aurora kept her eyes fixed on him, and waited, pale but quiet, for him to save her. When, half-way across, he glanced at her, she smiled.

"That's right!" he said in a low voice, as if to himself, and repeated,

"*La paura l'è fatta d'nen.*" He reached her. "Hold on! Hold on, and keep cool," he said; but his own face grew pale, for the turning was difficult, and they must now both cling to the parapet, and not only watch their footing, but see that their hands did not interfere. "Put your left hand into my sword-belt, quite well under,—so. Hold well with your right hand to the parapet, and try every step before you make it. If the step is insecure, hang on to my belt. If I slip, let me go. Now!"

"If you fall, I will throw myself down after you," said Aurora.

He did not reply. Step by step they went on their perilous journey, Aurora sometimes having for an instant no support but the soldier's belt and her right hand on the parapet, and the soldier slipping more than once on a slipping tile. The company stood mute and pale watching them, and perhaps not one of them but uttered a fervent prayer in that moment; and down in the street another crowd was watching them, and the windows about were full of faces.

They reached the great terrace, and some one helped Aurora over the low barrier. She had not removed her eyes from the soldier's face since first he spoke to her, and she stood there in safety looking at him still.

"I think you'll know me when you meet me again, signorina," he said, laughing joyously. "And, now, don't faint. Hadn't you better take a little of the wine the signora is offering you?"

She shook her head and stood smilingly receiving the congratulations of the company, which crowded about her. She and Aurelia, embracing, kissed each other in silence.

The colonel put on his boots. "With permission, ladies," he said coolly.

"And, mamma," the sindaco's wife's daughter said to her afterward, "he had on the most beautiful bavella stockings, color bordeaux, with three white stars on the instep."

Aurora stood there with an indescribable air of proud contentment, with no sign of weakness, silent, bright-eyed, and

only slightly pale. The colonel came to her with a cordial smile. He seemed to take pride in her self-control, as if he had some property in her. She turned toward him with a sweet and graceful reverence. "Signor colonel," she said, and asked his name,—not in the bare English mode, but in the stately Italian: "permit me to ask what is your revered name."

"Roberto d'Rubiera, at your service," he replied, bowing.

She extended both her hands in such a way that he could only take them in both of his, and before he was aware of her intention she had bent and kissed both his hands.

"And this," said the sindaco, feeling that he was master of ceremonies, "this, colonel, is the Contessina Aurora Coronari, who lives in the family of the Signor Scozzese."

When the sindaco's wife asked him afterward why he blushed so violently at the instant of making this introduction, he confessed that he had been on the point of naming Glenlyon as the Signor Mosè, so closely had the duchess's surname clung to its object.

The introductions over, with a pretty little grateful speech from Aurelia to the colonel, translated by General Pamparà, the two girls excused themselves and went home.

"Please don't talk, dear," said Aurora softly, when her friend began to speak of what had occurred; and when they reached the castle she only said, "Now, dear, if you would kindly go and tell the Signor Glenlyon everything, I would like to be quiet for a little while." And, going into their chamber, she knelt down by the bed and hid her face.

"Colonel d'Rubiera?" repeated Glenlyon, when he had heard the story. "Why, that is one of the gentlemen here. I couldn't remember his name, and I mislaid his card."

"Wouldn't it be better not to tell her to-night that he is here?" Aurelia suggested. "She has been very quiet, but I know that she feels deeply. They said that the ceiling-beams of the second chamber were broken by the fall, and

that the least additional shock would have precipitated the whole mass down another story. They were only lumber-rooms. But it was too terrible. What if either of them had made a misstep?"

"Let us thank God that they did not, and try not to torment ourselves with imagining what might have happened," Glenlyon replied. "But, Aurelia, I do not think it would be right to conceal from her that Colonel d'Rubiera is in the house. What harm could it do her? Besides, I do not like to manage people in that way. It is always best to tell them frankly all that concerns their own affairs. I dislike the whole system of concealment of anything except those entirely personal affairs which no one else has a right to know. She has a right to know that he is in the house. The affair concerns her more than it does us."

"I only thought of not agitating her any more," Aurelia said, hurt, and even a little offended. "You cannot think that I am deceitful?"

Glenlyon was sitting by the window overlooking the campagna, and Aurelia stood before him, her bonnet in her hand. The sunset light was shining in over them. He had been watching that sunset, and meditating. She had found him very serious, and her reproach made him more so. As she spoke, he stretched his hand to take hers, and drew her nearer.

"I know that you are not deceitful, Aurelia," he said earnestly, "and for that very reason I am the more anxious to keep you from the least stain of untruthfulness. So far as I could, I have trained your naturally-upright mind to honesty, and I shall soon leave you to direct yourself in all things. Of that I have little fear. But I have great fear that you may sometimes be influenced by a poisonous doctrine without knowing how poisonous it is, or what it leads to, because you will see that some very good people adhere to it. Forget what we were saying about Aurora. It is a mere trifle, except that it gives me the impulse to say something to you which you will remember when I am gone."

It was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his death.

Tears were dropping down Aurelia's face, and when her guardian paused, and drew a chair to his side, gently impelling her to it, she exclaimed, "Why should you speak of leaving me? It would break my heart to lose you! Why should you not live ten or even twenty years longer? Oh! it cannot be that you are sick? You would tell me."

"I am not sick, dear, but I am old," Glenlyon replied. "It may be that I shall live many years longer; but I cannot count upon them. When a man has passed threescore-and-ten, it is time for him to set his house in order. I only ask that I may see you married well before I go. Then there will be no further need of me. You will have a safe home and protector."

"My heart will need you!" she sobbed, and bent her head down to the arm of his chair.

He said nothing, but tenderly smoothed her fair hair, and thought of that time when he had found her sobbing alone in her father's deserted chamber.

Presently she raised her head, and wiped her eyes. "You had some wish to express," she said. "I have never disobeyed you, and I never will."

He folded his hands and leaned back in his chair: "I have been thinking, and groaning that there is so little real honesty in the world. I have no commands to lay on you but the commands of God. Beware, my child, of those who explain his commands away. I do not tell you to beware of bad people, such as you know to be bad. Beware of those who seem to be good, and who would try to persuade you that it is sometimes best to do evil that good may come. It is false doctrine. But there are teachers of religion who follow it. Beware of respectable people who compromise with evil. They are worse than the bad. Beware of keeping silence when you see a wrong done. You may not be called on to redress the wrong; but give your testimony. Beware of strengthening the hands of the evil-doer. Even silence may do it. Be

truthful. You need not always speak, but, when you do speak, let it be the truth. Speak the truth, act the truth, be the truth. Don't let anybody impose on you by talking of what is womanly and gentle so as to make you false and cold. It is charitable to hate wrong; it is just to condemn injustice; it is noble to despise the ignoble; and a woman is not truly gentle who is not charitable, just, and noble."

Aurelia listened earnestly, looking into her guardian's face. He, speaking slowly and with emphasis, with slight gestures of the hands, looked straight before him, as if at some object invisible to her. The crimson of the western sky threw a faint color over his head and face.

"I will remember," she said. "I will be watchful, and will give my testimony."

"You think that it will be easy?" he asked, looking at her with a melancholy smile. "It requires a good deal of courage, and sometimes the courage that can stand against a laugh."

"I will try, sir," she said.

He laid his hand on her head again: "Try, Aurelia; and God be with you! And now I would like to speak of Robert, if you are willing."

She replied quite readily that she would like to hear what he had to say.

"I had a letter from him this morning," Glenlyon went on. "He will come here to see us, if I advise him to come; and I cannot advise him till I know something of your mind."

"Since you began to speak to me to-day, I have made up my mind to marry him," Aurelia said tranquilly.

A joyful light sprang into Glenlyon's face. "Are you fully willing?" he asked. "Recollect, I have not asked you to make such a decision, and I do not wish you to decide hastily when your feelings are moved. I will not hold you to this sudden promise. Take a day to think. I do not deny that some other good man may present himself, and that you might be happy with him."

"My mind is fully made up, sir," his ward replied. "I have a sincere affec-

tion for Robert. And," she added, blushing deeply, "I already feel the danger of romantic fancies; and I confess that since you have been speaking I have thought that I might have prevented all that folly of Don Leopoldo."

"You have made me happy, Aurelia!" Glenlyon exclaimed. "You have made me happy!"

As he spoke, Aurora stood in the door, hesitating if she should enter; but when they called her she came smilingly forward and received Glenlyon's congratulations. She had regained all her rosy color, and was radiant with beauty. Her eyes opened wider, and she drew a quick breath, when they told her that her hero of the afternoon was an inmate of their house; but she was proud and pleased. "What a coincidence!" she said. "And to think that he should have my room, too! I shall always like it better after this."

"And now," Glenlyon said, with an air of unusual cheerfulness, "I must write a note, which he may find when he comes in, and Aurora shall herself go and leave it on his table. I shall write that I am waiting an opportunity to thank him for rescuing her so promptly."

The two girls brought the writing-table to the window for him, and withdrew to another window to whisper together while he wrote; and there Aurelia confided to her friend the promise she had just made, and received her affectionate congratulations. When the note was finished, and had been read aloud for Aurora's approbation, she took it to the colonel's chamber, and laid it on the table where he would see it at once on entering. Then she stood and looked smilingly about the room. Could she do nothing for him? Everything was in order. The window stood open, and a bright light was reflected in from the white rocks of the great northern mountain, and the villa lay in rich and tranquil beauty below. The autumn rains had come in September, and from the first of October the weather had been a golden legend, each day and every night something to be studied and wondered over, with their suns and

moons and stars, and their rich glooms and miraculous airs and atmosphere. Now, early in November, there was still a warmth and a verdure and a softened glory that made the earth a fit abode for the gods, and a charmed silence that it seemed no common sound should break.

Seeing nothing else that she could do, Aurora knelt down and said a prayer for the soldier, repeating it before the crucifix and before the Madonna. "The first time that his life shall be in danger, may some great and unexpected help come and deliver him!" That was her prayer. And then she brought out a rose-colored vase, and filled it with olive oil and water, and lighted a floating wick on it, and set it in the niche before the statue, careful to place it so that the light should not fall on the head of the bed and so, perhaps, disturb the sleeper.

"Ave, Maria! that light is to make you remember," she said, and, having given one more smiling glance around, went out of the room content, feeling as though she had done something for him. She had observed two letters on the table when she laid hers down,—one an open letter with a black border, the other unopened, a small, dainty-looking note, that lay face down, with the coronet of a count at the back stamped in crimson.

That evening their officers came in early, while the girls were singing at the piano after dinner and did not hear them; and they had brought the Bible, and gathered around the centre-table for their evening reading, when Gian came to say that the gentlemen begged leave to pay their respects, as they were going away the next day.

The general entered first, followed by the colonel, whose head was visible above his superior's.

Aurora had already written to her mother that Colonel d'Rubiera was as tall as Adam, who was as tall as a palm-tree, according to Mohammedan legend.

When the first general compliments were over, he listened attentively to Glenlyon's slow and almost tremulous declaration of the esteem in which they held Aurora, and the grief it would

have been to them if any harm had come to her, and replied simply, but with no pretence of making light of her danger or his rescue.

Then, turning to her with his pleasant, lordly air, "Well," he said, "you have not fainted, nor had hysterics, nor shed any tears?"

"There has been neither fainting nor screaming," she replied. "But I have cried a little."

The general took a place near the table; the colonel was beside Aurora.

"I am more afraid of fear than of anything else," he said. "I have known people to die of it, to be ruined by it, to become despicable under its influence. It is easier to overcome than one thinks, is it not?"

"You know how to inspire courage," she said. "I felt a sort of magnetism this morning, and I should have been ashamed to have you see that I could not command myself. You see, it needed a motive outside myself."

"When I was a boy," the soldier said, "my mother gave me a rule as a motive of self-discipline: Never take, even for a moment, a lower place in the scale of being than God meant you to occupy. Of course," he added hastily, "you know this rule as well as I do, and, I do not doubt, act on it much oftener." An expression of pain and bitterness showed momentarily in his face. Then he smiled. "But reiteration deepens our sense of truths, don't you think so?"

She bowed.

"And of falsehoods too," he added, half aside, giving his moustache a pull.

General Pamparà observed the open book on the table. "You were reading the Bible," he said. "I never read it; but I have heard that it is interesting."

"It is interesting," Glenlyon replied dryly.

"Vittorio Alfieri, who was a relative of my mother, wrote a tragedy on a Scripture subject," the general went on, utterly unconscious that he was shocking any one. "He called it 'Saul.' It is said to be fine. I am no judge of literature. My mother said that he

searched out all the information to be had on the subject."

Glenlyon changed the topic to one on which the general might be more at home. There was a copy of Alfieri in his book-case, and he recollected that the editor, in his preface to "Saul," had mentioned the story of Saul and David as being contained in the First Book of Kings, and had, moreover, insisted on the researches made by the poet, giving an impression that an immense number of newspaper-files and other periodicals had been examined in order to procure every possible information regarding the first kings of Israel.

An hour passed in pleasant talk. The soldiers told campaign stories, and explained the grades in the army as distinguished on their sleeves; and the general gave a rather picturesque account of the taking of Rome: "We were not sure that our entrance would be a smooth one, and were quite prepared for a shower of something rougher than rose-leaves. We knew that between the two extremes of our friends and our foes there was the large mass which is always on the winning side after the battle, but never declares its principles before, for the excellent reason that it has no principles except self-interest. Well, as these were not sure that we should stay a week in Rome, we could not be sure of them, and did not know but they might be stirred up against us in some private way. However, it all passed off very well."

"The Pope and his court lost a great deal, sir," Glenlyon said gravely. "We must not forget that. A man does not lose supreme power without a sigh. Besides, it was not Pio Nono's fault that he was king of Rome, or that his coronation-oaths obliged him to defend his crown."

"You are quite right, sir," the soldier replied promptly. "I always said, 'Let them talk. It is a *sfogo*.' And they did talk. Fortunately for us, it was all that they could do. A prior of one of their convents was heard to cry out, 'Oh! I should like to be God Almighty for twenty-four hours!' Don't you see,

that man would have died of rage if he could not have expressed himself."

"A Christian priest blaspheme in that manner!" Glenlyon exclaimed. "Shame on him!"

"It was not the Christian priest who spoke: it was the politician," the general replied philosophically. "And when you mix the two, the politician is pretty sure to get the upper hand, and to be a very bitter politician too. Oh, we got cursings and revilings, sir, which would have confused your ideas a little about the preaching. Those non-combatants are very clever with their tongues. I can't explain the mystery: it goes along with that other fact of doctors so seldom taking their own medicines."

"General," said Aurora, her cheeks very red, "do you remember who that Christian bishop was—he who went out of his city to meet Attila coming at the head of an invading army, and, bowing submissively before him, said, 'The scourge of God is welcome'?"

"No, *dolce* Aurora," replied the soldier, looking at her with a softened expression. "But I remember that we have both glory and shame in the history of the Church."

The colonel interposed, and asked for some music, and Aurelia gave them a song.

"But Aurora is the singer," she said, rising from the piano. "She can improvise. This morning she described your *battaglia finta* as a battle between Italy and Austria, and we really became quite excited."

Both officers looked at Aurora smilingly, and the colonel quoted:

'Nemico alla gentil terra del sì,
Non è chi dice *ja*, chi dice *oui*;

'Nemico all' Istro, al Reno, al Tebro, al Po,
È la superbia che risponde *no*.

(Inimical to the fair land of *si*
Not he whose word is *ja*, whose word is *oui*;
But foe of Istro, Reno, Tebro, and Po,
Is the proud insolence which answers *no*.)

"Sing for us," he said. "Sing something of Italy."

Aurora was distressed, almost tearful. "I wish I could!" she said. "Indeed I would not refuse. But Aurelia ought

not to speak of me so. She knows that it was only nonsense this morning, and that I have never composed anything. I am so sorry not to be able to do the first thing you ask of me!" And she looked at Colonel d'Rubiera as if she feared to seem a monster of ingratitude.

He smiled, half amused, half pleased. "Try!" he urged. "Tell us how a soldier's wife should feel when her husband is called away to battle. See if this will not inspire you." He led her to the piano, unsheathed his sword, and laid it across the strings.

She looked at it a moment. "A sword across the strings!" she said, and smiled a little as her fingers hesitatingly sought the keys, then sang:

She sang of joy, a lightsome song,
Her fingers gayly swept the keys,
Now loud as tempests sweep along,
Now like a wind-harp in the breeze,

When up her palace stair there came,
With ring of spur and clank of sword,
Her soldier-love, of glorious fame,
And passed the crowd without a word,

Nor paused until he reached her side,
Then said, "My lady, she who sings,
Forget not! is a soldier's bride,"
And laid his sword along the strings.

Mute fell the laugh, mute fell the chord,
Hung on her paling lips the breath,
And on her heart that unsheathed sword
Lay colder than the hand of death.

"Italia calls," he said, "she calls.
The God of battles now invoke;
No longer of the god of love
I bear the light and flowery yoke.

"Look up, beloved! I trust in you,
Who said, when first our love began,
'If man and soldier must be two,
First come the soldier, then the man;

"But be they ever one in you,"—
Thus, sweet, your stirring charges ran,—
'To God and me forever true,
My soldier nobler for the man!"

"Now sing!" He took his sword again.
Her heart uprose, her tears were o'er:
She sang her country, and the strain
Was fuller, clearer, than before.

Italia mia! often hath
The sword thy joyous pastime slain;
But now no string it severeth;
It toucheth but to raise the strain.

O land of song! from east and west
The nations gaze, but find no more

Thy head low hung upon thy breast,
Thy courage faltering as of yore.
For while they listen as thy song
From vale and mountain sweetly rings,
They see thy sword shine bare along
The thrilling tremor of the strings!

As she ended, by a simultaneous movement the two officers caught their swords and held them above her head with an "Evviva!"

"Oh! now I see Italy!" Aurelia exclaimed.

Aurora stood up from the piano with a feeling of exultation. She had sung, however imperfectly. The bird in her heart had uttered its first faint cry, and henceforth her vocation was sure.

They did not seat themselves again, and General Pamparà explained that they must set out very early in the morning.

Colonel d'Rubiera was left a moment with Aurora. "Signorina," he said, "my memory of you will be a beautiful thing in my life. I shall never forget you, and shall at any time be glad if I can do you a service. In a few months you may hear of my marriage. When you hear it, breathe a good wish for me."

Did he dream with that searching glance to convey or to detect any sign of regret? If he did, he was disappointed. Aurora's eyes were clear and frank, though she was serious. "I wish you every happiness," she said, "and I shall always remember you. I have lighted a lamp for you," she smiled, and her eyes grew humid at the same instant, "and that lamp is never to go out."

The soldier drew a quick breath, and a look of inexpressible tenderness passed over his face. "We will make a pact of friendship, as they make a pact of love with the green in Florence," he said hastily, in a light and almost laughing tone, seeming to repress some more earnest word that would have been uttered. "You know how they do it? They divide an olive-spray, and keep it as a token, and when they meet they sometimes challenge each other to show the green and prove that the promise is not forgotten. Will you divide the green with me?"

A soft "Oh!" of joyful acquiescence,

with a little upward gesture of the hands, answered him.

"See, then; here is the olive, by good fortune," he said, and gayly, as if it were a jest, took a little plume of flexible fresh young olive from a vase, and broke off the divided point of the stem. How Aurora blessed herself for having gathered that olive-branch with the flowers in the morning!

He held the green toward her: she took one of the points, and they divided them.

"Now, if we ever meet again on earth I shall say, '*Fuori il verde!*' God bless you! Aurora, addio!"

He held his hand out, and she placed her own within it. In a moment they had parted friends, having known each other but a day.

The colonel went up to his room, seated himself by the table, and took up the letter with the coronet which Aurora had seen. He had read it before going down, and he sat now turning it over in his hand, and thinking. A picture came up of the writer, the pretty young widow of an old man. How enthusiastic she had been over their battles, over the soldiers, over himself! It had been impossible not to thank her, not to feel a certain admiration for her patriotism, though it had ever seemed but the form and fancy of that noble virtue. He had not sought her except in courtesy; no blame had attached to him; yet when at parting she fell weeping at his feet in all her beauty and love and desperation, pity had overcome him, and

he had promised. "Fool that I was!" he muttered, crushing the letter fiercely in his hand. "She would have forgotten me. It was only a passing passion."

For an instant he sat with his hand clinched, and his face dark and angry, then, with a sigh of patience, began to smooth the letter out again.

"Poor Lauretta! she will not have a very ardent husband," he said, and rose. "And, in fine, I was made for a soldier rather than for a lover. '*Su! Rubiera, su!*'"

It was an old family motto: "Up, Rubiera!"

The next morning, almost with the night, they were gone. The tents had disappeared from the campagna, the soldiers from the streets, and the town relapsed into its normal dullness. One excitement was, however, left for a very large number of the inhabitants: they could perhaps find winning numbers for the lottery in the events of the week.

Of course they all played "king." King is seventy-six. The servants at the castle played "general," which is ninety; and Giovanna dreamed of two large black cats, which gave them thirty-four.

Of course not one of them won a centesimo,—perhaps they had never won a centesimo in their lives,—but they went on helping Providence to befriend them, and in the mean time helping the government to a few millions coined out of their hearts' blood.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JUNE DAY.

IS this the June,—the jewel of the year?
The dearest month of earth?

Let all the yellow morning disappear

In feasting and in mirth.

Up from the hill-gaps springs the joyful Day,—

She dips to field and fen;

The purple summits kindle far away,—
Ah, June, beloved of men!

The long fields glimmer in a foamy wake,—
Drenched daisies, white with dew;
Up through the wet and tangled meshes break
Loose harebells, budded blue;
The high hills drink the summer sun as wine;
They tingle, bough and root,
From crested brink of laurel and of pine
To birches at the foot.

The strong sun reddens high in middle skies,—
The noon, the dry-lipped noon!
As forged of iron, the stretched white highway lies,—
Fierce June!
Forged out of iron, tempered in the heat,
The slow, bright stream runs down;
Dry, mulleined hills, and pastures hard and sweet,—
All still,—as still as stone.

Her level fires in vivid splendor pour,—
The noon, the shining noon!
The silent river glows like melted ore,—
Bright June!
Green-aisled and dark the leafy woodlands lie,
The summits grooved and gray;
Above them stares the hot, uncurtained sky,—
The brazen disk of Day!

Lower and lower the light is failing,—
Waves of color that come and go;
Yellow and purple slowly paling,—
Flush of pink in the after-glow;
Booming bees forsake the clover.
Day is over!

Faster and faster from hazy hollow
Night is closing on field and wood;
Out of the west the late-bound swallow
Hastens back to the crumpled brood;
Stately-winged, the night-hawks hover.
Day is over!

Forest and fallow grow dark together,
A bell in the distance sounding slow;
Still the light of the rosy weather
Welling up in the after-glow;
Now the starry skies discover
Day is over!

DORA READ GOODALE.

BRITISH LAND-OWNERS AND AMERICAN COMPETITORS.

IT is needless to say that the last ten years have been productive of extraordinary changes in the landed and agricultural interests of Great Britain, the prediction of which, at the commencement of that period, would have been greeted on all sides with more than incredulity,—with utter derision. Civil and foreign wars, famine, internal legislation, have all in their turn inflated or depressed the value of land; but in all former periods of depression, though the distress of the moment and the outward convulsion may have been greater, the causes were obvious to all, and the remedies, if slow in coming, could be safely trusted to the hand of time.

But the collapse of the last ten years is not a convulsion brought on by internal or external calamities,—by wars or legislation. Peace and progress can be no longer, as in former days, looked forward to as the cure for all such evils. For in this instance the peace and progress of the great Anglo-Saxon race is actually the prime cause. It is not easy to foretell the termination of a condition of things due in a great measure to the advance of science, which, coupled with the enterprise of a vigorous race, is gradually annihilating space and distance and bringing distant wildernesses into direct competition with historic acres.

America is, of course, and justly, the grand *bête noire* of British land-owners. Contrary, however, to the general rule in such matters, instead of overstating their grievance, they are apt, while fully recognizing its present influence on their affairs, to fail in their calculations with regard to its influence in the future,—too much inclined to attribute American pressure to a succession of bad harvests at home, too reluctant to recognize the important truth that the same causes which have created this crushing competition in foodstuffs are

gradually creating a similar competition in the lands across the Atlantic that produce them.

The immense surplus of food which any one familiar with American affairs must recognize as a necessity of the immediate future is not likely, in the present march of science, to rot in the storehouses of New York and Chicago for want of cheap and speedy transit. That fact alone is important enough when reflecting on the future of British agriculture; but still without the safety-valve of emigration the farming class might be for years to come more or less at the mercy of land-owners, who, having long ceased to be practical farmers themselves, and having become accustomed to look on land as simply representing so many pounds sterling a year rental, would probably, through sheer dogged ignorance, try to retain their former incomes, till years of prolonged struggle among competing farmers brought matters to some unhappy crisis.

Happily, however, for all classes, there is no prospect of such a struggle. Who the future tenant farmer is to be is at present not quite clear. What the future incomes of landlords will be is certainly very hazy. Whether the former recipient of ten thousand pounds will in the future have to be content with five thousand pounds, and he of two thousand pounds be compelled either to sell his estate and resign the family honors or turn farmer, it is not necessary or easy to speculate upon.

One thing is quite certain,—that the land-owner will eventually have to bear unaided whatever permanent shrinkage in value may be the lot of his acres. This generation of tenants has been overtaken by the storm, and has borne an immense proportion of the losses debited to the soil of England in the last ten years. While landlords have groaned over the reduction of fifteen or twenty

per cent. in rents that were often absurdly high even for the old condition of things, tenants have lost a great portion of their entire capital, sometimes even the whole of it. Yet to such an extent has the almost sacred intangibility of British landed security worked itself into the minds of men that even now, in spite of emptying and emptied homesteads, it is quite common to hear dull-minded people commiserating the hard lot, not of the land-owner, but of the tenant farmer of the next generation, as if he, and not the owner, were tied to the future fortunes of the soil.

Ten years ago the tenant farmer so rarely emigrated that for all present purposes we may say he never did. The laborer, the mechanic, and the adventurous gentleman went then, as now, in varying numbers to distant lands, but the farmer never. Slow to move, intensely conservative, wedded to habits of life and thought which were the outgrowth of a fixed condition, none were so ill adapted to a new country as he. The laborer left his bread and bacon to find more bread and bacon and more wages in another land. The farmer, devoid of that cheerful adaptability to strange conditions which often accompanies the more liberal education of a higher social grade, could seldom stand the separation from his beef and ale and from the companions in his own groove with whom he sipped his grog or jogged to market. The orderly surroundings of a distinct social caste were dearer to him than to most others. He loved to have people to look up to, and people to look down upon. The very name of anything new (unless it were labor-saving machinery) stunk in his nostrils. Of everything foreign he had mistrust and an undefined dread. He would probably, had he realized he was doing so, have confessed himself willing to pay for all this immobility. And he did pay for it, for the flush times of a decade ago were flush only for landlords. The farmer was, as a general thing, just living, congratulating himself that he paid his rent and managed to get along,—in some cases making money, but in still more losing it.

Since those days he has paid for his whistle with a vengeance. He has not only made no interest on his capital, but has lost that capital or the greater part of it. His sons, who in happier times would have followed in his steps, have been reared under circumstances not at all likely to inspire them with enthusiasm for the calling of their ancestors; and the most wholesale reductions of rent have come, as a rule, too late to restore his fallen fortunes.

Fortunately for the rising generation of farmers, and unfortunately for the landlords of Great Britain, a succession of disastrous seasons on one side of the Atlantic has been matched upon the other by the most rapid advance of civilization over hitherto almost unknown lands that the world has ever seen. It is needless to expatiate on the other causes which, combined with these, made Englishmen and Scotchmen after 1879 more ripe than ever for emigration and eager to participate in the vast conquests of territory in Western America that had then commenced. Nor is it surprising that at such a time the tenant-farmer class at length began to take an interest in those distant El-Dorados to which the leading journals of the country, which had hitherto ignored such matters, were devoting column after column. It was pointed out with truth that the old obstacles to Western emigration had ceased to exist; that these lands of promise were no longer infested by Indians and border-ruffians; that they no longer could be approached only by weeks of rough travelling in wagons, but were penetrated by railroads, and sprinkled with towns whose rapid growth promised that markets and the benefits of civilization, if not already present, were but the question of a year or two.

So those of us who in America were familiar with the British tenant farmer read with mingled feelings of surprise and incredulity the reported migration of middle-aged and elderly agriculturalists who had lived through long leases on Lothian or Northumbrian farms to the prairies of Manitoba and Minnesota. Deputations on their behalf certainly

visited the different sections of the West, and as certainly reported strongly in favor of emigration upon their return. From this time forward the impression left by a constant perusal of the press of both countries was that the tenant farmers were going in great numbers to the States and Canada, and that the empty homesteads which in some counties especially were so numerous represented the deserted hearths of departing emigrants. The thrown-up farms were, and are, alas, no exaggeration, but the reported expatriation of the former occupants was a mistake. The county whose farmers were above all others said to be favorably disposed toward emigration happened to be one with whose people and agriculture I was in former days especially familiar. During the last autumn I embraced an opportunity of paying a visit to its fertile fields again. Ruin was rampant; immense loss was universal; but, as the melancholy history of farm after farm unfolded itself, the "great efflux of tenants to the Northwest of America" was reduced by the light of practical investigation to the experiment of only one *bona fide* settled farmer, and that I shall notice as being somewhat amusing. Mr. C—— for the past twenty years had been more conspicuous as a golfer and a curler than as a successful agriculturalist; and only those familiar with rural life on the east coast of Scotland can quite appreciate how much that means, and what endearing associations attach themselves to these historic pursuits and their accompaniments. After months of Manitoban agitation throughout the district, and floods of Manitoban pamphlets, he alone stepped forward and announced his intention of collecting what capital he had left and taking himself and his family to the land of promise. The process was watched by his own generation with anxious eyes, and ill-natured chroniclers hint that Mr. C—— assumed an importance in his own estimation that he had never ventured to assume before, and evinced a tendency to "count his chickens" in a manner that implied

compassion for the friends he was leaving behind. However, the Golf club gave him a farewell dinner, and eye-witnesses report it to have been the most touching scene witnessed in those parts within the memory of man. There was not a dry eye at the board; and those who have attended such banquets north of the Border can well believe nothing was dry. The toddy flowed like water; the weird melodies with which North Britons celebrate the adventures and the loves of their "Jocks" and "Robbies" sounded for the last time in the ears of this bold pioneer, and, launching himself with his household gods upon the deep, he bade farewell forever to his native land. I think I am right in saying that it was within three months that this expeditious gentleman was once again restored to the midst of his sorrowing friends. It was a time of great embarrassment, of course, for all parties. Little was said, but doubtless much was thought. The only allusion he was heard to make to his brief trip was to the effect that he "wouldna live in sic a country as yon for a' the bawbees on airth." I should add that he had selected the winter for his experiment.

Such, as far as I could learn, was the beginning and end of "the exodus of tenant farmers" from a district as conspicuous for the financial distress of its occupiers as it has for a long time been for its enlightened agriculture and high rents. Numbers had been compelled, it is true, to vacate their farms, but they were still on British soil. However, it is not to the movements of the older tenants that the more far-sighted of those interested in land are looking with so much alarm, but rather to those of the rising generation who in former days would have stepped into the shoes of their fathers. To exemplify that feeling I cannot do better than quote the words spoken by one of the most eminent farmers in Scotland at a meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture a few months ago: "Look around you, and see if you can tell me where the next generation of farmers are to come from.

In a radius of four miles from my house—and I live in a well-cultivated part of Forfarshire—I know of only one young man who is being brought up to farming; while formerly in every household there was at least one son brought up to the business of his father."

Again, we read alongside of this the statement of one of the largest tenants on the Border, who pays an annual rental of thirty thousand dollars, to the effect that he would not train up any of his sons to follow in his footsteps, and was in fact sending them all into business or to America.

Here lies the trouble. The younger generation, influenced by bad times at home and by transatlantic development, have abandoned those old stay-at-home traditions that, combined with other causes, of which I shall presently speak, created the competition for land which made the dictation of landlords so long possible and implanted the idea that, crops or no crops, prices or no prices, an acre by some mysterious means must through all time represent a certain number of shillings per annum, without risk, anxiety, or responsibility to the owner.

So close and constant now is the communication between Great Britain and America that the old dread of the latter as a *terra incognita* is fast disappearing from the rural breast. The farmer's son of to-day has by this time hosts of acquaintances in Canada or the Western States, perhaps many friends. People seem to him to come and go as casually as in his childhood they used to go to London and back. Year by year these conditions increase and the old narrow provincialism gets less and less. He talks glibly of Manitoba, Dakota, Nebraska, or Kansas. He hasn't the money very often nowadays to take a farm in the old country, even if he wished to. If he has, the old competition is shifted to the side of the landlords, and he himself is the dictator. So he quietly calculates the relative chances of success in "Barley Mains" or "Thorny Close" at lowered rents or in the valley of the Red River of the North with an indifference as to location

which, if not complete, would at least have been astounding in 1872.

In this growing cosmopolitanism, which is but a form or a result of American competition, lies one of the greatest enemies to the landed interest, and the sternest readjuster of agricultural rents.

Wherever any one connected with America goes in rural England, he will find the one engrossing subject of American supplies at once broached, and he will find almost equally universal a spirit of inquiry that petulantly demands the reason why America should have inflicted herself so suddenly and without warning on the agricultural interests of the old country, and that at a time, too, when a series of unprecedented bad seasons made her ill able to bear it. It does seem hard to the average Englishman, and naturally so, for he is profoundly ignorant of the internal history of America for the past thirty years, in which the key to the solution of the mystery lies. He knows that the population has increased immensely in the past few years; but he knows also that the increase since 1875, however great, can be but a small fraction of the whole amount, and in 1875 this bugbear had scarcely shown its head; at any rate, it was not then an item in his consideration. He, as a rule, understands nothing of the slow advance of the Anglo-Saxon race through the wooded sections of the eastern portion of North America, or of the nature of the long political struggle between slavery and freedom, and the fierce conflicts, even at times to bloodshed, it produced along much of the prairie border-land when that was reached. He is apt to forget, too, that, however splendid an agricultural country, without communications it might as well be a desert, as far as outside influence is concerned. Then the war,—of course he knows there was a war, but I am afraid he has sometimes a vague idea that it was a sort of Armageddon, in which the Northern and Southern continents of America were opposed to each other; though if a picture were actually presented to him of Puritan and Patagonian wrestling

together in deadly strife a dim conception might arise that there must be some mistake. However, it requires no explanation, when attention is called to the matter, to show that the convulsion of a country for five years in civil war is conducive neither to immigration nor to production, though it would not be fair to expect an Englishman to enter into—though he might quite understand—the cause of the dozen years of financial inflation, commercial uncertainty, and general unhealthiness that followed it, and only cleared off a very few years ago for the commencement of an era in the national life whose possibilities cannot be judged by the standards of the past. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who writes articles on America, has probably no idea of the vicissitudes of that long national convalescence. Why should the farmer and the country squire have?

It seems but yesterday that the one idea of an American settler which presented itself to the English mind was of a man, axe in hand, painfully and laboriously wrenching acre by acre of his farm from the primeval forest, slowly carving his way to the modest competency he hoped to secure between the bristling stumps that for half a lifetime marked his track; and the idea was a correct one. Bits of advertisement-sheets can still be seen sticking to sign-boards in country stations which, a dozen years ago, before Manitoba had revolutionized such matters, proclaimed that all the Canadian government had to offer as cheap homes to the hard-fisted emigrant was that melancholy wilderness of alternating rock and swamp, a little soil perhaps here and there in the hollows, which stretches from the Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River and is known as the back-country of Ontario. Among old-fashioned people the words "American emigration" and "backwoods" are still synonymous. Upon the whole, it is not surprising that the altered condition of things transatlantic should not be fully realized by people in England not immediately interested in such matters, so rapid has it been.

Ten years ago, too, in Great Britain,

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what a difference! Landed property was commanding the highest prices upon record, and the competition for ownership among the wealthy was only exceeded by the competition for occupancy among the class below.

In any other country in the world such a state of matters would have argued that the profits of agriculture were very great. I need not say that this was not the case. The latter class of investors did not struggle for farms under any such delusion as that. The former bid for estates under the expectation of netting about two and a half per cent. interest upon their purchase. In a country made great by commerce, but where, strange to say, the one sure road to high social position was through the ownership of agricultural land, it is not surprising if the immense fortunes realized in mercantile pursuits, so immense as to produce large incomes at a low rate of interest, should lean toward the kind of property which conferred upon its owners a social power and position (if not at once, in the long run) which three times the wealth invested in other forms could not do. Land, and everything connected with it, had become bloated with an undue sense of its importance and unassailable substantiality. It had assumed a fictitious value, but, so far from suspecting the value to be fictitious, the only danger conceivable to such property in the Englishman's mind was a revolution, and Englishmen are not given to taking such improbabilities into their calculations. And still the poor interest yielded by such investments represented a rental that was, as a rule, too high; and, though prices were good and crops fair, the tenant farmer could seldom realize such profits as the capital he risked and the energy he applied should have insured. In the old days, earlier in the century, under a different condition of things, he had made money. In 1872 such an achievement was quite exceptional. The majority, as I have before stated, lived and paid their rent; numbers even then lost money. The absurd and unjust cry against farmers, that they were

living too high and were not content to lead the existence of their fathers and grandfathers who had made and left them their money, is familiar enough among the thoughtless and the interested. In the first place, it is simply nonsense to suppose that a man of fair commercial education, who combines his own time and skill with the outlay of twenty, thirty, fifty, or perhaps a hundred thousand dollars at the start of a risky business, is not entitled to the modest elegancies and advantages that such a position in any other walk of life would insure to him as a matter of course. If a man so placed cannot afford to have a drawing-room and a piano (as is often hinted in certain quarters), and must turn his wife and daughters into domestics and himself into a laborer, what an utter fool he would be to engage in a pursuit that deprived him of those ordinary advantages his financial status alone entitled him to! And, again, the absurdity of the taunt is still greater when one considers the extraordinary difference in the present and former modes of life of the class in whose mouths it has been most often heard, and one wonders how the luxurious cosmopolitan of the modern English country-house would like himself to return to the rude existence and the contented stagnation of his great-grandfather, the old-fashioned county squire, which the energy of these same tenant farmers has done so much toward raising him from.

Yet it can hardly be said that much blame attaches itself to any class for the excessive rents that so often prevailed before the late bad times. It was simply the result of an uneven demand and supply, that ran so heavily in favor of land-owners as to tempt them in many counties to abandon the old feudal feeling which paid regard to personal attachment, long tenure of families, and such like sentimental considerations as of equal importance with rent, and to regard the latter alone. This change was rendered still easier by the peculiar formation of the British landed aristocracy, a considerable portion of which had no old associations to cling to and were

only the first or second generation removed from successful traders.

If the farmers had remained free from outside competition, if the lands had been left, as in former times, for the occupancy of their class alone, they would have done well enough in the years preceding the late disastrous ones, and rents would have been kept within reasonable bounds; but a general desire unhappily arose among the middle ranks of trade and commerce to occupy the lands whose fee-simple value the higher ranks, in their eagerness to own them, had done so much to enhance. This forced the farmers in many cases in their renewal of leases and contracts either out of their farms, or, what was much worse, out of their depth. Something of the glory that shed lustre upon the ownership of land reflected itself in a minor degree upon its occupancy in the eyes of the class that then began to compete for that privilege. The successful retail tradesman with a few thousand pounds laid by had a certain amount of satisfaction in putting his son into a well-appointed five-hundred-acre farm that can hardly be understood without an English training. He expected to pay something for the privilege,—that is, he did not expect a very large interest for his money, and would be almost satisfied if the rent was paid,—or, sometimes, like amateurs all the world over, he overestimated the simplicity and the profits of agriculture. In any case, ignorant enthusiasm and the indifference of wealth were brought into competition with the unhappy farmer, and made farms so sought after, and rents so high, that the recent crash, though due to causes alien from these, was certainly intensified by them.

In spite of the dignity of labor, of which we hear so much in America, I am afraid there is little question but that in that great country farming is nowadays considered the most plebeian of pursuits. At any rate, it is impossible for the American to conceive of any sort of social *éclat* attaching to the culture of the soil, even when owned by the cultivator, and he invariably asso-

ciates it with a rude garb, a perspiring person, and horny hands. But a British farmer of the best class is at any rate a very different working person and leads a very different sort of life. The house he often lives in, and its surroundings, would be spoken of, if suddenly transplanted to Virginia, as a "lordly manor-house" or a "grand old family mansion." He often drives in a close carriage, with a coachman on the box, as the concentration of his energies on an invested capital of fifty thousand dollars should certainly enable him to do, especially on a farm, where such luxuries are comparatively cheap. His house is furnished with all ordinary comforts, as it is entitled to be. In short, he doesn't quite carry out the idea of a seedy and illiterate Southerner who once said to me very pompously, "I reckon that our farmers correspond with the landlords in England, and the negroes with the tenant farmers."

He keeps, or rather used to keep, a hunter or two, and showed at the covert-side in all the panoply of the chase. He did not often have the shooting, but he had the felicity of occasionally entertaining his lordship and friends at luncheon when the latter did him the honor to walk through his turnips in September, which sometimes went a long way toward making up for the loss. Of course there were numberless grades of tenant farmers; but such was the life led by a large class,—the capitalists,—who in some parts of England were the sole occupants of the land and the greatest benefactors of the country. Such men were much more important than the richest tradesman in the county town; and it is not surprising that the latter, as his means expanded with the growing wealth of the country, should be attracted toward such a life, if not for himself, at any rate for his son as the representative of the family, so long as it could be done without loss of money; and in 1872 he thought it could. So the competition for farms had by then become very keen. The successful candidate felt almost as proud as if he had won the election to some lucrative office,

though the lucre was almost acknowledged not to be there. I do not for a moment mean to say that it was the universal custom to accept the highest bid; but the eagerness of outsiders naturally forced up the rents of the hereditary tenants, while in North Britain, in the "crack" farming districts, where scarcely any of the feudal sentiment remained, and where such arrangements were pure matters of business and long leases prevailed, the re-letting of farms became very often virtually an auction, in which the tenancy was knocked down to the highest bidder.

Of course, upon the other side there is the unanswerable reference to the laws of demand and supply. In this instance, however, the demand was inflated, as I have shown, by the competition of an outside class whom inexperience made reckless, while the supply was limited. Then there were numerous vexations which bore hard on the tenant, some of which have been abolished, others wait a future day. To the preservation of game there was no limit, and they fed, of course, at the expense of the tenant. In old days, when such things were left more to nature, when the squire lived always at home, shot in the old-fashioned style, was contented with a moderate amount of game, and would have scorned the idea of selling a hare or a pheasant, nothing was said; but in these days, when game is raised and then slaughtered on an immense scale, as a matter rather of social competition and imitation than anything else, and then marketed to defray the cost, it is not surprising that the farmer has long begun to look at the increasing depredations on his crops in another light. British land, indeed, is sailing too near the wind nowadays to bear any artificial burdens. Then there were the laws of hypothec and distress, and a rigid system of cropping, and restrictions as to what the tenant might and might not sell off the place, which, with the additions of special burdens in taxation, were all against him.

Those were grand times for land-owners ten years ago. Many an acre was

lightly purchased in those days by large proprietors with money raised on mortgage,—purchased for trivial reasons at fancy prices,—to straighten a line, to get rid of an obnoxious neighbor, to create the satisfaction of total ownership in the view from a drawing-room window,—the interest of which bears with heavy weight on the shrinking incomes of the present time. "Every dog," however, "has his day;" and the present aspect of rural England leaves little question that the landlord's, for the present at any rate, is over.

Ten years ago, for every good farm that fell vacant there were a dozen candidates; now such a sight is to be seen as a dozen farms in the same neighborhood without one candidate for the honors of occupancy at reduced rates and eased conditions.

A statistician has told us lately that the value of agricultural property in Great Britain to-day as compared with the years preceding the bad times is as three to seven. It is also generally said that the charges upon land, taxes, mortgages, annuities, etc., amount to something like one-half the rental; and, as these will be based mostly upon old assessment-values, comment on the present aspect of things is hardly necessary.

The present aggregate rental of the country, however, is undoubtedly lower than the causes already mentioned would seem to justify. Hundreds of heavy-land farms, owing to the successive wet seasons and the bad cultivation consequent thereon, will bear no rent at all for two or three years, and are in such a condition as to present even on those terms a very questionable speculation to a tenant,—a state of matters entirely without parallel in recent British history. English wheat is at last recognized even by Englishmen as being without a future. The prospects for live-stock are more hopeful, but look more hopeful than they really are; for the causes that have temporarily cut off the American supply are not generally known. But the present high prices are doing little good to the English farmers, since they have to purchase at equivalent rates, having for

some years almost stopped breeding and been dependent for lean cattle on the continent and Ireland, whose supplies have been of late falling off. The scarcity of stock in Great Britain is now so great that thousands of acres of the finest grass were wasted last summer, for the simple reason that there were not cattle and sheep enough in the country to eat it off.

That meat will in the future become too plentiful for the interest of English land-owners, however, can hardly be doubted; but in the mean time for many years good grass-lands will be nearer the old state of things than any other kind of farming property. The increased consumption of meat by the lower classes, consequent on higher wages, will also assist in maintaining these values. These are estimated in many parts of England as double what they were ten years ago; and the statement is fully borne out by the testimony of the country butchers with whom I have conversed on the subject.

Unhappily, in the "down" counties of Southern England, when wheat was high, whole tracts of compact sod lying on a chalk soil were ploughed up, that were admirable pasture, but only profitable for culture at extreme prices. Such sod was the product of ages, and at least twenty years must elapse in the event of the land being again sown to grass before anything like the former value can be attached to it.

In America one is familiar with the look of an abandoned field, and with the manner in which nature reasserts herself in the track of retiring man. I had often wondered what an English wheat-stubble, after being "turned out" for a year or two, would look like, without the faintest idea of ever having such curiosity gratified. But last summer I saw fields that ten years ago would have been scrambled for, waving knee-deep in a strange and unfamiliar growth of weeds.

It was so late as 1873 that the most distinguished tenant farmer in Great Britain, after his family had occupied the farm whose name he had ren-

dered famous for a hundred years, whose labors and skill had transformed it from a comparative wilderness to a property considered under-rented at fifteen dollars per acre, was turned out for venturing to differ with his landlord in political opinions, and all his improvements, of course, sacrificed. The papers of the time teemed with letters from sarcastic and incredulous foreigners, who urged that all Europe was familiar with the name of Mr. A——, the tenant, but who was this Mr. B——, the landlord? They had never heard of him! The report of an outrageous action had reached them, but they could not and would not believe it, etc. Alas! Europe did not understand the confident arrogance of British acres in those days.

Such an affair reads nowadays like a grim satire. It is hardly necessary to say there is not much "turning out for politics" in these days. I should add that the rent was raised in this instance on the new tenant forty per cent. I will not add, however, the recent history of that once famous farm, nor weary the reader with the number of thousand pounds that are said to have been lost in it since.

The land in England is held in such immense bodies that it is idle talking about landlords, until this condition of things is changed, turning farmers to any appreciable extent, even if they were fitted for it. For the future the tenants must be the dictators; and it is not to be presumed that the coming generation of farmers, with so many more outlets than their fathers, will voluntarily undertake a life of anxiety without good hopes of gain such as in other walks of life would reward their time and outlay.

Never has the value of sub-soil tile-draining been more evident than in these past wet seasons. The difference in results between the drained and undrained fields has been out of all proportion to the cost of laying the pipes; but, unhappily, it is but a small fraction of the whole country that has been so drained, and now there is no money left for such things. When one considers the prices

that were paid in England for the fee-simple of land a few years ago, and what a comparatively insignificant addition the prime cost of sub-soil draining would have been, and then contrasts the present demand for rental and condition of drained and undrained farms over a large class of land, the figures are startling. If a portion of the large incomes that were spent in luxuries by land-owners in the good times had been applied to this species of improvement, I think no practical farmer will dispute the fact that the condition of British agriculture at this time, and of incomes derived from land, though much reduced, would not have sunk to the present state, and that the difference would at any rate represent an interest on the outlay that could hardly be calculated by an ordinary percentage.

The future of agricultural lands in Great Britain is at last admitted almost universally to be a very grave problem. There are, of course, plenty of old-fashioned people even yet,—people whose traditions have been maintained by isolated lives, by indifference to or ignorance of the march of events, or sometimes by sheer stupidity, and who cannot yet realize that this depression is anything but temporary, or that the old supremacy of British land as it existed ten years ago can be permanently threatened. There are still old fogies who write letters to the newspapers on tenant-right or the game-laws from an apparent stand-point that there is a certain class of men who must rent their farms or starve; and such old gentlemen, whatever may be their deficiencies in rental, will go down to the grave, probably, under that belief. However, it need hardly be said that such pleasant hallucinations are becoming less and less general, and the gravity of the future has at last become almost as generally recognized a fact as the more tangible evils of the present. It is difficult, of course, to know what share of the present trouble to attribute to the bad seasons, and what to the competition of new countries, with all that this means. One thing is quite certain: allies more ter-

rible and more calculated to strengthen one another's hands in opposition to English land-owners could not have joined forces.

Another thing also is very evident: that, while the one evil is temporary, the other is permanent, and will get worse as mankind progresses. An old system, that might have survived many years almost as it was, has been shaken to its foundations by the continuous visitations of God, and has to recover itself under the blows of a growing antagonist whose arm its own misfortunes have even helped to strengthen.

When the undue inflation of the past, which had over-rented most of Britain, and the undue depression of the present, which finds thousands of acres producing no rent at all, have fought out their fight, a healthier state of things may be looked for. The laws of demand and supply will adjust rental values with reference only to the actual profits of the soil, uninfluenced by the competition of fancy farmers with more money than experience, or by the old dread of emigration, which might help to crowd even the genuine members of the latter class upon the land. The competition of the future will be among land-owners for good tenants; and a competition that merely lessens the large income of one family for the benefit of twenty or thirty is a very different thing from the old competition that sucked the profits of twenty or thirty families for the aggrandizement of one that was already wealthy.

Regarding land from the natural point of view, as it is regarded in America,—of an unrestricted article of commerce,—it will be said, Why should there be any competition among land-owners for tenants that could bring rent below its fair value? The remedy is in the land-owner's own hands. He can manage his property himself, or, if too large, can sell the whole or part of it. If he fails in the first remedy, it is a proof either that the rent was too high or that he was personally incapable of the management of land (a social condition of things with which a business estimate has nothing to do). The second remedy is a certain exchange

of the property, that he thinks is under-rented and cannot manage himself, for its current value in coin, which will yield him, probably, a larger interest without anxiety or trouble. But at present land in England is not an unrestricted article of commerce, but is clogged with restrictions that aggravate the present evils; and the sentiment of land-owning, though on the wane, will struggle on and bear much loss for a generation or two.

It would be extraordinary, however, if the embarrassments connected with land did not tend to diminish its former popularity as an investment, and, in diminishing its popularity as an investment, diminish also the prestige attached to its ownership. Though it can be often bought now at one-half its former value, there are already signs that in the near future it will not be necessary for a man ambitious of the highest social and political honors to encumber himself with the anxiety of several thousand acres of turnips and barley, wheat and grass. The conditions that swell mere territorial influence are growing weaker year by year. Year by year the civilized world is drawing nearer together, and local and national prejudices are giving way to a growing cosmopolitanism. As the great cities embrace a larger and larger portion of the population and the rural districts become weaker and weaker by comparison, it would be strange indeed if common sense should very long continue to submit to a tradition that invests the patronage of a few score of rustics and the pew of honor in a little country church with a glory that is denied to positions whose actions are felt throughout the civilized world,—a tradition all the more singular when the exclusiveness of birth and blood that in former days gave it at any rate force and sense has long been broken up. The love of country life and of rural sports inherent in the Briton can no longer be urged as the safeguard of the power and prestige of land-ownership, for many reasons. In the first place, the last years of prosperity were marked by an increasing absenteeism on the part of the class in question and a growing curtailment of the time

spent at their country-houses. Moreover, the love of travel and adventure, also inherent in the Briton, is being stimulated by the rapidly-increasing facilities for indulging that taste, and a growing cosmopolitanism, more especially with regard to the North-American continent, is and must be the result of this. The "old time" dignity that attached to land-owning in England, when the world was smaller and narrower, must suffer when thousands of acres of land are being bought and sold by Atlantic cable every day. The landless Englishman to this day has a feeling of pride when he gets his title-deeds to two hundred acres in Manitoba or Nebraska, apart from business anticipations, which the New-England emigrant could not realize, being the outcome of an artificial condition and of a sentiment that is the secret of all sorts of uneconomical proceedings on his part with which the native-born American is unacquainted.

Country-residences in Great Britain will of course, as elsewhere, be always in demand in proportion to the fluctuations of our commercial prosperity. Building and residential property within easy reach of great centres will improve as mere farming-lands stagnate or decline. The rich man of the future may be as fond of the pleasures of country life as he of the past, but he will be more exacting. The world will be his pleasure-ground, and he will not consider that it adds to the attraction of a three-months' residence in Hampshire or Sussex to own the whole parish in which his house is situated, unless the interest on such an outlay at least repays the trouble and anxiety of collecting it.

There is no longer any necessity, as there once was, to own land in order to enjoy to the full the sports of the field. The shooting-rights of Great Britain are a marketable commodity, entirely severed from the soil. If the land-owner shoots over his own property, he knows that he is spending the shilling or eighteen pence

an acre that it would rent for. When the tenant gets the shooting, of course it counts either directly or indirectly in the agreement as so much increase of rent. Nearly all the grouse-moors of Scotland, and, I should think, half of the partridge-shooting of England, are leased to outside parties. Shooting, in short, is simply a matter of money; and, as there is no sport which is so much enhanced by variety of scene, it is hardly likely that the wealthy modern sportsman, even if he be content to limit his feats to his native land,—which is not usual,—would undergo the annoyance and possible loss of extensive ownership for the privilege of treading the same turnip-fields year after year as did his grandfathers. Fox-hunting can be followed still more advantageously by the wealthy nomad. Indeed, a fixed residence anywhere in at least one-half of Great Britain would actually preclude him from the highest enjoyments of that popular British pastime.

Some persons venture to predict a growing alteration in the views with which land-ownership in England is regarded, and a gradual lapse of that kind of property to a purely commercial basis, a basis which, whatever part the pleasure and the fancy of the wealthy may play in favored districts upon the principles of *château* or villa life, will be actually the productive value of the soil. If, as it seems to us, it is an unavoidable necessity of the future that the ownership of land should become less and less the necessary adjunct of social weight, yet in hinting at the causes which are instrumental in creating this change we pay an unavoidable tribute to the historic importance and civilizing influences of that sturdy old English rural life whose usefulness is passing away, and which must take its chance for the future with all the vigorous antagonists it has called into existence.

ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

A GOOD FELLOW.

THEY were a little party of four young people, two of either sex, stopping at the Hôtel Victoria, Inter-laken. With that freemasonry of nationality by which Americans so readily recognize each other abroad, chum and I had decided that the quartet opposite us at *table d'hôte* was composed of our countrymen before we had finished our fish, and by the time the *entremets* were reached my companion was prepared to make this remarkable statement in a guarded aside: "The sickly one and the little black-eyed devil are brother and sister, and Sorrel-Top is badly stuck on the girl, who don't care a fig for him. I am going to get acquainted, and give him a game."

After finishing a post-prandial cigar at the Kursaal, while the band discoursed Strauss and the loungers weak whey, I started back to the hotel, and, strolling along the famous walnut avenue, happened to glance southward up the Lauterbrunnen Valley. Heavens! what a vision! There, framed in by the dark, pine-clad mountains on either hand, with a background of blue-black sky,—as if the portals of fairy-land had been for once thrown wide,—lay a vast diamond-shaped plane of broken alabaster, frosted silver, pearl,—what you will that is pure, white, and radiant,—irregularly serrated, seamed, and gashed, and with soft mottlings, such as one sees on the surface of the moon. It was a glimpse of unearthly splendor sleeping in a flood of light which seemed most akin to that "which never was on sea or land," and suggested the garden-scene in "Faust," where the exultant lovers embrace in the moonlight, while all about them is shadowed and obscure.

"Ees she not loafly, die Jungfrau?" asked the hotel porter sympathetically.

In the billiard-room I found my companion and "the sickly one," apparently on the best of terms over a game of French carom. With a complaisance

provokingly like patronage, chum introduced me to his new acquaintance: "Mr. Winston, of Chicago." So the "game" had commenced already, had it? Confound the fellow's impudence! had he no sense of mutilated propriety in thus inflicting himself upon a debilitated stranger? But I understood it all ten minutes later, for in that time the debilitated stranger succeeded in creating the impression that I had known him for years. I wish it were possible to give you an idea of that young man, or, to be more exact, *my* idea of him. I may as well confess at the outset that it was a case of love at first sight. He seemed to realize Emerson's ideal gentleman,—"good company for pirates, and good with academicians." I can see him yet, as he stood there leaning on his cue, slight in figure, but quite erect, his black hair curling above a true musician's forehead, smiling, sympathetic, listening eyes, glowing, alas! with consumption's fatal fire, and consumption's tell-tale spot flushing the significant clearness of his complexion.

"Yes," he said, "we are going back to God's country,—going back to stay. The Old World is all very well for a holiday, but no place for an American with a heart in him to settle down. *Kellner, die Kreide—Ah, pardon; la craie, garçon, s'il vous plaît.* Here I have been two years at Milan, and spent no end of money having my voice trained, and, now that the bellows have given out, what does it all amount to? There is my cousin Harry at home,—do you happen to know him?—Harry Winston:—he started just where I did, and to-day he has a wife and two promising responsibilities, and is junior partner in one of the wholesalest drug-houses in Chicago. Your play, Mr. Perkins. But I don't complain. My life has been what was in me to make it, 'and would be again,' as Donna Julia says. I remember a motto, cut, I think, on a façade of the

Covent-Garden market-house, which covers the whole ground in three words and leaves no room for squirming: *che sarà sarà*,—what will be will be. My Mephistopheles has led me a dance,—herding cattle on the Texas plains,—and, by the way, it's no joke when they break away from you on a dark night,—driving four-in-hand in the Bois de Boulogne, climbing ice-peaks here in Switzerland, losing my louis at Monaco,—I never did have any luck at cards,—or splitting my throat in grand opera at La Scala with the worst of them, while the king sat in his box opposite, terribly bored, no doubt. (*Sings.*)

I am a rover of the sea,
A wanderer in every clime;
Adventure has a charm for me,
And danger is a mere pastime.

Yes, I've had a reasonably good time, but never too good to care not to go on. Don't you suppose Faust was drawing the long-bow a little when he requested the swift-fleeting atom to stay awhile? Seemed rather shabby to cheat the devil out of his due at midnight on the last day of grace. Out, by a scratch! You shall have your revenge to-morrow, Mr. Perkins, and, if you will excuse me, I think I'll turn in now."

It is but charitable to suppose that in thus promising his adversary a chance to retrieve himself on the morrow our new-found friend had forgotten this was Saturday night; but candor compels the confession that no one would have had reason to suspect from his manner, when we met on the hotel piazza next morning, even a latent veneration for any Puritanical observance of the day. Nor was this impression at all dissipated by his words.

"I've been looking for you," he said. "We are going to take a carriage to Grindelwald and walk over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen, and should like you and your friend to join us. There could not be a finer day for the Jung-frau."

I murmured something about the "highly-recommended" English service at the old convent church.

"Oh! then, I see, Baedeker hath

been with you. But here is Mr. Perkins. He shall plead our cause."

Chum accepted the invitation for both of us without ceremony, and hurried me off to breakfast with conscientious qualms thus vicariously allayed.

Twenty minutes later, most of the inmates of the hotel, and a fair contingent from the village, had assembled on the spacious piazza to see us off. And no wonder. Came sweeping around the crescent, and up to the grand entrance, some impossible vehicle which was more than a landau and not quite a diligence,—perhaps the very same which had to be borrowed from Berne for the Empress of Austria when she visited Interlaken in 1811. To reinforce the mildly-decorative effect of its ancient gilding and faded finery, the bridle of each horse and the brigandish-looking hat of the driver had been adorned with parti-colored rosettes and flaunting streamers. The leaders were belled, of course: who ever saw a four-horse team in Switzerland without bells?

"I had intended to have the Kursaal band here to assist," said Winston, "but luckily you reminded me in time that this is Sunday: we must draw the line somewhere. *En avant, cocher!*"

Smiling and bowing, the image of complaisant, almost paternal, benignity, a backward glance as we whirled away caught the *propriétaire* in the act of expressing to his compatriots his subterranean opinion of such proceedings by that funny raising of the shoulders and eyebrows and upward and outward flirt of the hands so characteristically Gallic: "*L'Américain magnifique, v'là!*"

But I suspect our entertainer knew what he was about, after all. Perhaps, with Grandfather Gillenormand in "*Les Misérables*," he held that to the completest enjoyment of a pleasure is necessary that which is not necessary,—the superfluous, the extravagant, the too much.

What a day it was! Miss Winston and Miss Blackburn, a tall, pretty blonde, and sister to "Sorrel-Top," occupied the covered seat at the back. Facing them were chum and Black-

burn. Winston had taken his place beside the driver, and on clearing the outskirts of the village himself took the reins, and gave that functionary valuable points on the management of a four-in-hand team, the principal of which seemed to be to keep every horse doing its utmost all the time. Out past the romantic ruins of the castle of Unspunnen we whirl,—too prosaic in this broad sunlight to give us a glimpse of the mystical Manfred in his lonely tower; again and again by rustic bridges we cross the foaming Lüttschine; steeper and steeper becomes the grade, and wilder and more precipitous the fir-covered mountains that shut us in.

We were now ascending the valley of the Black Lüttschine, with the precipices of the Wetterhorn and the wild peak of the Schreckhorn looming in the background. Reaching a point where the increasing steepness of the way forced the horses to proceed in a walk with frequent pauses for breath, Winston resigned the reins to his professional, and found a fresh source of amusement in distributing the small coin of the country to the flock of peasant children that continuously attended us. Their ingenuity in the invention of small services to provoke this bounty was quite at variance with the reputation for simplicity which the inhabitants of this valley have borne. Some brought us bunches of delicately-tinted wild-flowers, which, unfortunately, like the mountains upon which they grew, would not bear translation, but withered and paled almost as soon as plucked. Others filled our laps with the tasteless mountain-strawberry, or offered us a selection from baskets of quartz-crystals. Each horse was attended by a self-appointed groom, who whisked off the flies, and each wheel by a youth, who assumed the special duty of staying its backward roll in the intervals of rest by a block prepared for that particular purpose. Here one would invade the Sabbath stillness by noisy bellowings upon the Alpine horn, and farther on another awoke a remarkable multiple echo by firing a small mountain-howitzer. During one

of the pauses for breathing the horses, Winston called our attention to four small girls drawn up in line with military precision at the roadside some little distance ahead. As soon as we came within ear-shot they began a doleful ditty, produced with the mechanical, absolutely expressionless execution of a hand-organ, and, hand-organ like, cut short in the middle of a bar, to scramble for Winston's shower of centimes.

Grindelwald was reached in time for an early lunch. The plan had been to send the carriage around to Lauterbrunnen by the lower road, while the whole party walked over that famous footpath across the Wengern Alp; but Winston already showed signs of fatigue: his pallor was extreme, and unrelieved by the hectic flush I had noticed on his cheeks the previous evening, while his eyes had a dull, leaden look, in startling contrast to their former brilliancy. He therefore yielded a passive obedience to his *petite* sister's imperious demand that he should make the journey on horseback, only remarking, "Set it down in your mental arithmetic that a woman's will is inversely as the square of the distance from her head to her heels. Bring forth the horse."

Shades of Pegasus, Rosinante, and Bucephalus, what an animal! In color, a flea-bitten and dingy white; in age, an indisputable antique; in condition, emaciate; in mien, dejected; and in size, colossal.

"Open the door in his side, and Ilium is ours," commented Winston. "Shall I climb the mountain and have him led alongside to mount?"

A step-ladder sufficed instead, and we set out,—the ladies, with Perkins and Blackburn, in advance, then the guide, followed by Winston's horse, beside which I walked when the narrowness of the way did not prevent. The path almost immediately began to climb the mountain-side, zigzagging back and forth, and in places was so steep that steps had been improvised from short transverse poles embedded in the rocky soil at proper intervals. Finding his horse on intimate terms with every foot of the

way over which its nose continually passed in close preliminary inspection, Winston gave his entire attention to the panorama which was now rapidly unrolling itself at our feet. Up stony slopes, through sparse pastures with scattered clumps of withered pines, we climbed, until the chalets that dot the valley became mere specks, and the little patches of yellow grain growing on the mountain-side looked scarcely larger, though wonderfully distinct, through the thinning atmosphere. The tinkle of cow-bells came mysteriously up from some unseen herd. The mighty ice-pinnacles of the Mönch and the Eiger seemed reaching down to bid us welcome.

Winston's gayety had given place to a thoughtful silence, in apology for which he said, "I have been here before, but the scene did not so impress me as to-day."

We had been thus ascending, with occasional pauses for rest and retrospect, some two or three hours, when suddenly, reaching the top of a considerable elevation, which had for a time shut off the view ahead, we found the advance-guard of our party standing quietly in the path and looking up and away across the rolling alp to where, towering terrace upon terrace, rose sheer, abrupt, from a mighty chasm at its foot, a vast expanse of glittering ice and snow, terminating in two sharp peaks which, from our position, seemed of about equal height. We were face to face with the Jungfrau and her attendant Silberhorn, and—so delusive is the thin, clear mountain-air—it seemed scarcely more than a stone's throw to their base.

Winston was strangely excited. Rising impulsively in the stirrups, and waving his hand toward the beautiful vision, he sang in a clear, ringing tenor,—

*In Elvezia non v'ha rosa
Fresca e cara al par—die Jungfrau.*

A cry of alarm from Miss Winston caused me to turn quickly, just in time to catch her brother in my arms as he sank upon his horse's neck. The guide sprang to my assistance, and together

we lifted him gently from the saddle. Alas! that ruddy, froth-mixed flow from mouth and nostrils told the whole story but too plainly.

"Oh, brother! brother! brother!" wailed Miss Winston, taking his hand in her lap, and with her handkerchief unavailingly seeking to stay the gushing life-current. The guide produced a flask of brandy, and, after we had succeeded in getting him to swallow a small quantity, Winston revived somewhat.

"'Tis not so deep—as a well,—nor so wide—as a church door,—but 'tis enough, I'm afraid," he whispered brokenly, with a pathetic attempt to smile. Then, after a moment's pause, to his sister: "Sally, I want you to tell—Pearl that—that I tried very hard—oh, so very hard!—to be worthy of her—but I'm a sad dog—and don't—let—mother—"

The sentence was never finished. The fatal hemorrhage burst forth anew, and in half a minute all was over.

In that soul-searching hour another secret came to light, of which, as I afterward learned, none of the party had the slightest knowledge except the one directly affected. Miss Blackburn had stood apart, as if bewildered, but at Miss Winston's heart-broken cry, "He is dead! My brother is dead!" she uttered a piercing shriek, and, throwing herself down beside the body, strove to take it from the sister's arms. "He is not dead! he must not die!" she moaned. "You don't love him, or you would not say he is dead. Give him to me! Pearl Raymond never cared for him—nobody cared for him—as I did!"

I have no heart to go on. How might one fitly describe a scene so harrowing and unlooked for,—a termination so tragic to that which had promised to be a day of unclouded pleasure? It is ever the unexpected which comes to us. The escorting wings of destiny make no murmur audible to mortal ears. We are translated at once from the prosaic plane of every-day life to ecstasy's sublime altitudes, or hurled without warning into agony's fathomless abysses. One moment Hamlet remarks upon the

chilliness of the midnight air, and the next he sees his father's ghost.

At a hurried consultation between Blackburn, Perkins, and myself, it was decided best to try to return at once to Interlaken, as we had previously planned, by way of Lauterbrunnen. The guide, who had gone forward to the chalet-restaurant of the Petit Scheideck for assistance, soon returned with a little group of sympathetic peasants. The body of our friend placed upon an improvised stretcher, borne by four strong-armed young mountaineers, our journey across the alp was resumed. But, ah, the difference!

"Surely," writes Leslie Stephen, President of the Alpine Club, "the Wengern Alp must be precisely the loveliest place in this world." But that far-reaching scene of beauty and splendor, which in its sparkle and dance would have been before but a reflex of the gay spirits of our little company, was now a mockery and a denial of its sorrow. How could the sunshine blaze so dazzlingly on the pearly cliffs up there, and touch into tender radiance all the velvety slopes that rolled in stupendous munificence around us and away until their details grew dim in the purpling afternoon atmosphere? How could the alp-flowers bloom so profusely beside the pathway, and the cattle browse on with an air of such utter contentment, when he who had been so much in sympathy with it all that he had seemed its necessary complement was lying there, for evermore deaf to its myriad-voiced music, blind to its multiplex loveliness? Not for mortal passing is the sun darkened and the veil of the temple rent in twain.

I have never seen a sadder or more singular funeral train. Both ladies had declined the use of the horse, and that peculiar animal was now led in front, looking, if possible, larger and more dejected than before. Then, silently, tenderly, came the peasant pall-bearers with their precious burden, over which a cloak had been thrown. Miss Winston, refusing all assistance, walked erect and alone behind her brother's body.

Miss Blackburn, though evidently scarcely conscious, followed, supported by her brother. Perkins and I came last.

I have said that nature seemed insensible to our grief. There was an exception to this, almost startling in its suggestiveness. Just after passing the ~~man~~ on the Wengern Alp I became conscious of a low, deep, booming sound, repeated at intervals, the muffled roar and regularity of which strangely simulated the firing of distant minute-guns. It was unlike thunder, or any other natural sound I have known, save, possibly, a peculiar and mysterious reverberation sometimes heard on Lakes Cayuga and Seneca, in Central New York, during the lazy hush of a sultry summer afternoon, and for which no better explanation has been offered than that it proceeds from subterranean passages connecting the two bodies of water. Finally, during a momentary halt, I asked the guide the cause of the sound which had attracted my attention. "*Die Lawine*" (the avalanche) he replied in a low voice, nodding toward the Jungfrau. Soon after, while watching the mountain intently, I saw, far up toward its summit, a gush of white powder jut from one of its perpendicular precipices, as if a cataract had suddenly broken forth, and, pouring swiftly down what was apparently a well-worn groove, it turned one after another of the icy battlements in its course into a temporary cascade, and finally disappeared in the Trümletenthal, up from the gloomy depths of which, long seconds later, came that faint, ominous reverberation before heard. Yet an avalanche more sudden and terrible than any storm of crashing ice-blocks which ever swept down those inaccessible heights had that day fallen.

On the opposite side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, into which we were now rapidly descending by ever-steepening zigzags, the Staubbach rushed impetuously to the verge of its precipice, leaped joyously into the flood of golden sunlight which yet lingered about its summit, and at once vanished in the twilight shadows creeping up its mighty side. Was

it not, I thought, a type of that radiant human life-stream we had seen so instantly blotted out, falling into the darker valley of the shadow of death? Strangely, solemnly, came the remembrance of Winston's words of the night before: "Yes, I have had a good time, but never too good to care not to go on." How clear it all seemed now! That was the title-phrase of his existence,—to go on. He had gone back to God's country,—gone back to stay. Alas for the heavy, stumbling feet that would fain have kept step and step with his and could not!

A simple mountain-wagon was the only substitute for a hearse which the village of Lauterbrunnen afforded. Driving behind it slowly down the gloomy valley toward Interlaken, the Jungfrau, gleaming ghost-like through the fir-trees in her cold moonlight mantle, seemed to rise and rise behind us, as if threatening to pursue and rob us of even the poor ashes of that divine flame which had been offered on her altar.

We buried the body of our friend from the English chapel at the old convent church, in the peaceful little cemetery by the lake among the mountains he had loved so well. The Maiden, the Monk, and the Giant are guarding his grave to-day.

While Miss Blackburn was unable to be present at the funeral services, being confined to her room utterly prostrated, Miss Winston was calm and self-controlled. She had acquiesced in all the arrangements we had made, with scarcely a word, and when, after a consultation with my travelling companion, we had offered to abridge by a few days the remainder of our tour and return at once to America with her party, she simply said, "You are kind. He liked you both. As soon as Miss Blackburn can be moved, we will go." It was not so much that she seemed crushed or dazed by the blow as bitterly indifferent to all minor claims upon her attention. It was the innate strength of a fine nature rising by sheer force of will superior to its natural temptations to impulsiveness

and passionate protest. The reaction came only when, safe in her father's house and her mother's arms, she gave herself up to a fever that for weeks threatened the stricken parents with a double bereavement.

"O friend of my soul," I mused, regarding for a last moment the thin, waxen features overspread with a mysterious blending of the old smile and a new expression of ineffable sweetness and peace, "so lately found, so early lost! I know not where you are, but this I do know, that somewhere there is life, laughter, and song, somewhere you are waiting to greet me with the same merry twinkle of the eye and that impulsively outstretched hand; somewhere I shall find my friend again. For, indeed, I cannot do without you always!"

Two years later.

CHICAGO, 8, '25.

YOU DEAR OLD STUPID,—So "we must be resigned to give each other up," must we? Do you imagine I did not know exactly how papa would answer your letter? He said to mamma, "The young man may be well enough, and he certainly behaved with some consideration in Switzerland, but he shall not rob me of the only child I have left. I cannot surrender Sally to anybody." Mamma only smiled a little, and said, "Tell him to wait awhile, and then come out and see us." Now, sir, you have your orders.

Do you know I am sometimes just the least bit jealous of the way you speak of brother? If he had lived, I don't believe you would ever have cared whether or not he had a sister. *In that case* I should have been equally indifferent as to whether or not he had a friend. However, as it is, I suppose I must subscribe myself

Very sincerely yours,
SARAH WINSTON.

WILL O. BATES.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE.

BY A COMPANY OFFICER.

THE campaign of Chancellorsville, so brilliantly begun, had ended in disaster and gloom. The Army of the Potomac, withdrawn to the north bank of the Rappahannock, had for several weeks remained inactive in its summer cantonments. At army head-quarters, and at Washington, the authorities were apparently meditating what to do next, when the problem was rudely solved for them by the enemy. Our failure to proceed to Richmond, as we had set out to do, had invited our antagonists to make a bold strike for Washington. Accordingly, without definitely knowing why or wherefore, we broke camp one fine June morning at Stafford Court-House and turned our faces northward. The following night the Eleventh Corps camped near Catlett's Station, and the next amidst familiar scenes at Centreville. Remaining here for a day or two, as if awaiting developments, the corps then proceeded to Leesburg, and thence, after another halt of some days, to Edwards's Ferry, and across the Potomac into Maryland. At Frederick another halt was called, and still another at Emmittsburg, where the First and Eleventh Corps, now far in advance of the rest of the army, arrived on the evening of June 29.

At Emmittsburg we pitched our camp in a grove adjoining the convent. The beauty and tranquillity of the place, so strikingly in contrast with the military tumult which suddenly invested it, are vividly remembered. The green lawns and scrupulously-kept gardens, the little cemetery with its methodical array of grassy graves and white crosses, the dainty chapel with its saintly group of gentle worshippers, all so eloquent of peace and repose, seemed to rebuke this rude irruption of armed battalions, and doubtless yet constitute, in many memories, a pleasing picture, singularly at variance with the sanguinary experiences that so quickly followed.

Up to this time we had neither seen nor heard anything of the enemy, and to us of the rank and file his movements had been a profound mystery. Vague rumors flew about the camp that Stuart's cavalry was ravaging the Cumberland Valley, and that Lee's army, having crossed the Potomac, was marching northward; but that was the extent of our information. That the chief command of the Army of the Potomac had been changed, also became known to us; but of the new commander, General Meade, we at least of the Eleventh Corps knew scarcely anything. Such a change, at such a time, was well calculated to cause anxiety and distrust; but, fortunately, a feeling had taken hold of the army that it had suffered disasters enough, and that the time had now come when it must and would conquer, under whatever leader and at whatever cost. This sentiment fired every breast, and reduced the matter of change of commanders to the dimensions of a mere passing incident.

The evening of the 30th was wet and gloomy. As darkness fell, the soldiers sought the refuge of their shelter-tents, and silence fell upon the camp, broken only by the tramp of sentinels and the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Late in the night, while I was yet writing letters by a flaring candle, a mounted orderly galloped to the colonel's quarters and delivered a message. The messenger's haste betokened something important, and soon afterward the sergeant-major came around to notify company officers to have their men up betimes, ready for an early movement. Accordingly, the column was on the road soon after sunrise, and moved rapidly, halting for rest very briefly, and only at long intervals. At ten o'clock it crossed the Maryland boundary into Pennsylvania, the regiments of the latter State ruffling their drums, dipping their colors, and

cheering as they stepped upon her soil. An hour later the subdued booming of artillery far in front indicated for the first time since the Chancellorsville battle that hostilities were at hand. The detonations soon grew more distinct and rapid, and the column pressed yet more vigorously forward. The ranks were closed up, the hum of conversation ceased, and when the laggards, of whom there were always a few, began to drop out and make excuses for going to the rear, the provost-guard was cheered by their more sturdy comrades for driving them forward at the point of the bayonet. Hundreds of country-people, gathered by the roadside, dispensed food and drink and spoke words of encouragement to the hurrying soldiers. "God bless you, boys!" exclaimed these rustic patriots, whose seriousness showed plainly enough that they realized, vaguely, perhaps, yet profoundly, that a tremendous crisis was at hand.

The morning was cloudy and sultry, and as the column neared the crest of a plateau a heavy shower of rain began falling. After some minutes the atmosphere cleared again, disclosing before us a wide scope of country, mostly open, and bounded by distant hills. Along the slopes of these hills, and issuing sometimes from clumps of timber, spasmodic puffs of powder-smoke betrayed the positions of the rebel batteries. Nearer, and directly in front, the town of Gettysburg lay at the foot of the plateau. The First Corps, which was in advance, had filed out of the road, and was hastening into position beyond and to the left of the town. Descending by the Emmitsburg road, the Eleventh Corps followed rapidly, and pushed through the town, the appearance of which at this moment was one of magnificent confusion. The rush of artillery galloping to the front, the eager movement of infantry, the hurry-scurry of cavalry, the scamper of the terror-stricken inhabitants, the clatter of ambulances and other vehicles, all accentuated by the clatter of musketry and the thunder of cannon, constituted about as wild a scene of excitement as the tumult

of war ever presents. As a climax to the supreme interest of the moment, a detachment of cavalry came in with the news that General Reynolds had just been killed, and spread various other rumors, less truthful but no less exciting, as to what was going on at the front.

Filing from the road into the open fields beyond the town, our troops immediately went into position. The regiments being formed into solid squares by "doubling on the centre," ours was placed in support of Dilger's battery, which had already commenced firing. The return fire of the rebel guns was lively, and their shot and shell ricocheted splendidly over the open fields. While the regiment was taking its position, a corporal of my company was struck by one of these missiles and thrown prostrate. Directly another soldier was struck, and the regiment, being unable to return fire, slightly shifted its position. Then the rolls were called, and the men quietly responded to their names amid the boom of cannon and the screech of exploding shells.

The enemy's masses were seen conspicuously ranging themselves along the slopes of Seminary Ridge, while the columns of the First Corps appeared on our left front, moving up firmly to the attack. As the combatants neared each other, random shots cracked spitefully, and were quickly followed by crashing volleys. In a few minutes the rebels, who had yielded at the first onset, were seen scampering to the rear like frightened sheep. A loud cheer followed this success, and officers who had watched the movement through their glasses declared that we were "getting along splendidly." But the enemy had strong reserves, and soon rallied. In fact, it began to be suspected that we were being cunningly dallied with by a greatly superior force, with the design of deceiving our left wing beyond supporting distance, while our right might, in the mean time, be circumvented and overwhelmed. Such a scheme, if successful, would not only effect the overthrow of our little army, but would completely separate it from its slender reserves on Cemetery Hill.

The impression that such a design was being attempted was soon confirmed by a report from the skirmish-line that the enemy, in heavy masses, was endeavoring to turn our right flank. The nature of the ground favored this attempt, since the woods and ravines on that flank afforded a mask to the movement.

It was evident that our brigade commander realized this new and dangerous situation of affairs. His face grew pale and distressed. To every mind, indeed, it was apparent that a great crisis had come,—that the enemy must be met, and met at once,—and it was rashly resolved that we should go and meet him half-way in the open plain. Accordingly, the troops changed front, and a general advance of the line through the open fields began. Fences that might have served in the construction of a breastwork were thrown down in a twinkling, and absolutely nothing remained to screen our line from the cross-fire that now poured upon it from flank and front. The enemy's batteries swept the plain completely from two or three different directions, and their shells plunged through our solid squares, making terrible havoc. Yet the line swept steadily on, in almost perfect order. Gaps made in the living mass by the cannon-shot were closed again as quickly and quietly almost as though nothing particular had happened, and the men were really less nervous under the ordeal of this fire than they had been during their inactive support of the artillery.

The gray lines of the Confederates now began to be unmasked from the ravine and to deploy themselves on the level surface of the plain. They belonged to Ewell's—formerly Stonewall Jackson's—corps, and were old acquaintances. Their movements were firm and steady, as usual, and their banners, bearing the blue Southern cross, flaunted impudently and seemed to challenge combat. On they came, one line after the other, in splendid array. Up to this time scarcely a musket-shot had been fired; but now our solid squares

deployed, and the men were ordered to "let them have it." Quick as a flash the compliment was returned; bullets hummed about our ears like infuriated bees, and in a few minutes the meadow was strewn with arms and accoutrements, with the wounded and the dead. The combatants approached each other until they were scarcely more than seventy-five yards apart, and the names of battles printed on the Confederate flags might have been read, had there been time to read them. Quickly our line became thinned to a mere shadow of its former self,* and the field-officers, by the killing or disabling of their horses, were every one dismounted. The troops on our right were outflanked and driven back, and, there being no reserves, no alternative remained but to withdraw.

The enemy did not venture to charge, but maintained a severe fire, to which our response in the act of falling back was necessarily feeble. Forgetful that I had in my belt a good revolver, with five good loads in it, I picked up a musket and asked a soldier for a cartridge. He gave me one, remarking as he did so that he did not think it would "go," as his ammunition had been dampened by the rain. My next impulse was to load the musket and get at least one parting shot at the enemy. While I was thus engaged, a stalwart young fellow dropped at my side, and cried, "Oh, help me!" Having taken my hand, he struggled to rise, but could not, and, finding his efforts unavailing, murmured, "Oh, I'm gone! just leave me here." A moment or two later I too felt the sting of a bullet, and fell benumbed with pain. It was an instantaneous metamorphosis from strength and vigor to utter helplessness. The man nearest me, being called to for assistance, replied by a convulsive grasp at the spot where a bullet that instant struck him. He passed on, limping as he went, and in a few minutes more the last blue blouse had dis-

* Of twenty-two commissioned officers and two hundred and thirty-six men constituting our regiment as it went into this action, only three officers and eighty-nine men came out of it. The rest were mostly killed and wounded.

appeared, and the field swarmed with gray Confederates.

The musketry-firing having slackened, the enemy's line of battle now came forward in fine style, preceded by skirmishers. The crimson flags were flaunted more impudently than ever, and the entire Confederate force breathed exultation and defiance. Some of the victors seemed disposed to be even savage. A wounded man lying near me, who had raised himself on his elbow, probably to get an easier posture, was assailed with a volley of curses by a stalwart soldier in gray, who ordered him to lie down instantly, on pain of being shot dead. The soldier held his musket at a ready, evidently intending to execute his threat if not summarily obeyed.

The rebel skirmish-line now passed me, and one of the skirmishers, a gentle-faced young man, came near. He had obtained the sword of a Union officer, and carried it swinging to the belt which was thrown over his neck. To the inquiry whether the Union wounded were going to be molested, he replied, "No; you need not be afraid. Ten minutes ago I would have shot you in a minute; but now that you are a prisoner you shall not be disturbed. Have you any arms?"

"Yes,—a revolver."

"Well, I must take that." And, so saying, he stripped the weapon from the belt, and went on.

The Confederate infantry now faced by its right flank, and moved off in that direction. I rejoiced at this, for I now felt at liberty to look about me. The whole field was strewn with the prostrate bodies of men in blue. Almost my first glance discovered, not far away, a well-known face. It was that of our adjutant, Lieutenant B—. Pierced by two musket-balls, he had fallen from his horse, which galloped away, but fell, like its rider, before getting out of range.

"Is that you, lieutenant?"

He replied only by a look, expressive at once of recognition and of agony. I was about to make further inquiry, when I was interrupted by a rebel

battery, which came up at a brisk canter and unlimbered its guns where we lay. They seemed to be about to commence firing on the town, through which our troops were yet retreating. Some of the artillerymen having noticed the danger I was in of being trampled by the horses, two of them very gently removed me to a place of greater safety. Supporting my arms on the friendly shoulders of these men and listening to their rough words of sympathy, I could not but feel that they were, after all, both fellow-men and fellow-countrymen, and wonder how we could be, or rather have been, such deadly enemies. They next brought Lieutenant B—, and laid him near me. His sufferings were terrible, and his cries of pain agonizing to listen to. The Confederate artillerymen spoke to him sympathizingly, and their bronzed faces expressed sincere compassion. They endeavored to arrange for him an easy posture, but in vain: all postures were alike painful. They procured water, which he demanded incessantly, but it served only as an emetic. Nothing could alleviate his intense thirst, aggravated as it was alike by the fever of his wounds and by the excessive heat of the sun.

It was now five o'clock in the afternoon. The fighting had mostly ceased; the artillerymen were summoned away, and the columns of the Confederate infantry quietly filed off to their different stations in front of Gettysburg. Calm settled upon the ensanguined field where so lately the whirlwind of battle had arisen and spent itself. Except the moanings of the wounded and their cries for assistance, there was little to disturb the evening quiet. Here and there a rebel soldier sauntered about in quest of plunder, or, as sometimes happened, on a mission of mercy, refreshing the wounded with water from his canteen, and saying to them with looks of pity how sorry he was that "you-uns were all out here against us this way."

A rebel cavalryman now rode up to where we lay. He was a young man of intelligent and kindly appearance, and was clad in the usual gray homespun. He immediately interested himself in

our behalf, and made many inquiries about us, at the same time offering to do all in his power to promote our comfort, and regretting that his resources in that behalf were so limited. "I will get you a surgeon or an ambulance," said he, "if I can." He then cantered away on this errand, but soon returned and reported himself unsuccessful. He then directed some negroes, who were silently observing us, to go and gather from the *débris* of the battle certain articles that we needed, and in the mean time he personally attended to such of our wants as he was able to alleviate. Our own comrades-in-arms could not have given us more faithful attention.

But Lieutenant B—— had no respite from consuming agony. He begged piteously that a surgeon might come and do something—*anything*—to relieve his maddening pain. "I shall die," said he, "and I wish I could die now, to escape this misery." The cavalryman, evidently meaning only kindness, stooped over him and expressed sorrow that his devotion to an unjust cause had brought upon him all this misfortune; but, in words mildly reproachful, and with heroism stronger than suffering or death, he repelled that kind of sympathy.

The declining sun neared the verge of the horizon, and the clouds that hung about its disk were magnificently tinged with golden light. Their parted volumes disclosed a shining vista ending in serene effulgence, beyond which the eye could not pierce. It was not difficult to imagine that along this luminous path the souls of heroes and martyrs were ascending from the bitter cross of the battlefield to the crown of immortality and infinite peace. The gentle light fell upon the brow of Lieutenant B——. It was as if a pitying angel's hand were supplying the affectionate pressure of an absent mother's. "Let me look upon that once more," he said; and the cavalryman bolstered him up with a knapsack, so that he might gaze upon the pageant where nature was beautifully symbolizing the end of his heroic life. He obtained one glimpse, but only a glimpse, for the posture was too painful,

and he sank back again upon the ground. Bending over him, the pitying Confederate again asked, "Is there anything that I can do for you? I will do anything in my power." The dying man sighing a negative, the cavalryman pressed the further inquiry: "Is there any message or any article that you wish me to deliver to your friends? If there is, I shall cheerfully attend to it at the first opportunity."

"Yes," said the lieutenant: "here is my watch; send it to ——."

The cavalryman wrote the name and address, and repeated his promise to perform faithfully this dying injunction.

The sun dropped behind the hills, and with its departure the sufferer obtained the relief he coveted. He lay beside me tranquil at last. He was dead.

The cavalryman now volunteered to try to have me removed from the field, and rode away. Night came, and all was silent, except for the occasional lamentations of some severely wounded soldier. The dark turf was blotched with darker forms that lay motionless and still, and the shadowy figures of plunderers glided about like evil phantoms amid the wreck of battle. My thoughts dwelt for a time upon the dead hero at my side, and then fled, I know not whither. I was not again conscious until aroused by the familiar voice of the cavalryman, who drew back a damp tent-cloth which his own kind hand had spread over me, and said, "See, I have brought you a surgeon. He is one of your own men, left in the town."

Sure enough, accompanying my benefactor was a Union medical officer, who proceeded to examine and bandage my wound. That being done, "Now," said the cavalryman, "here comes a wagon to convey you to a house near town, where I have arranged to have room made for you." As these words were spoken, a light spring wagon, drawn by a couple of civilians, made its appearance. After I had been carefully lifted into it, and a wounded German soldier lying near by had also been given a place in the vehicle, the cavalryman again addressed me: "Before you go,

I want to say to you that I have simply tried to do for you what I would have you do for me under like circumstances. Farewell."

I stopped him to repeat the thanks I had expressed, and to inquire, "What is your rank? Are you not an officer?"

"No," he replied; "I am a private,—an orderly at General Ewell's headquarters. My name is J— M—. I am from Lynchburg, Virginia."

"I shall remember you, Mr. M—. Good-by."

"Good-by."

The wagon moved off, but after a few minutes stopped near a camp-fire around which was standing a group of Confederates, who were discussing the events of the day. Now was the time to "pay the Yankees back," they said, and pay them in kind for all the devastation they had wrought in the Shenandoah Valley. They were not aware, apparently, that they were about to have plenty of occupation of another sort than that of laying waste the country.

Half an hour or so later the wagon drew up in front of a large brick mansion near the railway-station. I was carried in and laid upon the floor, the carpets having been taken up and the furniture removed. Already nearly all the available space in the rooms and corridors was occupied by wounded men. Directly, a tall, matronly lady entered our apartment with a cup of coffee in her hand. She seemed to regard each one of her unfortunate guests as her special charge, and allowed no one to escape her kind attentions. Toward midnight General Ewell passed in through the hall, accompanied by his staff. He walked on crutches, having lost a leg the year before at Groveton. The party took supper in the dining-room, and with some animation discussed the merits of the war with the ladies, who were stoutly for the Union.

At dawn the following morning the battle began to rage again. Our forces had been greatly strengthened by fresh arrivals during the night, and the Confederate generals had missed their golden opportunity. The boldness of our attack

of Wednesday doubtless deceived the enemy as to the extent of our ability to cope with him. He would not believe that a movement so audacious was not strongly supported. Yet, had General Ewell promptly followed up his victory of Wednesday afternoon, as it is said that he desired to do, he would have taken Cemetery Hill and given a different version to American history.

The firing of Thursday's battle, as heard from the Confederate side, was something awful, especially toward evening, when the fury of that day's fighting culminated. Long after dark the roar of musketry and artillery was incessant and tremendous. The sound of the firing neither receded nor approached materially, and from the Confederate soldiers who came within speaking-distance we could get no definite information about the fight. They told us, however, that a combined attack by Johnston and Pemberton had driven Grant from his position before Vicksburg, with a Union loss of ten thousand men. Such, they said, were their dispatches; and they seemed to believe them.

On Friday afternoon came the grand crisis of the battle. At one o'clock the Confederates opened fire with fully a hundred pieces of artillery, and were replied to with about as many. Under cover of their cannon, the Confederate infantry, three lines deep, charged Cemetery Hill and Round Top. The very earth shook with the reverberations of the artillery, and the very skies were converted into a pandemonium of howling, hissing, and exploding missiles. Then, all at once, tens of thousands of muskets opened their fiery throats, and for hours, as it seemed, rolled the deafening crash of small-arms, resounding and unintermittent as the thunder of some mighty cataract. It seemed impossible that a single combatant could survive such a tempest of death. The tranquillity of intense suspense pervaded the Confederate camps, and every face wore the seriousness of an awful dread. A fellow-captive in the second story*

* General Barlow.

sent below to inquire if I had any news, but there was none. No Confederate in our vicinity seemed to have any information as to how things were going on, or any disposition to communicate even his guesses. Late in the afternoon the firing began to diminish, and as the sun went down it ceased. The after-dark fighting of the previous night was not repeated, and, except for the rattling of the moving caissons and wagons, all was quiet. During the evening a rebel soldier who had been slightly wounded in that day's battle came limping into the room where I lay, and, squatting on the floor beside me, began conversation. He belonged to Stonewall Jackson's old corps, and it so happened that we had shared, on opposite sides, in most of the battles in which his command had been engaged.

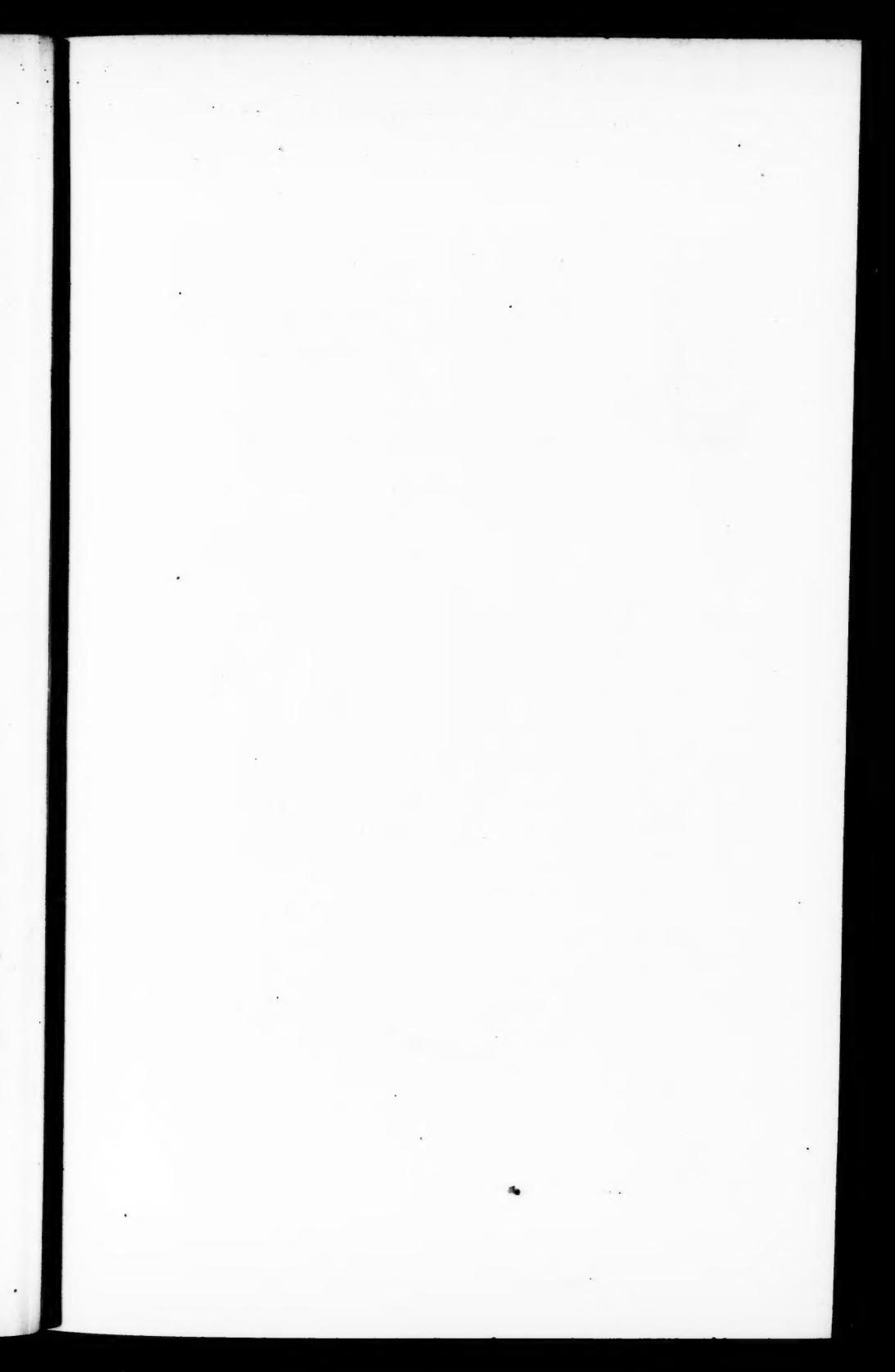
"I'm tired of the war," he said. "We-uns may be wrong, but I *hope* we are not. Anyhow, I wish the fighting was over." Then he had much to say as to the manner and means by which he had been constrained to enter the Confederate service, and concluded by remarking, "Well, I suppose we shall have another hard battle to-morrow, and I must go to my regiment. It won't take more than another day to decide this fight." So saying, he rose, and, bidding me good-by, limped away.

Bright and early the following morning our good hostess, Mrs. S——, came in, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of joy. "Just think! the rebels are every one gone!" she exclaimed. "I heard them moving all night, and I thought something was up. They knew better than to stay another day, for they would have got their deserts," she went on.

An hour later a Union ambulance-sergeant came rushing into the house and said the rebels had withdrawn to Seminary Ridge, where they were throwing up parapets and planting batteries, with the evident intent of "shelling the town." He had, therefore, received orders, he

said, to remove all the wounded from that house. Accordingly, we were hurriedly carried to the ambulances and driven to a field-hospital established in a large barn a mile or more from Gettysburg. In and around that barn were gathered about fifteen hundred wounded soldiers, Union and Confederate. They were begrimed, swollen, and bloody, as brought in from the field, and, for the most part, had received as yet but little surgical treatment. Some were barely alive, others had just died, and many were in a state of indescribable misery. In the centre of the barn stood an amputating-table, around which two or three surgeons were busily performing their dreadful offices. A handsome young German captain, whose leg had been shattered by a musket-ball, was placed upon the table and chloroformed. After the operation of removing his injured limb was complete, he was brought to where I lay and placed beside me. The pallor of his face betokened great loss of blood and extreme weakness. After some minutes, he opened his eyes, and, turning languidly toward me, inquired, "Is my leg off?" Being told that it was, he gazed intently at his hand, and, observing that a ring had been removed from his finger, he remarked, "I would not care for this, were it not for a little friend I have down there at Philadelphia." He could not say much more, for his remaining vitality was fast ebbing away. In a few hours it was gone.

Some days later, those of us who could be removed were furloughed, placed upon a freight-train, and taken to Baltimore, where some of us had the pleasure of seeing in the papers our names (misspelled) in the lists of the killed. A few days later I had the additional satisfaction of reading my obituary notice in our home-paper in Ohio, and of spoiling, by an untimely and inconsiderate reappearance, a certain eloquent funeral-sermon that was about to be preached.





"He loves me—a little—indifferently—passionately—not at all."

(Moonshine and Marguerites, page 63.)

MOONSHINE AND MARGUERITES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"My love she's but a lassie yet."

"IT'S a tremendously good thing for her," says Mr. Wilding. "She's got the match of the season. There she is, standing over there. Do you see? Little girl in white, with daisies all over her."

"Eh? Oh, yes," says Sir George, looking in quite the contrary direction at an overblown young thing of thirty or thereabouts,—not to be uncharitable.

"Not there, my dear fellow. *There!*"

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course," says Sir George, in exactly the same tone. "Why, she's a child!"

"Barely seventeen. But her people put her up first chance on account of her remarkably fine eyes and the six sisters yet to come. Ponsonby's got a lot of money, and looks as if he adores her."

"He does," says Sir George, staring at the young beauty's present partner,—a stalwart Mephistopheles, who is decidedly *épris* with her; "but she don't look as if she adored him,—eh?"

"That isn't her *fiancé*. He is lounging against the door-way on your right, talking to that tall dark girl in yellow,—Miss Nugent."

"Why on earth can't he talk to his own girl?" says Sir George testily, who is growing angry at his many mistakes.

Mr. Wilding laughs. "Miss Nugent was very near being that," he says. "She is his cousin, an heiress in her own right, and, I dare say, the girl he would have married but for the *beaux yeux* of that little baby over there. The Ponsonbys had it all arranged. It's just another case of 'man proposes,' you know."

"You haven't told me the baby's name," says Sir George, who has never taken his eyes off her since first they fell on her.

"Disney,—Alys Disney."

"Her costume suits her. Is she a Marguerite?"

"Not Goethe's Marguerite," says Wilding coldly and with a half-frown.

"I meant nothing half so indelicate, believe me," says Sir George, with an amused smile: "you need not ruffle your feathers like that. I meant only one of those charming, innocent field-flowers one sees sometimes in—er—Birket Foster's pictures, and that. I'm told they grow in meadows; but I never saw a meadow: beastly bumpkins always cut 'em down before one can get to the country. There's something—er—very special about her mouth, isn't there,—eh?"

"I really don't know," says Mr. Wilding. "Come into the supper-room and have something. I feel awfully used up."

Taking forcible possession of the little baronet, he pilots him successfully through massive dowagers and languishing wall-flowers to the room beyond without making a mistake. Mr. Wilding is a young man of much merit, whose manner ladies call "invaluable" and girls "charming." By these last he is regarded as a general favorite,—principally, perhaps, because, though now twenty-nine, he has never yet selected from among them a particular favorite. He is still all their own, and belongs to everybody because he belongs to nobody.

By the time he and his companion have gained the happy land of chicken and champagne, it occurs to Sir George Grande that he had not wanted to come.

"I wish you hadn't shown such senseless haste," he says. "I hadn't half done looking at that little girl in the daisies. She's pretty."

"Don't give yourself airs," says Wilding. "Pretty! She's the new Beauty! with a great big B. Don't make a mistake about it. You are to

rave whenever you hear her name mentioned, or they will argue you unknown."

"I wish they would," says Sir George, with a faint grimace. "I've put in my year abroad, like a good little boy; but the welcome accorded me by the duchess on my return could hardly be called scorching."

"One's own people are always the hardest on one's little peccadilloes," says Mr. Wilding, staring at his glass.

"I call it real nasty of her, anyway," says Sir George, "considering it was to please her I cleared out and lost my season last year."

"Well, you know you *had* been going it a bit," says Wilding apologetically. "Two fortunes, by Jove! before you were twenty-six; and—and that other little affair. But I think, now your banishment is at an end, open censure should be at an end too. I gave your sister credit for better feeling."

"She's one of the goody-goodies. Never expect anything from them but a scandal in the long run. And when they do give place to the devil, it is with a vengeance. Charity, because it is the greatest, is the rarest of all virtues, and the duchess lacks it. However, I am independent of her and all since I came in for the Trevor estates. I wonder how long this third fortune will last me! Eh, Wilding? Never mind; let's talk about that pretty child up-stairs. Know her?"

"She is my cousin," says Wilding.

"Then she is 'a dangerous thing,' as some old rhyme says,—and justly so in this case, I should say; though I believe *you* are fire-proof. Take me back to the ball-room and introduce me to her."

"You have proved yourself anything but fire-proof, and she is a forbidden sweet," says Wilding. "Better keep your fingers out of the blaze."

"But, alas! she is another's, and she never can be mine! that is what you mean,—eh?" says Sir George, laughing with exceeding light-heartedness. "Well, I'll risk even that; and if I fall beneath her chariot-wheels, my blood be on my own head."

Still Mr. Wilding palpably hesitates.

"Not moral enough for sweet seventeen; is *that* it?" says his friend, with a very faint sneer. "Don't try to disguise the fact, old man: one can read it on your ingenuous countenance. You will never reach the wool-sack, Wilding, if you give way to your emotions like this."

"You go something beyond the mark," says Wilding reflectively.

"Do I? I am willing—nay, *anxious*—to believe you. Make me known to your cousin, then. I swear"—half mockingly—"I will be as good as gold in her sainted presence, and never once cease to remember that she has been labelled as 'a good man's bride.'"

"Come, then. A promise is a promise," says Wilding.

And presently they find themselves face to face with Miss Disney and her intended, in a small conservatory, and Sir George has the pleasure of knowing that Miss Disney is now in full possession of the fact that his name is Grande.

He has taken her card, and now says, "May I?" standing before her with pencil uplifted, waiting her permission to engrave his name thereon.

"With pleasure," says Miss Disney courteously but indifferently. With the young, however, it is as natural to smile as to breathe: so she smiles at him.

Having made his own of this careless concession on her part, Sir George lets his eyes wander back again to her programme. "It sounds incredible," he says at length, "but it seems as if you are disengaged for *this* dance. I can see no name before it. If so, may I have it?"

"Am I disengaged?—then yes," returns she thoughtlessly.

"You are engaged to *me* for the next," interferes Ponsonby at this moment, in a dull but hurried tone which he strives hard to relieve from a suspicion of offence.

"Yes? Is it? But of *course*. I quite forgot. The next, then, Sir George, for which I am free, which will be the fourteenth,—if we stay so long. You see," bending slightly to-

ward him with a childish, restless movement, "I *never* put down Mr. Ponsonby's name."

"I quite understand," says Sir George, with a gesture of the hand and a smile. And then the interview is over, and Miss Disney is in her lover's arms, waltzing languidly to the strains of the band sent down to the castle from town.

He cuts the dance somewhat short, and draws her, not unwillingly, to the open window of a room that, leading to the balcony, is suggestive of an easy descent by stone steps to the *pleasure* beneath.

Into the night and into the slumberous garden he leads her, where mignonette and late sweet roses give forth unconscious perfume to the drowsy air.

A pale young moon is hanging in the heavens above, her beams falling tenderly upon the sleeping earth. Ever and anon a fleecy cloud glides over her, threatening to blot her from her place; but again, ere doubt has time for growth, it hurries on, and,—

Melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,—
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

"Do you feel the softness of the air?" says the girl, turning to him with a touch of impulsive gladness in her tone. "I like a garden at midnight, and I like the country better than the town. The season wearied me. It was always the same. Monotony, some say, belongs altogether to fields and woods and streams; but it is not really so. Here everything speaks to me; it is only those others who cannot understand—" Here she checks herself, as though some sudden recollection returns to her. "Are you laughing at me?" she says. "I am, I *know*, in one of the moods auntie calls funny. Well, even if you do smile at my folly, I shan't mind *you*. Look at these garden-marguerites; are they not lovely in the moonlight? Wait. Let me try your fortune with one." She plucks it petal by petal, murmuring, as she does so, the old refrain, "He loves me—a little—indifferently—passionately

—not at all." As the last leaf comes, it brings her "indifferently." "Oh, you bad boy!" she says; "and after all your protestations!"

"It is a lying prophet," says Ponsonby, who is a tall grave young man of twenty-seven, with very loving gray eyes, sensitive lips, and an earnest expression. He looks decidedly older than he is, whilst she, who is only seventeen, looks decidedly younger.

"Well, it is only natural you should make out a good story for yourself," she says, with a mischievous glance. "Now to see how *she* regards *you*." She picks another marguerite from the group near her as she speaks, and, as she flings its mutilated remains away, says gayly, "She loves you."

"There! that is more than you deserve: you have got the best assurance of all, to *my* thinking. 'Passionately' is such rubbish. Don't you think so?"

"I am not sure," says Mr. Ponsonby, with his eyes on hers.

"No? Well, I hope you don't love *me* passionately, because I should hate it. There is such a pretence about it. It is mere sound. One can't pass perfection, you know. I know I couldn't love any one to distraction, as they call it, to save my life. Oh, *listen* to that nightingale!" She turns from him and gazes with eager eyes in the direction whence comes that heavenly music, while her lover gazes at her with eyes into which a certain sadness has fallen.

There she stands, a flower among her fellows, radiant, beautiful, in the clear light of the pure moon,—such a child!—with her little curly head and smiling lips and large, dewy eyes. Already where are her thoughts? flying—flying ever,—now to sweet Philomel, now perchance to—

She has given herself to him, but is she *really* his? The body minus the soul is but a sorry bargain, and whether he has ever honestly touched her heart has been a question with the young man ever since that first day when she promised to be his.

"Your cousin looks as if *she* could," she says, turning, not so much suddenly

as with a certain sense of vitality, toward him.

"Could what?"—with a start.

"Love passionately. Katherine Nugent, I mean."

"Oh! Do you think she could?" His manner is still a little vague.

"Yes. Do you know, Frank," coming a little nearer to him, "sometimes I have thought she is in love with *you*?"

"Nonsense, darling!"

"I *have* thought it. Is it nonsense?"

"Utter. If you were right, you must confess she has a singular way of showing her attachment. Only yesterday,"—with a light laugh,—"something cutting in her manner made me tell myself I was an object of positive aversion to her."

"Still, I *thought* it," says Alys, with all a child's wilful persistence. "But of course I was wrong." Then, "*Why* didn't *you* fall in love with *her*?"

"Because you came to me."

"Was that your only reason? See, now, what mischief I have done. She would have suited you better than I shall."

"That is the one point on which I will not give in to you."

"She is clever, and handsome, and—"

"Dear heart, you are all that, and a thousand other things besides."

"A thousand bad things, I dare say; whereas she—she seems to lack nothing."

"Beyond the crowning imperfection that she is not—*you*!"

"And yet—" She pauses, and casts at him a glance swift but anxious from under her long lashes. "Sometimes I vex you, don't I?" she says, dropping her lids again.

"No—" he is beginning, but she stops him with a merry little gesture.

"Let us have the whole truth, and nothing but it," she says, with a charming smile. "You were angry with me only twenty minutes ago."

"When, my dearest?"

"When I forgot my dance—*this* dance—with you; and again when I promised Sir George Grande one later on. Deny it if you dare."

"How did you know that?"

"Your eyes told me. Ah!"—laughing softly,—"*I* can see things sometimes."

"You are a little witch. I confess all. Your forgetting grieved me sorely; but, besides that, I didn't like you to dance with Sir George."

"But why?"

"For many reasons—" He hesitates. Why raise unlovely thoughts in the mind of this tender child?

"He looks as if he could be amusing," says she carelessly; "and he is staying here with us, you know. He came this morning, and will be here all the week. And auntie says Lady Fanny Davenport is very anxious to marry him."

"Is she? Well, never mind. Let us forget him. *You* are going to marry me, are you not? And soon, darling?"

"I think so," says Miss Disney, with the utmost serenity. "Mamma says Maudie can't come out until I am got out of the way: so it is unfair to her to delay *too* long. And it is all the same to you, I suppose, isn't it?"—anxiously.

The humor of this naïve remark might have struck the young man but for something else that strikes him still more keenly, and that has *no* humor in it: a shade saddens his face.

"Is it to please Maudie or me you give so ready a consent?" he says, a tinge of bitterness in his tone. It may be that the girl marks it and resents it. At least she turns from him with a gesture that is petulant.

"Perhaps to please myself more than either," she says; and, though the words might be made to convey a compliment, the delivery of them spoils the effect.

"You love me?" asks Ponsonby, suddenly turning to her and taking her hand.

"Still a sceptic? Has not this mystic flower assured you of my truth?"—nodding her small head at the marguerites hard by. "*I* should be the one to doubt, considering the dreadful tale it told me!"

"If ever," says Ponsonby, drawing her close to him, "you should feel that the—the affection you now bear me is less than you imagined it, and that you could"—growing very pale—"give your heart more entirely to another, promise me you will let me know of it in some way, by some word, or sign, or token."

"I couldn't promise to be as rude as that," returns she mischievously.

"Be serious for once," entreats he. Something in his tone touches her. The smile fades from her lips, leaving only a certain sweet reflection of it behind. Coming closer to him, she lifts one bare round arm and with very tender little fingers smooths back the hair from his brow.

"There is no need for me to make such a promise," she says, "because I shall never have to tell you *that*."

"Nevertheless, promise!"

"A wilful man must have his way." You have my promise, then; but not in words shall I redeem it. When I have learned to hate you, I will send you one of *these*—again pulling a marguerite from the tall bunch growing near—"with 'not at all' as its last petal. Poor flower!" compassionately apostrophizing it, "what a sad mission I should send it on! Do you know, I never invoked my fortune with one of these until I tried it to-night with you?"

"I am glad of that; and"—eagerly—"you never will again, will you?"

"Why, how *can* I now?" says Miss Disney, with uplifted brows. "My fortune is told: *you* are it. How funny that sounds! it puts you in the neuter gender at once!"

"I shan't see you again for a week," says Ponsonby suddenly. "I go to town by the early train. You will not forget me during my absence?"

"No. Take this with *you*, to remind you of *me*, every moment, until we meet again,"—she places the marguerite in his coat as she speaks,—"*and*, when you look at it, remember the message it brought you," she says coquettishly.

"For that reason its whole tribe shall be sacred to me for evermore," says Ponsonby, with a smile that lights his face into actual beauty.

CHAPTER II.

"Whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

It is mid-day, and all the world is

mad and merry with excess of sunshine and the myriad harmonies of nature's gigantic choir. Even through the carefully-closed curtains of Indian muslin that shade the morning room at Moorlands, great Sol is penetrating, rendering the air hot and languorous.

"I have come to a conclusion," says Miss Disney suddenly, sinking back in her huge arm-chair, that might easily entomb her, and flinging her arms with lazy grace above her head.

"Yes?" The answer, which is half a question, comes in low soft accents across the misty, hazy heat that fills the room, yet with a suspicion of veiled insolence about it. It comes from a beautiful mouth, however, and Katherine Nugent, as she utters the unpleasing monosyllable, turns calm dark eyes upon her cousin's *fiancée*.

The *fiancée* moves restlessly, and a faint color creeps into her *mignonne* face.

"I suppose," she says, with a rather shy laugh, "that a conclusion coming from me (involving, as it must, some thought) may be regarded in the light of an eighth wonder. Is that what your tone meant?"

"And the conclusion?" asks Katherine tranquilly, and with all the air of one who has heard nothing of the foregoing protest.

"Is—that to-night will never come. Was there ever such a long, long day?"

"You miss Frank,"—shortly.

"No: do I? Perhaps so. I am not sure. I was not thinking of him."

"Yet he is a man to make himself remembered even when out of sight."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"Katherine," says the younger girl suddenly, "how often you get me to speak of Frank! Sometimes I have thought—but of course it was only fancy. You never *did* care for him in *that way*, did you?"

"The way *you* care for him? Never."

"I am so glad I asked you, now. If you had given me a different answer it would have made me very unhappy."

"That is a very kindly speech. But

you need suffer no generous pangs of regret for me. Frank is as little to me as I am—to him." She shades her eyes with her hand for a moment, perhaps to conceal a smile, for presently she breaks into a low laugh suggestive of amusement to her listener. "What put the silly thought into your head?" she asks.

"I hardly know."

"Somebody must have done it." Again there is the carelessly-veiled insolence of tone, the contemptuous disbelief in her companion's sagacity or penetration.

"Somebody, I dare say," says the girl musingly. "Perhaps—" She pauses.

"Was it *he*?" The words come from her with exceeding sharpness, as though forced to her lips by some terrible thought that has just pierced her brain and brought with it an agony too keen to be silently endured.

"Oh, no!"

"You are *sure*?"—still fiercely, with pale lips, and dark eyes alight with passionate fear.

"You will see how sure, when I tell you that Frank believes you positively dislike him. He told me so last night. Now,"—laughing,—"*I think he was right.* How angry your eyes have grown at the bare mention of his name!"

"Ah!" says Miss Nugent. It is a sigh of relief that escapes her. She leans back in her chair, and a great wave of color sweeps over her white face. She unfurls her huge black fan with a little crashing noise.

"You haven't told me how you enjoyed last night," she says quickly, as a means of covering her confusion.

"So much!" says the young girl, smiling, and throwing some animation into her air.

"I saw you dancing rather frequently with Sir George Grande toward the close of the evening."

"Twice I danced with him, I think. Do you know, I quite like him, though Frank doesn't?"

"Men like Frank, who have been through a good deal, are always inclined to be jealous. Experience has taught

them how transient a love-affair *may* be."

"You mean"—emotionally—"that Frank has loved so often that—"

"I mean nothing. There is really no occasion for any excitement. But of course you will understand that a man cannot grow to Frank's age without having played with fire. There is nothing to render you uneasy in anything I have said."

"I am not uneasy,"—flushing warmly.

"No? But of course not. There is really nothing in it."

"I know that," says the girl loyally, yet even as she says it her heart grows heavier within her. There is really nothing in it; but *why* had he *told* her she was his first and only love? Perhaps men always said that to the object of their latest fancy.

"Once last night, when you were dancing with Frank," she says, turning to Miss Nugent, and recovering her self-possession by an effort, "I looked at you, and both you and he were looking at me. Was he talking of me then?"

"Does he ever talk of anything else? A man *freshly* in love is the most selfish thing on earth. Later on they grow more considerate, and can afford to forget the beloved angel now and then."

"Can they?"—wistfully. Will Frank indeed learn to forget her at times?

"Yes. What were we saying just then? You asked me if he was talking of you? Yes, entirely. He was telling me of something you had said,—I forget what now,—and he was laughing. He called you 'such a child,' I remember. It was some silly little trifle, amusing because of its crudity. He is very devoted to you."

Again the sting is in her tone. It makes the girl's lips quiver, and brings the light of rebellion to her beautiful eyes.

"At seventeen one is not a child. You make me think he spoke of me as a doll, a baby, a mere plaything."

"Oh, *no*! Merely as a *very* young girl. You *are* young to *him*, you know: he is quite ten years your senior."

"The advantage there is on my side,

surely,"—haughtily. "If I don't mind it, he need not."

"Quite so. I think every woman should be ten years or so younger than her husband," says Katherine, who is just six months younger than Ponsonby. "And as for him, I *know* he prefers extreme youth. It is easier to mould and form."

She closes her fan with another click, drops it languidly into her lap, and smiles faintly.

"To mould!" The girl's tone has grown strangely cold and calm. "I am to be educated to his will, you mean?"

"Well, that was what he said—"

"Said?"

"My dear child, I can't remember the exact words, but he told me last night he had gained a treasure,—one of those rare beings to whom the world is unknown. He dreaded no rival, he said, because,—I really forget the 'because,' but it was something to the effect that, as you had not dreamed of lovers until he came on the scene, they were not necessary to you, and all that. I told him not to be too certain,"—laughing,—"but he quite scoffed at the thought that you could prefer any one to his royal highness. After all, I doubt if it is a wise thing to let a man feel *too* sure of one."

"Is *that* how he talks of me to you?" says Alys, with a glance of cold disdain from her heavily-fringed eyes. To really know any one is difficult; and to view one's dearest friend in a different light is to regard him as a stranger. "We have been prosing a good deal, have we not? I am afraid I have made the day even duller for you than it really is."

"Perhaps it is my fault," says Miss Nugent politely.

"Impossible! You have tried your best to enliven me, and if you have failed it is *my* fault. It is the heat, I suppose. Who could have believed in so hot a sun in September?"

Miss Nugent, as though scenting sarcasm in this speech, glances at her sharply; but the girl has risen and has averted her face, and, after a languid

attempt at further conversation, quits the room.

When the men come in from shooting, however, she reappears in a charming pale-pink tea-gown, and as Sir George flings himself upon the lounge close beside her she turns to him with new graciousness, and lets her lovely eyes smile into his, and draws away her skirts that he may nestle even nearer to her.

"She is rehearsing her new rôle," says Katherine Nugent, taking in all this from afar, with a curl of her lips, and a shrug of her handsome shoulders, and a most unlovely smile of devilish gratification.

CHAPTER III.

"Love! thou art cruel!"

At the end of the third day Sir George Grande is as much in love with Miss Disney as his nature will permit. At the end of the week, and when the night is come that is to see the return of Mr. Ponsonby, he has overstepped that limit, and is making an open ass of himself about the youthful beauty,—*not* without encouragement! For Made-moiselle l'Ingénue during these seven days has developed into a subdued but dangerous coquette.

Ponsonby, who has arrived barely in time to change his clothes for dinner (but who has been nevertheless bitterly disappointed that no gracious childish form has met him on his arrival to bid him welcome), coming into the drawing-room twenty-five minutes past seven, is somewhat taken aback by the tableau that there presents itself to him.

Upon a couch, half shrouded by the lace curtains of the window near it from public view, sits his promised wife, looking lovely as a dream, in Indian muslin and filmy laces, Sir George Grande beside her. The latter is stooping forward, gazing intently into her eyes. Upon every line of his good-looking face hopeless infatuation is written.

Ponsonby, advancing slowly as one walking in his sleep, knocks inadver-

tently against a spider-legged chair and sends it to the ground with some noise.

Miss Disney starts, looks round, and, seeing who it is who is coming toward them, colors deeply. It is only a momentary emotion, however, and, conquering it, she rises swiftly, but with inherent grace, from her seat, and goes to meet him. Her self-possession is complete.

"You have come?" she says, with a smile most lovely, but studiously indifferent.

"Yes." If his life depended upon it, Ponsonby could say no more. He is feeling stunned, bewildered, lost! Here is this girl, whom he had left believing her his own, standing before him now in all her radiant beauty, clothed in careless smiles, and with a touch of something new (is it triumph?) upon her parted lips. He turns away, sick at heart.

Finding her alone later on in the evening, he says quietly, "You and Sir George seem to be quite good friends."

"I like him very much," she says gently enough, but with a grain of defiance in her tone which he is not slow to mark.

"That I can see for myself," he says, with a rather forced smile. "What an atom out of eternity is a bare week! and yet—"

"You found it short, then?"—glancing at him with a half frown.

"Never mind me," he says impatiently. "What of *you*?"

"Why should I submit to an examination from which *you* shrink?" retorts she with some *hauteur*, throwing up her dainty head, and making a smile from Lady Newport, who is sitting directly opposite, an excuse for leaving him.

"What a heavenly night!" says Miss Nugent suddenly, as, drawing back the curtains, she lets a rush of glorious moonlight flood the room. "And the air,—how soft and warm! Why not come into the gardens and enjoy it, as we have done every night for the past week? You and Sir George, Alys, used to be the first to propose it. Now"—smiling—"you basely throw the responsibility upon my shoulders."

"Far be it from us," says Sir George lightly. "Class us not among the backsliders. There is something about Miss Disney that always suggests to me a kinship with Diana: not for one moment, therefore, would she, I feel convinced, dream of casting a slight upon her illustrious relative. You will come and pay your accustomed court to her, will you not, Miss Disney?"

For a moment she hesitates; almost a refusal is on her lips, when her eyes chance to fall on Ponsonby's. In his there is open though unconscious rebuke, and it turns the scale in Sir George's favor.

"Come," she says, holding out her hand to him with a sweet smile prettily tinged with coquetry, and together they step lightly from the drawing-room to the balcony, and from thence to the gardens—lit by the "wandering moon" to a transparent brilliancy—that lie beneath, wrapt in sleep. The others follow.

Ponsonby, as though compelled thereto by some iron demon, moves in their train, speaking such idle trash as society demands, even from the heavy-hearted, to Katherine Nugent. But his whole soul is centred on the form of the little wilful girl flitting before him, now nearer, now a long way off, now fading away altogether in the embrace of some amorous shadow, only to reappear again in a patch of purest moonlight.

At last he really loses sight of her. Two or three people coming up to Katherine engross her in some merry argument and will not let her go. Glad at heart at this chance of being once more alone, Ponsonby moves away from the group, stepping out from it silently.

Seeing this, Katherine says gently but hastily, "Go and see the eastern end of the gardens, Frank: it will reward you; it is lovely in this light. You know it?—that little bit apart, where the old statue of Apollo stands half shrouded in ivy?"

Does he know it? How well he remembers how he stood there with *her* a week ago and had a sweet but lying tale told him by a marguerite! No, he will not go there again! And yet some fasci-

nation draws him through the scented dews and glittering beams to the spot where, seven days ago, he had at least been happy in the thought that he was without a rival; and now—

Now! He had reached Apollo's shrine with downcast eyes; but the sound of voices near compels him to lift his head. As he does so, he starts, and turns deadly pale. There, in her clinging white gown, scarcely less fair than the moonbeams that riot round her, stands the girl he loves, a freshly-plucked marguerite in her hand, and beside her Sir George Grande.

Is it a ray from her high-born kinswoman, or what is it, that makes her appear so pale? She is plucking the flower petal by petal, and once again the old-world refrain comes to Ponsonby across the fragrant sward, borne upon the wings of the night-wind, "She loves you a little,—indifferently,—passionately—"

"Ah! cruel flower! why will it not stop there?" says Sir George sentimentally.

At this moment the hand that holds the flower droops, and the girl, raising her head, looks calmly and defiantly into Ponsonby's eyes. There is no surprise in her glance, no shrinking: it is as if she had known he was there even before she looked.

Thus for an indefinable period they gaze at each other, and then he lowers his eyes, and, turning, walks slowly away.

"That was Ponsonby," says Sir George, screwing his glass into his best eye the better to discern the retreating figure.

"I know it."

"Ah! you saw him before I did?"

"I saw him as he came."

"Yes?"—airily,—*"you would, you know: there's such a lot of him. Modern Hercules, and all that sort of thing. Good fellow, Ponsonby, though. Capital fellow, don't you think,—eh? but a trifle dreary. Looks as if he has the toothache just now, don't he?"*

"No, he *'don't'!*" says Miss Disney, answering him in his own sweet English, but with a sudden and unexpected change of tone—from lively to severe.

"Very good, then: he *don't*," replies Sir George, totally unabashed. "Let's forget him. I've set my heart on hearing my fortune told me to-night by you, and beneath these mystic moonbeams, and as yet you have only got half-way. Try again."

"No,—*never* again!" cries she passionately, crushing the poor flower in her slender grasp and flinging it far from her. There is such startling vehemence in both her tone and gesture that Sir George loses his glass and his self-possession simultaneously. Before he can recover either, she has run away from him, and is lost among the shadows that lie lurking in the secret places of the laurels.

"By Jove! what a small tornado!" says the baronet, staring after her with uplifted brows. "A good deal of temper, no doubt, but all round—charming!"

Panting,—hopelessly out of breath,—Miss Disney gains her chamber and locks her door. Whilst running in, she has made up her mind she will not appear below again to-night. She is tired,—yes, yes; she will go to bed. With hurried fingers (as though action is necessary to her in her frame of mind) she undresses herself, says her prayers, looks into her Bible (a very little look to-night, I am afraid), and finally, finding herself standing in her dainty nightgown, goes up to a tall cheval-glass in the corner of the room and gazes at her own lovely image therein.

Her cheeks are still flushed by her run; her lips are red and parted, her soft eyes full of a defiance that is most foreign to them.

"At last I have shown him I am not a mere baby, to be moulded as he wills, and that a rival is not an actual impossibility," says this silly child to herself; all the while her heart is breaking with suppressed pain, and a wild desire to run to "him" and throw herself into his arms and confess to him how eagerly she longs to be friends with him again.

Yet bravely she keeps back the emotion that threatens to overpower her, and, still encouraging vengeful thoughts,

slips into her lavender-scented sheets,—a thing as white as they.

CHAPTER IV.

"Treason doth never prosper."

BUT calm sleep, and morning, bring a more heavenly frame of mind. The extreme nervousness she feels at the thought of being obliged to meet him soon again face to face, and the painfully distant greeting accorded to her by him when they do meet at breakfast-time, both combined, reduce Miss Disney to a state bordering on tears and penitence.

Yet luncheon- and dinner-hours arrive without action of any sort having been taken; and it is only when the first *entrée* has gone round (which, though excellent, has been discovered by her to be utterly fastealless) that a way of escape occurs to her.

To tell him in simple English that she is sorry has long been found to be out of the question; but there is another very graceful little plan that suggests itself to her, and is carried *nem. con.*, and passes from a thought into a resolution.

That little episode last night he will surely forgive her. He must have *felt* she only did it through childish spleen. She will send him a carefully-selected *marguerite* that will finish with "she loves you."

Going to her room directly she gets out of the dining-room, she selects from among a large bunch of flowers upon her table a giant daisy, and counts it eagerly. Plucking off those that mar her design, she leaves it with the desired reading for the last petal, and then goes slowly downstairs again. But at the last step her courage fails her. He has looked so cold, so unloving, all day, that she dares not give it to him herself. Even as she hesitates with this new trouble at her heart, Katherine Nugent crosses the hall below her.

In a flash it occurs to her that *here* is a way out of her difficulty. "Katherine!" she calls softly. "Katherine!"

"Well?" says Miss Nugent, pausing.

"I want"—hurriedly—"to *tell* you something,—to *ask* you to do me a great favor. You are *his* cousin and *my* friend, are you not? And—and I *must* speak to somebody; and auntie is so impossible."

"Well?" says Miss Nugent again.

"Will you listen to me for a little while?"

"Certainly." The word is uttered with studious politeness. "What is it?"

What it is—the primary cause of all the disturbance, the enlargement of the quarrel, and the means to be now employed with a view to restoring the old harmony existing between them—is soon laid bare to Miss Nugent.

"And now I want Frank to know it was all a mistake, and that I still love him dearly,—*dearly*. You know I do."

"I know nothing," says Miss Nugent stonily. "Well, go on."

"He once called this flower *sacred* to us,—for—for a certain reason," goes on Alys tremulously, her eyes bent sadly upon the *marguerite* in her hand. "And I thought if I sent him one with 'she loves you' coming on the last petal it would tell him everything. Would it not?"—wistfully.

"You know him so much better than I do that you can answer that question more satisfactorily for yourself. He is in the billiard-room. Are you going there now to give it to him?"

"I—I *can't*," says the girl, with a sudden accession of shyness, coloring violently. "Katherine,"—desperately,—"*will you give it to him for me?*"

"Me! You ask *me!*" says Katherine, growing deadly pale and recoiling from her.

"If you will, dearest," says the girl timidly.

"Ask *any* one but me," says Miss Nugent in a low but vehement tone, throwing out her hands with a passionate gesture. Then, the necessity for composure recurring to her, she makes a supreme effort, and in some measure regains calmness. "Take it yourself," she says slowly; but her tone is harsh and strained. As yet she cannot altogether command herself.

"I—I should be ashamed to go to him now," says the young girl, with a blush and an abashed laugh. "Katherine, do help me. He is in the billiard-room: take him this flower, and tell him I shall be in the library in five minutes. I am going there now."

"You persist in asking me to do this?" says Miss Nugent in a strange tone.

"I don't *insist*,"—gently,—"*I* only entreat you. There, go, like a dear girl; and—and be sure you take the flower with great care, as the loss of a petal would be fatal. You think me foolish, don't you?" she says, blushing again as she misconstrues the fixed expression on her companion's features.

"I think you are mad," says Katherine slowly. "Give me the flower, then. I will take it,—if I can." The last words, uttered in a falling tone, are unheard by Alys as she moves away to the library, there to wait with beating heart the coming and the pardon of her lover.

Left alone in the large hall, Katherine stands motionless, staring vacantly at the pale marguerite. There appears to be in it some horrible fascination for her. Her eyes are riveted upon it; her lips twitch; slowly (as though deterred by some hidden power) her other hand creeps toward it.

Almost as she touches it she pauses, and a shudder passes over her. With a heavy sigh that is almost a sob, she resolutely throws up her head, thus withdrawing her eyes from the flower, and at the same time places the hand that holds it behind her back, as though to remove it from her gaze.

A struggle short but sharp goes on within her. So powerful is it that her whole frame trembles beneath it. Then a face, childish, trusting, pleading, rises before her, and she moves with hurried footsteps in the direction of the billiard-room, still with the flower hidden from her view. But, almost as she turns the handle of the door, a voice from within, reaching her, kills the good so lately born. It brings before her another face,—the face of the man she loves passionately though hopelessly,—and, with a groan, she falls back from the door, and,

her nerves ceasing to be under her control, the arm so persistently heretofore kept behind her falls again into its usual position, so bringing her eyes once more on the fatal flower.

Is *she* to be the one to give this baby to his arms?—she, whose vaguest thought of him contains more passion than the warmest this petulant child has ever known? Again the half-shy, half-tender, girlish face comes before her; but this time she shakes the apparition from her with a frown. Pshaw! she would forget in a month this mawkish love of hers, and would be ready to love again in her poor fashion. And yet—there was something in those large blue eyes that—

She hesitates for one heaven-born moment, and then is lost.

Deliberately plucking one white petal from the marguerite, she opens the door of the billiard-room, and, with a smile and a calm word or two to some man who addresses her, moves with languid grace to where Ponsonby is standing somewhat apart from the others.

"Do you remember that book of James's we were discussing last night?" she says. "I can't think where I put it. Have you any idea?"

"I think you took it up-stairs with you."

"Oh, did I? I dare say. It is just the most possible places one never searches. Thank you. The fact of not being able to get it has made me long for it with the greater intensity for the last hour." She turns, as if to go away, then turns back again, as though in sudden remembrance of some trivial thing. "I had nearly forgotten," she says carelessly, "but your little *fiancée* asked me to give you this as I met her on my way here just now." She holds out to him, as she says this, the frail blossom in her hand, now drooping as though sad at heart because of the treachery of which it is the unwilling agent.

"From Alys?" says Ponsonby, a flush born of emotion darkening his face in spite of his desperate resolve to show none.

"Yes. She desired me also to tell you she would be in the library any time from this. A lover's tryst,"—with a light laugh.—"To take my revenge *now*, Captain Sartoris? Well, I don't mind. Sir George to play with me against you and Lady Newport? Charming! Consider yourselves beaten before you begin. I feel that victory rests with me to-night."

There is an exultant ring in her voice as she takes up her cue with a hand steady as marble, and as cold. It is the hand that a moment since held the mutilated marguerite.

The flush has died from Ponsonby's face, leaving only a deathly pallor in its place, and a smile replete with scorn for his own weakness. In eager, hopeful anticipation he had plucked the petals one by one from the flower sent by the love he now deems false, only to find the bitter assurance that she loves him "not at all" at its end.

How had it ever come to pass that he had given the entire happiness of his life into the keeping of this girl, who as the hour changed went with it and in a few short days had discovered a new lover? That she should have chosen a marguerite, the flower he had consecrated as sacred to her and him, as a means of conveying to him her altered sentiments, has hurt him in a terribly cruel manner. There is a lack of refinement in it that strikes a chill to his heart.

Still holding the flower in his hand, he crosses the billiard-room to the door, as blind to Katherine Nugent's keen glance as he is deaf to Lady Newport's honeyed speech, and goes straight to the library, where, by her own word, "*she*" is awaiting him to have her liberty restored to her. Surely it is not *his* part to delay the restoration.

Entering the library, he walks like one in a dream to the upper end of it, where, near the fireplace, Miss Disney is standing with a beating heart and all her soul in her eyes.

But her eyes grow dim and her heart dies within her as she marks the expression of his face, and as he draws even nearer she palpably shrinks from him.

To him this shrinking is a fresh proof of her inconstancy. "There is still some grace left in her, some pity for the forlorn wretch she has betrayed," he tells himself grimly, mistaking her nervousness for remorse.

"I have come to you at your own request," he says sternly. "Though I think this appointment—*made by you*—is a mistake. It is useless to talk of even a *friendly* feeling between us again, after all that has come and gone. There is nothing I so keenly desire as a formal separation between us."

Stunned, bewildered, she gazes at him in a speechless astonishment too fresh as yet for grief.

"I have come to set you finally free," he goes on. "I say nothing. I do not accuse you; and it is too late, we *both* know, for hope or expostulation of any kind. It is impossible to misunderstand *that*, at least. I have now to return you *this*,"—laying the innocent instrument of their undoing upon the table near her,—"*and this*." By its side he lays a faded bit of nature's handiwork that a week ago was the marguerite's gay sister, plucked among the moonbeams and given him by the girl standing before him, pale and mute, and, in his eyes, most false.

A terrible sense of utter desolation falls upon him as he turns away undelayed by any word from her. Even at the door, though inwardly cursing his own weakness for so doing, he pauses, as though in a wild hope that she yet may call to him to come back to her; but no sound breaks upon the heavy stillness that seems to have fallen on the room, and, opening the door, he goes out quickly, closing it firmly behind him.

The click of the lock rouses Miss Disney from the spell that has taken her into full possession. With a little gasping cry, she sinks into a chair and covers her face with her hands. What does it all mean? What has happened?

Slowly—slowly—the thought dawns upon her that he has *rejected* her,—has spurned her overture and treated her poor attempt at reconciliation with ignominy. He had not *wanted* to be

reconciled. He was perhaps *glad* of the chance of escape she had first afforded him by her senseless encouragement of that *hateful* Sir George (alas! how the great are fallen!); and she had tried to force herself upon him, and he had come himself to tell her he would none of her. Oh!—

She starts to her feet and clasps her hands together to prevent herself from bursting into tears of cruel mortification. She walks rapidly up and down the room, planning deep thoughts of vengeance, but no help, no comfort, comes to her. For a long half-hour she so ponders in fruitless search after a calm that will not come, and at the end of it her courage forsakes her. She confesses to herself that she is unhappy, miserable, that all men are detestable, and that above and beyond all his fellows Mr. Ponsonby is *the* most detestable, and that she hates him, and she doesn't care; and then she flings herself into a huge arm-chair, and, letting her face drop upon her lovely naked arms, breaks into bitter weeping.

Mr. Wilding, entering the room a few moments later, finds her in this condition. She tries, indeed, to rise suddenly, and turns her face from him; but to conceal the fact that she is in great distress is impossible.

"Never mind me," says Mr. Wilding, going up to his poor little cousin and patting her shoulder tenderly. "I'm sorry it has come to this; because he's an uncommon good fellow. He has just told me all about it."

"He is a wretch!" says Miss Disney, with startling fervor.

"You ought to be the last to be down upon him," says her cousin reprovingly. "Even supposing he *did* give you a piece of his mind, I think you should be the one to make allowances for a slight display of temper. No fellow likes being done in that sort of way."

"*Done?*"

"My dear child, what's the good of keeping it up before me? I *know* all about it, from start to finish."

"Oh, you *do*!" says Miss Disney, in a tone of bewildered resignation.

"Yes; and, though I am not, as a rule, one of the obnoxious '*I-told-you-so*' sort of people, still, I foresaw that when you *did* do it you would be sorry for it."

"Ah, you saw that?" says Miss Disney, in a tone of even greater bewilderment and resignation.

"*Certainly* I did."

"Yes? And what was it you saw, dear?" asks she meekly.

"Oh, I say, you know," says Mr. Wilding in high disgust,—“that is no way to treat a fellow who is almost your brother, you know. If I *must* be plain, I think it is excessively foolish of you to throw up Frank Ponsonby for the sake of an empty title.”

"Is *that* what he told you?" exclaims she, flushing with indignation. "Now, hear the truth from me. It's—it's a *horrible* thing to have to confess; but I'll trust *you*. I tried to make friends with him, and I sent him a flower, and he wouldn't *have* it; and he came here and told me he wished to set me '*finally free*' (such a way of putting it!); and"—her cousin's arm is round her by this time, and she is sobbing her heart out on his shoulder—"I am the most unhappy girl in all the world!"

"Bless me! there must be a mistake somewhere," says Mr. Wilding, at his wits' end.

"You won't betray me, will you?" sobs his pretty but deeply-afflicted cousin. "Nonsense! Of course not. But tell me about that unfortunate flower."

She tells him.

"Show it to me," says Mr. Wilding, at the close of her confession, assuming the barrister air that gains him daily commendation from the bench. Together, and with the utmost caution, they count the petals again, and at the end look blankly into each other's faces.

"How *could* it have happened?" says Miss Disney, in an awe-stricken tone.

"One petal is missing," says Mr. Wilding, still before the bar. "One of two things must have occurred,—either *you* counted wrongly the first time, or else it was removed by—"

At this moment Katherine Nugent enters the room.

"Oh, Katherine!" cries Alys, and, running to her, throws her unsuspicious arms round her and tells her all. "My cousin, Mr. Wilding, tells me he, Frank, is suffering as much from this wretched mistake as I am. You gave it to him yourself,—with your own hands?"

"Yes," says Katherine calmly.

Wilding, who is watching her closely, tells himself she does excellently well indeed. "It is a very unfortunate affair," he says, still with his eyes on Miss Nugent.

"Very." Her eyes meet his calmly, unwaveringly.

"Something ought to be done about it at once."

"I quite agree with you. But who is to do it? and what is to be done?"

"I know," says Alys very quietly and with a strange amount of determination for her. "I shall explain all to him myself—to-night."

"You!" says Miss Nugent, an unpleasant amount of astonishment in her tone.

"Yes. Why not? I think it only due to him," says Mr. Wilding slowly. "You see an objection to this course?"—turning to Katherine.

"I? Oh, no! Why should I? It is really nothing to me. I have no right to an objection. Besides, there isn't one. Frank Ponsonby"—here she compels the girl's eyes to meet hers by the very intensity of her own regard—"is of too generous a nature to see any *indelicacy* in this act of hers."

"Indelicacy!" repeats Alys, growing very pale. "If I speak to him on this subject, can I be accused of *that*?"—turning piteously to her cousin.

"Being a man," says Mr. Wilding slowly, "I can tell you all the more surely what *his* answer would be to that question. It would be 'No.'"

"There, dear; Mr. Wilding knows," says Miss Nugent, with a faint smile.

"But, oh, if he should be *wrong*!" says the girl, in an agony of doubt. "Perhaps if some one else were to tell him it would be better; but who?"

"Shall I?" says Katherine softly.

Wilding, still with his eyes on Katherine, makes no movement.

Katherine, stooping forward, lays her hand on the girl's arm.

There is a long pause. And then the girl, lifting Miss Nugent's hand, holds it for an instant in mid-air, and then gently drops it. Some divine instinct at the same moment makes her fall back, as though to ward the other off. "No, no. I will tell him myself," she says, with nervous haste and a profound sigh. She walks away from them, and, reaching the door, is soon beyond recall.

"A very impulsive girl," says Miss Nugent, turning to Wilding.

"A very good girl, when under no evil influence," returns he coolly.

"Sir George's, you mean?"

"No."

"Frank's?"

"Certainly not."

"Whose, then?" asks Miss Nugent, with the softest smile.

"To be discourteous is to lose a point," says Wilding, unmoved. "But,"—confidentially,—*"if I were you, I should—chuck it up."*

"Slang has always been a buried language to me," says Miss Nugent politely. "You mean—?"

"So very little already unknown to you that it is hardly worth while my explaining it," says Wilding genially. "Still, I would repeat my former words, because—" He pauses. Miss Nugent looking to him for a continuation of the sentence, he says mildly, "Because you haven't the ghost of a chance."

CHAPTER V.

"By some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain."

FINDING herself once more in the silent hall, Miss Disney stops short and sighs again. Then a great longing for fresh air overcomes her, and, passing quickly through the now deserted dining-room, she steps onto the balcony outside, and presently finds herself in the garden.

A silvery light hangs over it. The moon, that "goddess excellently bright," is hanging amid trembling fleecy clouds, like a great lamp lent by the heavens to shed a glow upon the despondent earth.

Again its rays pierce the gloom of the eastern corner of the gardens and shed a mellow lustre upon the forced modesty of Apollo—ivy-clad—and upon the dazzling bunch of marguerites, nodding and drooping in their sleep.

Only a week ago she had stood just here with her *true* love,—happy, yet hardly aware of the depth of her happiness; and now with what a different gaze she looks upon the world! Knowledge has come to her *too late*. Only with the *loss* of it has come the full appreciation of the thing she has lost.

Something in the scene before her brings prominently forward a doubt that ever since her last interview with Ponsonby has been weighing heavily upon her. Now, as it asserts itself fully, it sends a little chill to her heart.

In spite of all her cousin has said, may not her late reckless encouragement of Sir George have killed the love once felt for her by Ponsonby? This terrible thought grows stronger the more she dwells upon it, and at length grows into such tremendous proportions that her heart dies within her.

If she now seeks a second explanation with—*with* Mr. Ponsonby, will he not be justified in thinking she is seeking to throw herself upon his mercy, and that she is desirous of renewing old associations with him at any cost?

She grows crimson as this thought comes to her, and tears of mortification rise to her eyes. No! she can never speak to him on this subject—*never*! She *will* not! She puts up her hands to her face, as though to hide her shamed eyes even from the tender moonlight, and in so doing hastily decides that she now forever abandons all idea of seeking an interview with Ponsonby.

She will not speak to him; she will not see him again, if possible! Deriving some mysterious comfort from this resolution, and feeling therefore somewhat better, she takes down her hands from

her eyes, and in so doing finds herself face to face with Ponsonby.

She turns as white as death; but with the necessity for speaking comes a rush of womanly dignity that reduces her to instant calm and adds tenfold to her girlish grace and sweetness.

"Let me speak to you for one moment," she says impulsively, with a slight motion toward him. His sudden presence has convinced her that her late cowardly resolution had in it no element of *right*, and that an explanation is due not more to her than to him.

"Certainly," he says very gently. All the sternness is gone from his tone, a settled melancholy having taken its place. Encouraged, though weakened, by this change in him, she goes on hurriedly.

"There is something I *must* tell you," she says tremulously. "But first"—throwing up her head with a little proud gesture that becomes her infinitely—"I would have you understand that what I have to say cannot in *any* way alter the relations now existing between us. We are separated *forever*. No one (I am glad to think at this moment) can know that better than you."

"No one," corroborates Mr. Ponsonby, in a tone that has acquired even a deeper dye, so far as misery is concerned.

"I am glad of that," says the girl readily. Yet an intelligent observer might have failed to see where the gladness lay: certainly not in voice, or lips, or eyes. Mr. Ponsonby, I regret to say, proves himself on this occasion (only) wanting in intelligence, as he openly accepts her statement at her own value, and grows in dejection thereby. "I am *very* glad of it," repeats Alys unsteadily and with now averted eyes and a paltry assumption of content, "because I can now safely tell you, without fear of misconception on your part, that it was all a mistake about that marguerite I sent you an hour ago. At *that* time" (by her *manner*, it might reasonably be supposed again by the intelligent listener that the time mentioned is a year ago) "I was troubled, and—and ashamed of myself (I am neither now), and anxious to let you know that—that

I had not changed toward you in any way, in spite of anything foolish in me that might have induced you to think otherwise."

There is something in this rebellious speech so sadly regretful, and so very near to tears, that instinctively Mr. Ponsonby goes a step closer to her, and puts out his hand as though to take hers; but she waves him back imperatively.

"When I sent you that flower," she goes on, her voice taking a still prouder ring as she feels the humiliation of her confession, and with her soft eyes suffused with tears of childish grief and agitation, "I thought—I *firmly believed*—it was conveying to you the message 'I love you!' I counted the petals carefully; I made sure not one was missing; but I suppose I counted badly. I tell you this now, for no motive but the natural wish that you should not believe me altogether heartless. You understand me? You *must* know"—passionately—"that for this reason alone I have spoken to you to-night."

"I *do* know," says the young man earnestly. Again he goes nearer to her. There is suppressed hope and growing excitement in his face and manner.

"Not that it matters now," says Miss Disney, her voice trembling more and more. "Nothing matters any more at all! We have both learned to be indifferent to each other, and—and—I hope I shall never, *never*, NEVER see you again after to-night!"

Here the voice passes beyond all trembling, having broken down and given place to bitter weeping.

She has lifted her hands to cover her face, and so stands before him, a little, slender, grief-laden figure, on which the gentle moon is shining, lighting up the pretty rounded arms and the gold-brown tresses of the bowed head. But for not half so long as it takes to write this does she so stand. In a moment she is in his arms, and is sobbing out the remainder of her grief upon his breast.

He has drawn her close to him, and closer still, until their hearts beat almost in unison.

"My darling," he says with passion-

ate fondness, "my dear, *dear* love, do not cry like that. I think,—I never thought it until to-night,—but now I *do* think that you love me. Alys, tell me I am not deceiving myself."

She can find no words, but, still with her face hidden upon his breast, lifts her arms and slips them lovingly round his neck. It is an answer all-sufficient.

Never before has she so abandoned herself to him, and for the first time the gladness of possession enters into his soul.

"You are mine now," he says, tightening his clasp round her, "now, and forever! Let us go back a week in our lives, and forget that these last miserable seven days have ever been. You—you don't *care* for that fellow Grande?"

"There is only one person on earth I care for, and that is *you*!" says the girl, clinging to him.

"And yet—"

"Yes, yes; I know all that. I should not have believed her, but she told me you thought me a baby,—a mere silly child,—who could have no lover but you."

"*Who* told you all this?" demands he, with darkening brows.

"Katherine, your cousin. But"—dissolving into tears again—"it wasn't *true*, Frank, was it?"

"It was not, indeed," says Mr. Ponsonby grimly. "These last few days have proved it. I cannot help feeling that I am depriving you of a title."

"You *said* you would forget this past horrid week," says Miss Disney reproachfully, "and now you are scolding me about it."

"Well, it shall be my last scolding," says Ponsonby. "And as for the other things, you say I thought of you as a child. I tell you now, with your heart against mine, that I thought of you only as the woman I loved beyond all this earth contains."

"I know it now; I was mad to doubt you," says Alys remorsefully; "but she *said* it; and, knowing you are superior to me in every way, I felt it easy to believe her."

"And it was she, too, who brought me the marguerite," says Ponsonby musingly, in a low tone. A sudden thought oc-

carring to him, he tightens his grasp on her arm. Then he recovers himself.

"Why think of *anything*?" he says, placing his lips to hers. "Let us only remember that we belong to each other by the divine right of love. All else may readily be forgotten."

"No," says the girl, leaning back in his embrace so as to look into his eyes. "I shall never forget this, our first and

last quarrel. I don't *want* to! I am *glad* of it!"

"*Glad*, my soul?"—regretfully.

"Yes,"—triumphantly,—"*very* glad. Because," a smile fighting with the tears that still linger on her lashes, "but for *it* I should never have known how entirely *you* love *me*, and *I* *you*!"

"My beloved!" murmurs he with ineffable fondness.

LOVE HAS DECEIVED ME.

LOVE has deceived me!—With a strange, sweet smile,
He took from out my yielding hand the oar
Wherewith I thought to guide for many a mile
My bark through sunlit waters close to shore.
"Come, I will speed thee to the Blessed Isle!"
He said, and smiled again, but spoke no more,—
And suddenly I found me far from land,
Aground upon a bank of barren sand!

And yet he came again, and charmed from me
The sword wherewith through rugged rocks I thought
To carve a path to some high destiny,
The deathless goal that long my soul had sought.
"Come," said he gently, "come, and thou shalt see
Beside my joys all others sink to naught!"
And, blindly following, suddenly I stood
Forsaken in a dark, entangled wood!

Then he stole on me like a thief at night,
And seized the shuttle from my clinging hold,
Wherewith I wove a cloth perchance not bright,
Yet strong and fine. "I'll make a woof with gold
And purple shot," he said, and in my sight
Charmed forth what seemed rich fabrics, fold on fold,
Till I perceived he spun with cunning care
A glittering nothing of the empty air.

Love has undone me! Oh, how should I meet
Tempests and foes with pride and strength laid low
And arms all shivered? And, oh, worst defeat,
Sum of all ills the stricken heart may know,
The secret sense that naught is half so sweet
As his soft voice who is my deadliest foe,
Naught half so beauteous 'neath the sun to see
As his fair eyes, all traitors though they be!

STUART STERNE.

MY ASYLUM LIFE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

IT is possible that an explicit statement of the feelings of an insane man in regard to his time spent in an asylum may not be without interest. I am not one of those who deny that they have been insane, or who recklessly blame their relatives for sending them to an asylum. It is now my belief that something wiser and better could have been done with and for me, because my means allowed of such resorts as are denied to persons whose lack of this world's goods forces them to accept, with what gratitude they may, that which is not best, but next to it. But I have no wildly-emotional statements to make as to the shutting up of sane folk, or of barbarous nurses. I shall furnish no material for sensational novels. Nevertheless, being a physician, I shall have criticisms to make on asylums, asylum managers, and asylum doctors. I shall do this as a duty, but with the sense of despair which arises out of the fact that the statements and opinions of one who has been insane are, as I painfully know, forever after suspected of inaccuracy or inconsequence. Yet many times, while believed to be insane, I was clear-witted enough; and I may add that for a long while after I was well I was detained, because no doubt the physician in charge felt uncertain as to the reality of my recovery.

As I have been undesirous of revealing my own name, so have I taken great pains to conceal and disguise everything that would identify the asylum to which I was taken. This I do because it is portions of a system, and not the often kindly individual agents, that I desire to criticise. I have, however, been careful to say nothing which I am not sure is true, and to avoid stating as facts what I have heard from other inmates of asylums.

I am now a man of forty, and have never been ill in my adult life, except

after a slight wound in the forehead received at Cedar Mountain during the war. Immediately after the rebellion I left the army, and married, and for fifteen years practised medicine in a large city, working hard, reading hard, and lecturing, for several years. In the spring of 1880 I felt unusually weightied by my work, and had then the misfortune to lose, by a calamitous accident, all who made my home dear to me, and to be thus left alone with no nearer relatives than a niece and nephews. The former, being a half-orphan, I took to live with me, partly as a companion, and partly with the view of helping her mother, who was a widow with many children by a second marriage.

The deaths of which I have spoken left me with ample means, and I began to give up my professional labors and to travel abroad and in our own country. I never succeeded, however, in getting up, as it were, from the physical depression which followed the accident that left me—a man used all my years to a circle of love and tender thoughtfulness—alone with my darkened future.

If some tender-hearted man, reading this account, will try to conceive what it would be to have his whole household blotted out of life, he may see as from a distance what such a calamity might mean for one of gentle nature. I found quite early that I was utterly unable to speak of my loss, but that I could write about it, and that to do so gave me a certain pleasure. In fact, the only pleasure my life afforded me for many months was that of recording my sensations. Insensibly I began to write out more and more what I felt as to my own condition. I now look back with amazement at the garrulousness of these details, and see that they would have enabled an impartial adept in mental disease to predict my fate. The first slight aberrations I was not critical of;

but later on there were hours when I could judge with clearness the extent of the folly and unsoundness of the day or hour before. I became gradually inert, and intensely depressed, and observed that this was the case in the morning, when first awakening, but that by degrees the depression wore off, so that at night I was sometimes unduly excited, laughing at trifles, and feeling as if I had taken a pint of champagne. Meanwhile, I slept badly, and lay awake, pursued relentlessly by what seemed to me half-dreamed thoughts about the dear ones I had lost. I noticed that these visions, which seemed to wait for me at the very gates of sleep, sometimes stayed with me when I had fully awakened. In fact, I saw clearly enough that I was in peril of some form of illness; but my great misery had bred indifference, and so I went drifting on from bad to worse.

About two months after I first fell into this despondency, I began to have an experience which is not very unusual among people of unsound mind: there were times when, without any cause, I was afraid. With this fear would come a sense of physical excitement: I wanted to move about; I trembled,—or would have done so had I not controlled myself. This fear was something which no pen can competently describe. It seemed to pervade space like the atmosphere, and to be really a material something. At times it grew around me slowly. At others it seemed to come of a sudden, and to be like the physical crush and weight of a cataract of black despair. But words are vain. What I felt was pure fear,—causeless, overwhelming, an agony of mere terror, not to be overcome, because inexplicable. I recall it to-day with a shudder, and wonder at it still. Fear must be one of the simplest of emotions, and there would seem to be for its product a special group of nerve-cells, because it is not merely a dread, or a state of apprehension caused by an intellectual anticipation of unpleasant events: it may exist without a cause, and this we cannot say of love, or hate, or anger; but

what organic basis there may be for it were hard to say.

To be alone when these grim times of torment came was horrible. Then, at least, I wanted a tender touch, and then, if ever, I missed the love of which death had robbed me.

I tried to make clear to my niece what I meant, but I only alarmed her, and got no comfort from her for myself. My chief help was action,—physical movement,—and if I could walk swiftly I always did so; but when, now and then, while awake at night, this tiger fell upon me out of the hideous jungle of the darkness, I became a prey to a terror which entirely incapacitated me for voluntary movement. Looking back, I wonder that neither then nor later had I ever any serious temptation to escape from life by suicide; but this devil tempts some men and not others.

In the early autumn, while away from home, my case began to assume the distinguishing feature which has made me more or less an object of interest to alienists. I was at the time in the White Mountains with my niece, but was in the habit of taking long and lonely walks, from which I came back in a condition of extreme physical exhaustion. I can hardly say why then and later I was so prone to walk until worn out. I have seen men in great emotional distress find some easement in swift motion; but, except as I have above stated, I cannot recall that I was the more comfortable for it, and I am sure that in the end it did much to break me down. I had walked over Mount Washington, and, avoiding every one I met or passed, I had seated myself away from the road in an opening of the woods, from which I could see a multitude of hill-tops rising out of a slowly-moving sea of mist. I have often thought of this since, and wondered if the scene and place in some way automatically gave rise to the delusion that then first took possession of me. If so, I was not conscious of a single link in the chain of suggestion. Suddenly I heard some one beside me say, "All these will I give unto thee." It was so near to my ear

that I turned to see the speaker, and then again behind me heard, over and over, the same words. For a moment I was only amazed; but then I felt bewildered as I heard the sentence repeated more and more faintly, like the last tones of a bell. To my mental confusion abruptly succeeded a few moments of the fear I have already spoken of, and I stood, with the sweat rolling from me, alone on the hill-side, with a fear such as no mere sane coward could ever feel. I cannot say why, after this, I was never again terrified upon hearing the same voice, but I was not. A day later I heard it once more. What it said was merely, "Who are those people over there?" I answered, aloud, "I don't know," and then saw I was alone. These two incidents disturbed me greatly. I knew my profession well, and I understood that I had been the momentary victim of hallucinations: I realized my condition, like a man who is struggling across a ghastly ice-slope, and who, having slipped and recovered his footing, suddenly recognizes the horror of his situation.

A day later I hastened to one of our large cities, and, without betraying my profession, consulted a well-known physician. It was clear that he thought me an ill man,—as well he might. I had eaten little for months, and absolutely nothing for ten hours. He advised certain medicines, and especially that I should cross the ocean. I asked him if I ought to go alone, and he said of course not. I was by this time longing for some firm human stay, and this man was coldly advisory. I longed to say to him, "Don't you see my misery? Put out a hand to help me;" but I am by nature shy, and respect the barriers men build up about them.

I wanted what all men want when in mental trouble,—a courageous friend,—and the result was that I hid half my case, and, deeply depressed, left the doctor, without a suspicion on his part of the true nature of my disorder. As I walked along toward my hotel I kept hearing laughter. It was so shrill and real that over and over I turned to see who

laughed. Also the voice I had become familiar with kept mocking me with queer criticisms on the doctor and on the people who went by in the street.

In the car, on my way home, I first began to have an idea that the voice I had heard, and which now was never long silent, was my own voice, and that I was myself, and also another person, and that this other was Satan,—a resultant belief arising, as I now suppose, out of the first words I heard on the mountain. The reaching of this conclusion would have been a sure proof of my insanity, because I was for some minutes pleased to feel that, amidst the growing confusion in my head, I could thus draw an inference and attain to a logical result.

As this new and singular delusion gained possession of me, my melancholy and my terror-spells somewhat lessened, although I was still wretched enough, and was apt to lie awake and listen to what the demon, who was myself, said to me. At last the intensity of my belief entirely overmastered all the contrary evidence with which my knowledge, and the plain facts of daily life, supplied me. There were hours, and even days, when this consciousness of a dual personality left me, and I recalled it as one might recall a dream. It was very real at times, and why it no longer scared me I cannot say. That a man should feel himself to be Satan, and not be afraid or amazed, did not then impress me as strange. During my more intensely acceptive states of belief I was not unhappy. Indeed, I was often amused at the running commentaries of my fiend self, or, if half believing, marvelled at their source and their strangeness. When, however, I was better, my misery from the keener sense of my disturbed mental status was at times distressing. To know that to-morrow I should believe what to-day I doubted or disbelieved was strangely horrible. Yet, however strong was at times my belief in my delusions, which, in fact, grew daily more tyrannical, it was a long while before I so far forgot my frequent criticisms of myself as to betray

my state of mind to others. The belief that I should be discredited or laughed at was only very slowly crushed out by the masterful strength of my delusions.

Meanwhile, I was two persons. I went on in my daily life, very wretched, but still attending to such duties as I could not escape, and beside me was my second self,—the Satan that was I, although I did not seem to be he,—mocking me, critical, impatient, cynical, bitter, and scornful. At times I put on paper what I said and he said. These records I have destroyed; but some memory of certain of them is, as it were, burned into my brain. My other self was occasionally agreeable and amusing. At times a whisperer of temptations, I could talk to him and hear his replies, and at last he became as real to me as any being of mere flesh and blood. At a later stage, which came in November, I myself carried on audible conversations, in which I spoke for both persons. But of this I shall have more to say presently.

The curious share which this second self had in my life I could hardly make clear without giving up to it space which cannot be spared from the more important statements to which all of this is but a prelude, although an essential one. I shall give but a single instance of what I mean. In December, I was aware that my niece, a shy, nervous girl of twenty, without much force and with very little sympathy, had become alarmed at my moodiness and the occasional phrases I let slip when replying aloud to my second self.

My niece was timid. Also, she was one of those weakly-constructed feminine creatures who get through life only with the aid of moral and physical crutches in the shape of a high-church priest and a doctor sympathetically attentive to symptoms. She was, in a word, one of those people who have an insatiable appetite for advice, of which in regard to myself she got, I fear, too much. Under these influences she was constantly imploring me to consult some one, and at last I determined to do so. Accordingly, after much postponement,

I left my own city, and went to —, where I called on a gentleman who was then at the head of an asylum. I had resolved in a half-lucid moment to tell him my whole story, but once again my heart failed me, and I tried to deceive him into the belief that I wished only to consult him as to my very apparent failure in bodily health. He was, however, shrewd enough to understand very soon that I was fencing with him, and before long asked me so many searching questions that I was forced to tell him my whole story or to lie outright, a thing I was quite unable to do. The following is a bit of our talk, which will explain the kind of hallucination to which my insanity subjected me.

M.D.—Do you believe that you are two persons?

Satan Self.—What an idiot, not to believe in the devil, when the devil is yourself! He must be a Universalist.

M.D.—Why do you answer me so oddly?

Self.—I was listening to him. It was he who spoke.

M.D.—He? Whom do you mean?

Self.—Satan. Don't you understand?

M.D.—But do you really believe in the devil,—a personal devil?

Satan Self.—Why not, when it is one's self who is the person?

Self.—You hear him, do you not? He is not always a subjective Satan. That is why you can't hear him sometimes.

Satan Self.—It is so seldom the devil can get a hearing. He is out of the fashion. Wait till I get that doctor. Then perhaps he will believe.

M.D.—Well, that is certainly queer enough.

Self.—He says, when he gets you,—when I get you,—you will believe in him.

M.D.—What an amazing delusion!

Self.—Yes, sometimes I know it is a delusion.

M.D.—Well, that is not a bad symptom. The trouble you have is a very rare one, and, if I were you, I would take counsel of my saner moments, and

put myself in an asylum, where I might be properly treated.

Satan Self.—The devil in an insane-asylum! I never tried that yet. It would be a fresh experience.

Self (laughing).—Confusing, isn't it?

M.D.—Well, rather, I should say.

Self.—I was laughing at the idea of my putting myself and Satan in an asylum.

Satan Self.—As if the devil could be insane! But an asylum must be an idle place. I should proverbially find something for them to do. Let's go.

M.D.—I hope you will reflect on what I have advised.

I said I would, and paid his fee, and went away, unrecognized as a brother practitioner.

As I left the house, my Satan self said, "What a fool that doctor was! Why didn't he talk to me? I could have told him some things that would have assisted him in his profession. I could have called up several devils for consultation."

Then he was silent, and I had a few moments of intellectual health, in which I made the strange reflection that I was insane on this matter, but that I had never heard of a man having more than a double personality, and that my devil's threat of infesting me with other devils was a proof of my unsound state, because, so far as all experience went, that was psychologically impossible. A double personality I knew to be a possible delusion, but not a treble or a multiple one.

From this time my trouble grew daily worse. I felt the check which my knowledge of the criticism of the world at large imposed on me, but my delusions became too strong for control, and I found myself at lessening intervals speaking aloud more and more freely in two persons, so as to excite amazement on the part of those who heard me. Despite this singular peculiarity, I was, as I knew, and have been since told, entirely competent to manage my business affairs, and it was to me then, as it is now, a droll thing that my devil, my other ego, often gave me good

and shrewd advice, which in my saner moments astounded and puzzled me. For, although I could analyze and see into the methods and associative relations of my mental processes as regarded the thoughts and whispered words of my second self, their origin and mental growth were as completely hidden from me as those of another person.

My oddities became at last so remarkable that my friends and a few remaining relatives,—my niece and a nephew aged twenty-five being the most active—decided that I was not well enough to be at large, and, accordingly, one morning I was waited on by one of my professional friends, who brought with him his cousin, a young doctor of three years' standing. While the elder man led me to talk of my familiar as a matter of interest, I observed him glancing at the younger physician from time to time, and at length, put on my guard by his manner and his queries, I said suspiciously, and after they had talked with me some ten minutes, "Why do you question me?"

The elder man replied, "I am here, at the desire of your relatives, with Dr. —, to decide as to whether you are or are not insane. It is clear, my dear S—, to us both, I am sure, that you entertain the gravest delusions."

"Well," said I, "what then? Suppose I think or know I am one person or ten, what then?"

"I am sorry to say," he returned, "that, being in our belief unsound, you should be placed in some resort where you will be properly cared for; and this is the opinion of your relatives. We hope you will go without annoyance or trouble."

I had a sudden access of dismay. "Do you mean," I said, "an asylum?"

"Yes," he said seriously.

"And if I say 'No'?"

"Then we shall have to resort to force; and for this we are prepared, in your best interests."

"But," I urged, "I am in no sense fit for an asylum."

"You are hardly able," he replied, "to discuss the question. Do not, I beg of you, drive us to extremes."

How I pleaded, and how at last, convinced of my helplessness, I yielded, I need not tell. An hour later I was on my way to an asylum many miles away from home.

I ask you now to put yourself in my place. Every man's dreams enable him to realize most of the many phases of insanity. There is the dream which possesses one wholly,—the unconquered delusion on which we act, or seem to act. There is the helplessness of paralyzed will. There is the belief which we examine with a clouded intellect, and doubt, or overcome, or yield to. There is the dream which carries us into dreamed action, while we sit in judgment like another man and condemn or doubt.

Every man's sleep is a widely-illustrated insane-asylum. I was living a dream which I yielded to at times, but which did not, on the whole, affect my relation to the lives of others, though it so alarmed my friends that they came to regard me as unsound of mind. This I certainly was, in a sense; but that I was so affected as to make it worth while or wise to shut me up is, I think, a more than doubtful matter. A man may be insane as to some one point, and yet by no means so incapable of judgment as to be secluded from his kind. But there exists in the mind of the masses an idea that there is some mysterious gain to be had for a man in the isolation from those he loves which an asylum affords. Nor is the medical profession free from this singular delusion, which has been steadily fostered by the heads of asylums.

There are, of course, persons who are dangerous to others or themselves, and for whom an asylum is a necessary resort. There are others whose insaneness is of such a nature as to wear out all around them and to make the strain of their care improper and full of risk for those of their own blood. By all means let such go to an asylum; but let us understand, once for all, that it is because, owing to want of means, nothing better can be done.

As I remember my state of mind, it

was one of shock at my immurement. I was clear enough as to the stern facts of my position, and realized it fully as I was conducted through a silent hall to a doorway which was locked behind me, then through a long corridor, tinted gray and adorned with poor prints, and where were a few dejected-looking people moving aimlessly about, who took little note of me, and so into another corridor, past another door, which was unlocked and relocked, into a third of like dimensions. Here, at last, I was shown into a little double room, quite neat and cleanly, but with barred windows.

The doctor, a middle-aged man, very stout and rubicund, accompanied me. "This is your room, doctor," he said, and, turning to a man who followed us, "and this is your attendant."

I said feebly, "Thank you," and sat down.

He added a few words of kindness, which I hardly heard. I was under the influence of a hideous sense of incarceration.

In a few minutes a younger physician arrived, and the two subjected me to a cross-examination. I stated frankly my condition of mind, and said, "If I have a delusion, is it one that authorizes my detention?"

The elder man replied, "Oh, you will do very well here."

"But that is not the question," I said. "I think—"

"Oh, my dear sir," said the doctor, smiling, "you are hardly fit to judge of your own case—"

"But I insist—"

"Now, don't be excited," he said very gently. "We will discuss it another time."

I was silent, and made up my mind that henceforth no one should hear of my belief as to my second self. This was not a rare form of influence exerted by the first startling sense of being caged and subject to another's will. It is almost the only curative tendency I saw essentially due to an asylum. You get, if you are sufficiently sane to understand it, a sudden conception that you are in a dismal minority; and, if you

are still competent to resolve, you determine to conceal your fatal beliefs. The first forty-eight hours of asylum life should be the subject of the gravest and most anxious attention on the part of alienists, but, as a rule, one set of measures are applied alike to all patients. If it were possible to have at this time with every insane man a watchful and really intelligent nurse, or, better, a physician educated to observe such cases, it would be invaluable. Then, too, I should be disposed to give at this period the largest freedom, restricting it afterward if need be. The effects of the other plan—that of stupid suspicion—I felt as others feel it. It caused in me an outbreak of violence. When the doctors left me, I started up, and felt coming over me one of those horrible fits of rage which come to quiet men perhaps once in a life,—one of those dark clouds of tameless fury out of which may flash the red lightning of murder. I think I was half blind. I walked to and fro in the wards, throwing my arms about. There were noises in my head. I think I must have looked fiercely at some of the feeble lunatics about me, for, as I recall it, one or two of them ran into the rooms, and my attendant came up to me. In place of speaking to me only, he said something to quiet me, but at the same moment patted me on the arm. My natural dislike to having the hand of another on me must have been increased by my excitement, and I instantly struck him a blow so violent that he fell heavily. I think the action quieted me. I said, "What right have you to touch me?" but my excitement was over. The man behaved very well, but I am sure never forgave me, and should not have remained in charge of me.

As far as I was concerned, this scene only confirmed the views held by my friends and by the superintendent. The day after, I was allowed to go out; but, owing to the alarm I had caused, I was only permitted to walk about in a walled garden of small dimensions, called, I think, a court. A good many persons were, I found, allowed but little other liberty than this space afforded. It

seemed to me of all the offensive precautions in an asylum the most stupid. Forever does it remind those wretched people of jails, and it is, I believe, utterly abandoned in some of the best hospitals of Europe, where the steady supervision of good nurses is expected to take the place of lock and bar and wall.

The occupants of the twelve rooms were, as a rule, or save one of them, free of the corridor, and, although some were silent and morosely melancholy, others were intrusively talkative. Two of them I came to know well. One was a gentle, mild, and most refined man, once a teacher. He had times of awful blackness, surges, as he called them, of unutterable, causeless grief, and these were followed by brief seasons of gayety, quite as remarkable, because then his power to recall apt quotations, to talk cleverly, and to flit from subject to subject, was, as I remember, amazing. At times he would abruptly cease to talk, and would sit smiling and absorbed, with what I might call a look of far-away fulness in his eyes, which were large and tender. He was profoundly suicidal when depressed, and had twice attempted his own life.

The other gentleman was a merchant, who had what is known as the delirium of grandeur, so that, although but in moderate circumstances, he believed himself enormously rich and had bought and spent as if such were the case. Apart from this, he was quiet, pleasant, and well-bred, and felt much as I did a great many of the horrors or annoyances of asylum life.

As the doors were all locked,—I mean the ward doors,—I was left pretty free to wander about in the corridors, and I then felt, what I suppose thousands have felt, the exasperation of these locked doors. Twice as I passed one I furtively tried the latch, and in all my weeks of confinement I never came near such a door without a wild desire to open it. If it were of any use to lock these doors, except to save attendants from the need to be watchful, I should not mention the matter; but the precaution is a foolish one, save in rare cases; and if a sane

man wants to test his natural feeling in regard to it, let him get some one to lock him in a room,—it may be one he does not care to leave for hours. The effect is strange. He becomes at once uneasy and speculative as to when he will be let out. The idea of loss of freedom annoys him.

I was not allowed to go out into the general grounds for some days, and then, seeing the two gentlemen together, I walked over to them, followed closely by my attendant. I spoke to Mr. A—— and Mr. B——. The former had a scheme for a canal from Hudson's Bay to Lake Superior, and a plan for draining the lake, so as to recover the basin it occupies. B—— was loftily amused at this, and quoted with marvellous speed all the wild plans which visionaries have devised. At last he said, "Yes, let us do it, but let us, in the interests of mankind, turn this water into the lower regions."

Upon this, my Satan self, to my own surprise, broke out, and I spoke for him aloud: "I couldn't stand that."

"Why not?" said B——.

"Because I am Satan, and this would interfere with my rights."

I can well recall how both men stared at me.

"This is," said B——, "the cream of nonsense."

Satan Self.—"Take care, or I shall tempt you."

B—— fell back with a strange look of fear. "Impossible!" he said; "useless! Already I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost: what more could I do?"

I had at once a sense of the distress thus given, and with some effort controlled the speech which came as it were to my very lips. Somehow, the incredulous looks of these two, who were to me clearly insane, became a stronger and more binding criticism than the beliefs of saner men. "I beg pardon," I said: "I was dreaming."

Just at this moment a young assistant physician came up. He had that odd carriage of the head and that slight protrusion of chin which indicate self-asser-

tiveness or self-conceit. "Lawton," he said, addressing my attendant, "you must not let Dr. S—— excite these gentlemen."

I said at once, "Young man, we are none of us under forty. Don't you think that among us we may have a much brains as one man of twenty-five?"

The idea seemed to confuse him. "Oh, of course; but I am twenty-eight," he said.

"He was early weaned of the dugs of wisdom," said B—— grandly, on which the doctor, whom no one liked, colored and walked away.

I set myself sedulously to conceal every expression which could betray me. It was a terrible struggle, but I succeeded, so that after a fortnight I was able to prevent all audible outbreaks. As I gained in what I suppose I may call self-restraint, I found, to my great pleasure, that my belief in the Satan as a delusion came back to me, and with it a sense of increasing clarity of reason and of power to keep my thoughts from wandering.

I had, after two weeks, one stormy interview with the head of the asylum, in which I was foolish enough to give way to tears. It was the anniversary of my great sorrow,—a time in which, after visiting two graves, I was accustomed to shut myself up for the rest of the day. On this morning we were visited by two gentlemen who belonged to the board of regents, or trustees, of the asylum. This was supposed to be a visit of inspection, but, as it occupied not more than three hours and consisted in walking through the wards and carrying home grapes or bouquets, it would have been, in the opinion of an army hospital-inspector, the veriest farce.

One of the gentlemen was a very worthy retired manufacturer of cordage, and one was an active wholesale grocer. Both, unhappily, knew me, and met me in the ward. My sense of humiliation at the very gentleness of their manner to me was horrible. Plainly enough, they very kindly regarded me from their sane elevation as something pitiable.

Their manner was one which is a common and unwise one as regards the partially sane. I walked away abruptly, but overheard them saying to B—and to others how glad they were to find things so comfortable, and expressing their belief that P, Q, or X would soon be restored to his friends,—a favorite phrase in asylums.

I was, by and by, a little amused. What real function did these two excellent persons perform? In late middle life they became regents, or managers, and were supposed to inspect hospitals. As mere inspectors they were valueless from ignorance; as a court of appeal from the superintendent they were incapable, and naturally the views of an expert who was their own choice would override with them any statement of a patient. I do not mean to say that there were gross abuses or great brutality to be complained of; but, if there had been, by no chance could these good people have been available for redress.

When they had gone, I asked to see the physician, but no one came except his junior. In the evening I met the superintendent, and said to him,—

"I have now been here a good while. Am I in your opinion sane now?"

Well, he could not feel sure that I was sane, but certainly I was doing well, very well.

Then I asked why I was not sent home, and was told that would come in good time.

"Do you consider me dangerous to any one?" I said.

No, he could not say he did; but until I was certainly well this was the best place for me; and wasn't I very comfortable? and had I any complaints to make?

Yes,—that I was needlessly detained. An asylum was to me a hell.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "Oh, I wouldn't say that," and patted me on the shoulder, and was altogether very gentle and bland, and would I excuse him?—he was very busy, and had this and that to do.

Then I simply broke down, and wept like a child, and cursed myself for the

feebleness when he begged me to observe how emotional I still was.

From this time I kept myself well in hand. I had considered the question of flight, but I had an odd fear that to try and then to fail would injure me mentally; and I saw that attempts to escape were inevitably looked upon as evidence of insanity, and this too I feared. I knew I was better, and that I should be still better at large, or in care of some one friend; but I failed to convince the doctor, and so I went on resolutely, with a certain patience which I have always had, and meanwhile tried to find occupation for a mind which had always craved work for itself. For, in asylums generally, this is the greatest trouble. Amusements there are in abundance, but very little ingenuity as to devising work and securing an interest in it.

There is a time in many—not in all—prospering cases of insanity when this lack of occupation becomes terrible. The profoundly insane can rarely be interested in any work; but, so far as I know asylums,—and I have now lived in one, and been in many,—this is a weak point. I am, of course, aware of the great difficulty of inducing the convalescent insane to work. It was clear to me that it was difficult; but it was as plain that a little bribery, in the way of granting privileges to ride, walk out, sit up later, etc., would have been an efficient aid. I could suggest a number of forms of work which might be tested; but this is not the place for a fuller discussion.

When my good doctor told me he was too busy, it was true. He was the head of a vast hotel of insane men and women, and he was expected to be the watchful physician of his boarders. I cannot say that he competently succeeded. He was trying to serve two masters, and with the usual result.

His assistants were entirely too few in number, and, as all such persons are ill paid, the highly-trained and ambitious young physician declines to accept the chances of such a career. Hence the superintendent and his little staff are often overworked. Cut off from fre-

quent association with the outside active world of doctors, and impressed with the belief, fostered by isolation, that their incessant life with the unsound must fit them above others to decide upon and treat such cases, they seemed to me to end in a perception of their inability to fulfil their duties, and to give up at last all energetic effort.

One of the results of thus living in authority outside of the current, in a side-eddy of life, is the entirely satisfied opinion asylum physicians acquire as to the competence—indeed, the desirableness—of asylum treatment for all forms of insanity. Yet it does not seem reasonable that all the types of unsoundness should need an asylum or its restraints. I have, however, looked over a few asylum reports to see if there be any note of patients as *at once* returned to their friends because of being judged by asylum doctors unfit for asylum treatment. I could find none. Yet outside of asylums there is a growing force of medical opinion to the effect that, except in dangerous cases, asylums are not desirable abodes for the insane.

I think I saw, as a doctor, that the asylum life tends to make the asylum physician regard too carelessly the physical suffering so common and so decisively complained of by the insane. There is, of course, much physical disease among these large groups of people; and how the asylum physician can possibly be competent to meet, treat, or even diagnose it, I cannot see. I have been considered an able practitioner, but as I grow older I have found more and more the need to ask help from various other physicians who have given special attention to certain branches. I am prone to believe that such consultations are rarely sought by asylum physicians, and, in fact, in country asylums they are simply unattainable. The best plan would be to have frequent visits from consultants, whose presence would always be an assurance for the outside public, and whose ability might be used or not, as there was occasion.

I used to pity my good doctor on account of his evident sense of his in-

ability to see me and others more than once in several days, and I have felt ever since that the sole remedy is to separate the business of the asylum from its medical management.

I have said that I have no especial cause of complaint as to the attendants. They were simply common, uneducated, and under-paid, and no surveillance would or could prevent them from being abrupt, or insolent, or at least impatient. They, of course, had some authority, and the mere exercise of that upon persons who were, as a rule, socially and intellectually their superiors, was of itself annoying. Complaints in regard to them were always heard and courteously considered; but if the attendant was exchanged, it was always for one of the same class. The real trouble lies in the want of training and previous education, and, of course, in the absurdly low wages offered for doing a most difficult task. Fifteen to twenty dollars a month will not buy educated intelligence and fitting manners. There should be, in fact, training-schools for male nurses, as there are for female nurses.

After I had been three weary months in the asylum, the doctor told me that I should be allowed to go outside of its walls to walk with my attendant.

"Oh," I said, "doctor, I couldn't do that. I should strangle him and run away."

At once I saw that my jesting remonstrance had awakened his suspicions. Of course I explained; but, somehow, ten days elapsed before I had a second chance. The habit of distrust, and of regarding every strong statement as an evidence of insane intention, was too deeply rooted for the man's common sense.

I ought to have said that for six weeks I was not allowed to see my friends. It was not considered advisable; but why, it were hard to say. This notion is, I suspect, one of the traditional vagaries of asylum policy, which a wholesome exterior medical sentiment is rapidly destroying.

The doctor at last asked me if I wished to see my niece. I did not, and

said so. If she had been less timid, and, in a word, brave and dutiful, I should possibly have escaped the needless torment of these months, during which whether I should be held or set free practically depended on the fiat of one man. I say practically, because, as a rule, in many States there is no legal inspection, and because the family of course rely, as indeed they must, on the expert medical opinion.

Even my medical friends kept away, although for them I had no ill feeling whatsoever. My sharply-expressed dislike to seeing my niece, as I could observe, was looked upon as unnatural. Perhaps it was. I said, however, that I would like to see Dr. X——, who had signed my commitment. When he came, I reproached him with neglecting me, and then learned that he had had the idea that I would not wish to see him. I said that apart from that there was the question of personal responsibility. He was rather embarrassed, and promised to call again, but admitted that the question of my release must be left wholly to the superintendent.

Meanwhile, I was allowed to walk outside of the walls with my attendant, upon my pledge that I would not run away. I do not think I gained physically while shut up. I can now see that I needed tonics, and that the constant annoyances of asylum life told heavily on a man of my sensitive temperament. Moreover, the food was too simple and plain, and the whole diet too monotonous, for persons accustomed to variety and really good cooking. This complaint I heard over and over. I had been also accustomed to the moderate use of tobacco, and to claret, but neither was allowed me; why, I cannot say. These constant denials of harmless luxuries exasperated me, and at times it seemed that death would be a happy release.

I asked once or twice if I could see the record of my case, but was told, no

doubt wisely, that I could not. I suspect there was no record worthy of being so called, nor in fact have I ever heard that this asylum contributed a page from its multiplied opportunities to the knowledge of diseased mental states. Nor is this true only of it; for, while the outside profession is busily productive, the contrast our alienists offer in this respect to the noble reports made by the experts of some of the English asylums is startling and humiliating.

I was released a few weeks later, and became well, I am thankful to say, during a long stay abroad.

I have been often asked, since my release, if I saw any one in the asylum who was sane. I could say with truth I had not. But I did see many insane people who did not need the restraint of an asylum, and who would have been far better out of its duress.

While I was thus shut up, I saw at least two persons released by the courts who, I am sure, were unfit to be at large, and who were more or less dangerous to others; but also, as I have said, I saw a number of mild and harmless lunatics who never should have been in an asylum.

I have also been asked if I ever saw physical restraint employed. I did not; but I am sure that there are cases where it would be better than opiates, of which I think there was altogether too much employed. A good deal that is foolish has been said about physical restraint in asylums. I have thought much about it, and I am sure that there are cases in which some form of its use is not only proper but true kindness.

I have written without personal malice; but if the account of my experiences and their statement should awaken interest and inquiry, and incite to improvement, I shall not regret having made a statement which is more or less painful, owing to the distinctness with which it recalls for me my asylum life.

NEW YORK CLUBS.

THE club is not an American institution: it is pre-eminently English. From the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson to the present time it has formed almost as integral a portion of the English social fabric as the home itself; and, contrary to the usual course of human experience, it is more popular in London to-day, and more fully developed, than at any former period. The great clubs of London, with their two or three thousand members, their privileges at a maximum and their fees at a minimum, are the most perfect of their class to be found in the world. Next to London, in this respect, old club men say, comes Paris, and next to Paris, New York. Although club life is an exotic with us, it has attained its fullest development in the metropolis. The cosmopolitan character of its population, and the presence of a large number of men of wealth and leisure, are the chief causes which have led to this result.

The city directory for 1883 enumerates about a hundred different clubs. This, of course, includes only those that have a local habitation and a name, and affords no data by which to arrive at the total number. A good authority puts this at several hundreds. This estimate includes all sorts and conditions of organizations,—social, political, literary, artistic, musical, sporting, professional, trades, and nationalities. There are liberal clubs, colored clubs, a Greek club, at whose meetings nothing but Greek is spoken, and a woman's club, the Sorosis, which, though it may be modelled after the woman's club of London of Swift's day, has a far different object. The Ugly Club, the Everlasting Club, the Club of She Romps, which figure so largely in English annals, have their counterparts here; and the Hell-Fire Club—an association of London foot-pads, which levied toll on all unprotected passengers found in the streets after dark—has but too many imitators.

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The great majority of New York clubs, however, are more of the nature of co-operative societies formed for the purpose of living elegantly at little expense. Eight or ten young bachelors, of congenial spirits, club together, lease a house in an eligible part of the city, arrange with a caterer, hire servants, enjoy books, music, the daily papers, and periodicals in common, and live in excellent style on what, individually, they would pay for an attic and hurried meals at a fashionable restaurant.

From this great mass of clubs, indifferent and undistinguished, we can resolve perhaps half a score which, from their influence in art, politics, and letters, or from the accident of circumstances, have attained national celebrity. One can almost count them on one's fingers: the Union, the Century, the Lotos, the Union League, the Manhattan, Sorosis, the Tile Club, the new Authors' Club, the Press Club, the Turf Club, and the Yacht Club. Brief sketches of some of the more noteworthy of these, touching lightly on their character and organization, will perhaps interest the general reader.

The Press Club, organized in 1866, with Horace Greeley as first president, is composed of the working journalists of the city, and rather proves than disproves the assertion that journalists are "not clubbable."

Sorosis is an association of well-known ladies, formed for mental improvement and the agitation of woman's rights, especially the right to vote. It has no club house, and its meetings are usually held at the houses of members.

Of the Tile Club the writer gave an extended description in a recent paper in LIPPINCOTT'S.* It has a vigorous rival in the Kit-Kat Club, an association of young artists, formed last year on the same general plan as the Tile.

* "Art and Art Life in New York." LIPPINCOTT'S for May, 1882.

The Union Club is the oldest organization in the city, its predecessors, the Hone Club and the Sketch Club, having long since departed. Its club house is the fine old mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, opposite the Lotos Club rooms. It had its origin in 1836, when New York was a town of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and Bond and Bleecker Streets were fashionable thoroughfares. Its objects were purely social, its founders and early members composed entirely of the old Knickerbocker families of the city, among whom the Vandervoorts, the Van Cortlandts, the Van Rensselaers, the Stuyvesants, the Irelands, and the Dunhams were especially prominent. A fashionable hotel at this period was the Bond Street House, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street, kept by Count Charles Plinta. Plinta was an Hungarian nobleman, who, being proscribed and his estates confiscated for political intrigue, had fled to New York. The daughters of the "old families" of the metropolis had as great a *penchant* then as now for foreign counts, and he was not long in choosing a fair bride from one of the reigning families, whose ducats enabled him to build and furnish the Bond Street House. It was in a room in this house, in June, 1836, that the idea of a social club, on the plan of the most conservative English clubs, was conceived and developed. Its first meetings were held at the house of its secretary, No. 1 Bond Street, and for a long time it continued to fulfil the purposes of its founders. The record of candidates for admission was scrutinized to the minutest particular. Wealth was not sufficient without pedigree; pedigree would not suffice without wealth: both were necessary; and so rigidly were these rules observed that for years membership in the Union was an introduction to that exclusive world of "Knickerbocker families" whose pride of birth and lineage gained for them the *sobriquet* of "Bourbon." Strange to say, the Union has led as peripatetic an existence as any of its more Bohemian brethren. For some time its meetings continued to be

held at the house of its secretary, in Bond Street. In 1837 a building on Broadway, near the corner of Leonard Street, was secured. Three years later came another removal, this time to a building on the opposite side of Broadway, near the corner of White Street, owned by John Jacob Astor. In seven years, however, the up-town movement of fashion had left it in the purloins of trade, and it removed to the mansion of Joseph Kerrochan, on Broadway near Fourth Street. By 1852 the club numbered five hundred members, and had half a million of assets and no encumbrances. Stores and business-offices were again surrounding it, and the question of building a palace in an eligible quarter was mooted. Previous to this date it had not been a real-estate owner, nor indeed a corporate body, its habitations having all been leased. Now, after much discussion and some opposition, it was decided to build; and in 1855 the present club house on Fifth Avenue was erected, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After an existence of nearly half a century, the Union remains to-day, as in its youth, an exclusive, aristocratic, social organization. It is perhaps more exclusive now than in its youth, for the limit of one thousand members, which its constitution enjoins, has been reached, and no vacancies can occur except such as are caused by the death, resignation, or expulsion of existing members. In one respect, however, its requirements for admission have changed. The candidate must still have a pedigree,—mere wealthy parvenus are not considered,—but his blood may be other than that of the old Knickerbocker stock. For instance, William M. Evarts, a New Englander of the New Englanders, is its president, and has held his office for some years. Tilden, O'Connor, Sweeney, Green, Bell, Appleton, and a hundred more that might be culled from the list of members, were names unknown to the visiting-list of the old *régime*. The Union is social, however, and nothing more. It numbers scarcely a journalist or a man of letters among its members. J. H. Lazarus, a fashionable

portrait-painter, is almost the sole representative of art; and since the organization of the Manhattan Club, in 1865,—largely recruited from the Union,—politics are rarely mentioned within its walls.

A perfect antithesis of the Union is to be found in the Century Club, which still clings to its old but commodious building at No. 109 East Fifteenth Street, a few doors east of Union Square.

The Century is one of the best known and most influential organizations in the city. The qualifications it requires for membership are not mere accidents of birth and fortune, but brains, culture, achievement. It will not reject a man simply because he is rich, but it prefers, for the few members that it annually admits, rising young men in letters, art, and the professions, who will grow up with the institution and reflect lustre on its annals. The origin and history of this excellent club are full of interest. It had its inception in the Sketch Club, or, more properly speaking, it succeeded that organization as the son succeeds the father: indeed, old members are fond of claiming for it seniority over the Union as the lineal descendant of the Sketch Club. The latter was the result of a union of the young art and literary elements of the city, which, in 1829, were beginning to make themselves felt, not alone through the press and in art exhibitions, but in the production of an illustrated annual, "The Talisman," and in local bon-mots and brochures. The writers represented in the club were Robert C. Sands, Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and perhaps half a dozen local scribes, editors of or contributors to newspapers. Paulding and Irving, both young men, were later members of the club. The artists and amateurs included in it were Morse, Inman, Cole, Doughty, Weir, Cummings, Durand, Neilson, and others not so well known.

The objects of this pioneer club, as stated in its constitution, were the encouragement of social feelings among members, mutual improvement in art, and the production of an annual. Its

meetings were held at the houses of the members in turn on each Friday evening, and were announced in the newspapers by the cabalistic letters S. C. preceding the name of the host; S. C., S. F. B. M., for instance, telling the initiated that there would be a meeting of the Sketch Club at the house of S. F. B. Morse. One by-law of the organization was aimed at the sensual element of club life, and still exerts a beneficent influence on the Century. "The eatables and drinkables," it observes, "are to be simple but good. Ardent spirits, though not absolutely prohibited, are yet to be introduced but sparingly, and not at all when other liquids more appropriate can be conveniently procured. Set suppers shall be discountenanced." The club had its ups and downs, and never achieved a corporate existence. In May, 1830, it was quietly dissolved to get rid of an obnoxious member; in December of the same year it was as quietly re-organized, and for a time held its meetings in the council-room of the National Academy of Design, but subsequently drifted back into the old method of holding its meetings at the houses of its members. It was known among its members as the XXI., and its membership was at first limited to that number; later it was increased to twenty-five. Its meetings were generally well attended, and were always occasions of innocent mirth and hilarity. Drawing was at first a principal feature, but was soon laid aside, as being too engrossing in the midst of so much talk and jollity: indeed, one member is reported in the minutes as complaining of "his feelings being so much excited, and his thoughts so ferociously diverted from his subject, that for the last quarter of an hour he has been sketching nothing but peanuts and sweet-almond shells, instead of sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." The annual, too, so long as it continued, was planned, sketched, and pretty well settled into form at these meetings. Many of its illustrations were drawn here, and its verses and bon-mots were composed under the stimulus of the club's atmosphere. Singing and instrumental

music, tales, discussions—often farcical—on scientific, philosophical, and antiquarian subjects, enlivened the meetings. In the minutes Mr. Bryant is mentioned as propounding "the sage notion" that "the perfection of bathing is to jump headforemost into a snow-bank." In science the question "Does heat expand the days in summer?" was debated. Mr. Verplanck read an antiquarian essay "on the precise form and capacity of antediluvian butter-churns." And at a meeting held January 20, 1830, three members were sentenced, for some infringement of club rules, to improvise, alternately, verses, each of which should contain the word "extract," and of which "extract" should be the subject. It is nowhere stated that the verses were marvels of wit and satire, but it is said they were the cause of much laughter and hilarity.

Things ran on in this way until the 20th of March, 1846, when, at a meeting held at the house of Mr. Durand, a project was broached of an artists' exchange or gathering-place, to be held at some central location on Broadway. The subject was quietly discussed and thought about during the summer and fall, and resulted in the formation, in December, 1846, of the Century Club.

In 1847 New York boasted a Gallery of the Fine Arts, the first ever instituted in the republic. It was an insignificant little building, standing in the cluster of public buildings in City Hall Square. In the rotunda of this building, on the evening of the 13th of January, 1847, were gathered the representative artists, literary men, and amateurs in art and letters of the city. To show its representative character, it is only necessary to mention some of the gentlemen present. There were William C. Bryant, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Rev. Orville Dewey, C. L. Elliott, Thomas A. Emmett, Daniel Huntington, Charles C. Ingham, Gouverneur Kemble, H. T. Tuckerman, H. P. Tappan, and Gulian C. Verplanck. This meeting had been called by a committee appointed at the December meeting of the Sketch Club, and was organized by the election of

David C. Colden as president and Daniel Seymour as secretary. After a speech from the president, explaining the object of the meeting, and a report from the committee, recommending one hundred names for election as members, the club proceeded to frame a constitution, one extract from which will suffice to state its objects and purposes: "The name of the association shall be the Century. It shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs in letters and the fine arts, residents of the city of New York and vicinity. Its objects shall be the cultivation of a taste for letters and the arts, and social enjoyments." Officers were next elected, and also a managing committee, the latter comprising Gulian C. Verplanck and John L. Stephens, authors, A. B. Durand and John G. Chapman, artists, and David C. Colden and Charles M. Leupp, amateurs. For a few weeks the club held its meetings in the old rotunda, but very soon the managing committee secured rooms at No. 495 Broadway, and its dwelling place was removed thither. Having now become a householder, the Century grew lustily both in numbers and in *esprit*. A reading-room was provided, and the nucleus of a library formed. Artist members contributed paintings from their studios, amateurs from their collections, and a journal called the "Century," devoted to art and letters, was established. Frederic S. Cozzens, the genial humorist, and John H. Gourlie, who still survives, were the editors. Cozzens was also a leading contributor, and here laid the foundation of his literary success. The same might be said of C. P. Cranch, whose "Graces of Art" first appeared in the "Century." It expired at last from inanition, like some other excellent features of the club. Reception were given in those early days to men eminent in statesmanship, science, and art, and twice a year receptions were extended to the lady friends of members, which were brilliant and very enjoyable social occasions. The old German custom of celebrating Twelfth Night was long observed at the Century, then for

a season fell into disuse, and has recently been revived. The young organization was as difficult to suit in the matter of a local habitation as the Union had been. It remained in the Broadway rooms but two years, and then removed to No. 435 Broome Street. In 1850, a year later, we find it installed at No. 575 Broadway, having outgrown its old quarters. A fourth migration occurred in 1852 to Clinton Place, where it remained until it removed to its present club-house, at 109 East Fifteenth Street. But still the question of a habitation remains unsettled,—is even the subject of discussion,—the younger members desiring to remove farther up town, the older clinging fondly to the old house and its sacred associations.

The Century of to-day, however, is a vastly different body from that of 1846 or even 1860. Its constitutional limit of six hundred members was nearly reached in 1870, and this necessitated in that year the adoption of a new constitution and by-laws of wider scope than had sufficed for the government of the One Hundred. This constitution is still in force. Like the old document, it recites that the society shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts. The managing committee is increased by it to seven, one amateur being added. Seven trustees, president, first and second vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretary, complete the list of officers. These officers are elected annually. The initiation-fee is still one hundred dollars, and the annual dues thirty-six dollars. As the number of candidates for membership is generally in excess of the vacancies, the principle of selection is rigidly applied. An election is conducted with much secrecy and caution. The name of a candidate on being proposed is at once handed to a select committee of thirty, who consider the matter carefully and report to the next monthly meeting of the club. If the report is favorable, as a general rule, the candidate is elected, though he may have to wait a year for the coveted honor; if not, he is rejected, two black balls only being necessary to

accomplish this. In some cases the fiat of the committee has been overridden, but this seldom happens. Elections are held at the regular monthly meetings of the association. A covered box, with a tube, much like a photographer's camera, is placed on the president's table: it has two compartments, one on the left filled with white balls, which accept, and one on the right filled with black balls, which reject. In voting, the member introduces his hand through the tube into the box, takes either the black or the white ball, and deposits it in the box without any one being able to tell how his vote was cast.

Cards, betting, and any ungentelemanly behavior are prohibited by the by-laws. The loose jest and coarse conversation which perhaps form the most objectionable feature of club life are never heard at the Century, where the atmosphere is unfriendly to them. There is a wine-room, but no restaurant,—the latter having been discovered quite early to be a very expensive luxury: besides, it is the aim of the club to eliminate as much as possible the sensual from its precincts. No accounts are kept with members. There is a house committee, which secures the services of a steward and audits his accounts. A committee on literature, with the aid of the librarian, selects books and periodicals for the library and reading-room; an art committee supervises the affairs of the art gallery, arranges the monthly exhibitions, and publishes the list of art treasures. A member may introduce a friend by registering his own name and that of the person introduced in the visitors' book, but he cannot introduce more than one person without the consent of the managing board. The visitor with any taste for art or letters and the associations they create will not fail of making much of an introduction to the Century. Entering the elegant club house from Fifteenth Street, a leisurely tour of the first floor shows reception-rooms, cloak-room, wine-, dining-, and reading-rooms. They are finished in hard woods; soft carpets cover the floor; pictures, some of considerable value, adorn the walls; gas

glows brightly in chandeliers of artistic design, and cannel-coal flames cheerily in the open grates. Ranged around the sides of the reading-room are all the periodicals of note issued on either side of the Atlantic. If members wish to converse with friends, the telephone is at their disposal; or if they wish a game of billiards, they have only to step into the basement, where are well-appointed tables. A broad stairway leads to the second floor, which is occupied by the library, art gallery, writing-rooms, and the large hall or council-room of the club. The Century's collection of paintings, engravings, and statuary is not excelled by that of any club in the city. The Slosson collection is an art treasury in itself.

The library occupies three large, airy, well-lighted rooms, and numbers some five thousand volumes, selected by the librarian, Dr. T. M. Coan, with a view to reference-works and books on art and literature. In the hall the annual and monthly meetings of the club are held, elections take place, receptions are given, art exhibitions held, and the antics and jokes of Twelfth Night perpetrated. It is a large room, with lofty ceiling, elegantly furnished. There are large mirrors at either end, and over a mantel, at the east, bronze brackets of quaint designs. At a little table in the centre of this room Bancroft has often sat when presiding officer, and his chair has been worthily filled since by Bryant, Evarts, Curtis, and others. The present incumbent is Daniel Huntington, one of the original members. Almost all the notable strangers that have visited our shores for the past twenty years have been introduced here; and the monthly Saturday night, or any event of more than ordinary interest, will gather such celebrities as George W. Curtis, William M. Evarts, E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, Judge Noah Davis, Charles O'Connor, Eastman Johnson, David Dudley Field, E. L. Youmans, Horace White, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Noah Brooks, Joseph H. Choate, F. E. Church, Robert Collyer, Whitelaw Reid, with many other representative men in art, letters, and

the professions. At the monthly receptions a regular routine is followed. First a business-meeting of the members is held. Then members and guests inspect the new pictures that have been hung, or the new books added to the library, and engage in conversation on current topics. Politics is generally tabooed on these occasions; though there is a legend current that at the time when one of the prominent members was Secretary of State another equally distinguished in letters was seen in earnest conversation with him at the club one evening, and that a few days later the man of letters was nominated as minister to Berlin.

Not every club is willing that the annual report of its treasurer should be made public, but the Century is less punctilious in this respect, and has allowed the writer access to its report for 1882. As showing the status and practical working of the club, the following items will be found of interest:

RECEIPTS.

Balance, January 7, 1882 .	\$949.39
Initiation-fees, 33 members	3,300.00
Members' dues . . .	21,420.00
Steward's receipts . .	7,002.13
Interest, United States bonds (Investment) . .	2,167.02
Interest, United States bonds (Foster Legacy) .	90.00
	<hr/> \$34,928.54

EXPENDITURES.

House Committee:

Household supplies . .	\$2,147.06
Steward's supplies . .	7,044.64
Collations . . .	3,241.03
Salaries and wages . .	4,046.00
Fuel	994.13
Gas	1,719.41
Furniture	561.95
Repairs and alterations .	2,132.10
Stationery and printing .	9,86.25
Miscellaneous	808.41
	<hr/> \$23,680.98

Committee on Literature

Committee on Art . . .	2,022.93
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Board of Management:

Taxes and water-rent . .	\$1,215.00
Insurance	433.41
Treasurer's clerk . . .	150.00
Rent safe-deposit vault and incidentals	19.25
Twelfth-Night festival .	106.50
Paintings purchased in 1881	2,572.50
	<hr/> 4,496.66

\$31,431.08

The following is an estimate of the property of the Century :

Real estate	\$45,000.00
Furniture	13,000.00
Works of art	41,000.00
Books	7,500.00
Steward's supplies	1,097.25
Due from members	677.09
November dues unpaid	1,152.00
United States bonds (Investment)	50,000.00
" " " (Foster Legacy)	2,000.00
Continental National Bank, on deposit	3,497.46
Aggregate	\$164,923.80

The aristocratic purlieus of Fifth Avenue seem to possess a peculiar fascination for club-men; hence we find all the clubs of note in the city, with the single exception of the Century, domiciled on this thoroughfare. The fine old mansion on the east side of this avenue, at the corner of Twenty-first Street, is the domicile of as famous and characteristic a club as exists in the city,—the Lotos. It was the result of a protest against the conservative methods and autocratic ways of certain members of the Century, and resembles that society somewhat in its purpose,—which is to promote social intercourse among artists, literary men, and amateurs,—and in its affiliations,—which are literary and artistic. Thirteen years ago, six young journalists, representing six of the leading city journals, met one evening in an informal way to organize a club, the ideal of which had been floating in their minds for six months or more. Experience had taught them that a strictly literary club was an impossibility, the literary disposition being anything but clubbable, so they decided to build on the broader foundation of art, using the word in its widest sense as applying to workers in letters, sculpture, painting, music, the drama, and all members of the learned professions interested in æsthetic as well as practical matters. The organization was effected a few days later, and the Lotos became an established fact, although it was not until the succeeding meeting that a name and constitution were provided. Ten gentlemen composed its original members; its initiation-fee was fixed

at twenty dollars for regular and one hundred for honorary members, and the dues at sixty dollars a year. The club at once assumed a social and artistic prominence perhaps unlooked for. In a few weeks the original membership had swelled to forty. On (the 15th of April the club took formal possession of the house No. 2 Irving Place, adjoining the Academy of Music, which it had leased at a rental of twenty-eight hundred dollars per annum. Here it continued to grow in numbers and prestige, and before winter came had become more talked about than any other club in the city.

On the 5th of October, not quite seven months after its birth, its first president, De Witt Van Buren, of the *Leader*, a brilliant, talented young journalist, died, and a second president was found in the Hon. A. Oakey Hall, then mayor of New York. Soon after his inauguration, and, it is said, at his suggestion, Saturday evening of each week was set apart for a reunion of members; and, what with a good dinner in the early evening, music, recitations, exhibitions of new works of art, gossip about books, and general conversation, the Lotos Saturday Nights soon became famous and invitations to them highly prized. Beard, Reinhart, Chapin, Lumley, Burling, among artists, Wehli, Hopkins, Mills, Colby, and Barsford, among pianists, singers like Randolf, Lawrence, MacDonald, and Thomas, and Booth, Brougham, Barrett, and Adams, among actors, will long be remembered by early *habitués* of the club for the pleasure and interest they imparted to these occasions. When eighteen months of age, the club numbered nearly two hundred members, representing the *élite* of all professions, and found it necessary to adopt a new constitution and by-laws. In this instrument the government was committed to a directory of twelve, composed of the president, the vice-president, and ten directors elected by the members. The office of corresponding secretary was created. Regular club meetings were abolished, and meetings of the directory on the last Thursday

of each month substituted. Important changes in the method of electing members were also made. Names of candidates were first given to the election committee, and, on a favorable report from them, came before the directory for election: two black balls are sufficient for rejection. Several of the new by-laws referred to the conduct of the Saturday night reunions, and were made necessary by the popularity which this feature had attained. A door-keeper was stationed on Saturday evening to prevent the intrusion of unauthorized persons. Each visitor must come provided with a card containing his name and that of his introducer, signed by a member of the directory. No member is entitled to more than two cards of invitation to any one reception. Members may introduce visitors to the club-rooms for one day only, by inscribing their names in the register; but this privilege is limited to two visits of the same individual in one year. At the request of a member, the directory may by vote extend to distinguished strangers the privileges of the club for a period not exceeding three months. In the same manner a director may invite to the privileges of the club-house for two weeks any non-resident; but this invitation may not be renewed within six months, except by order of the directory. The initiation-fee for regular members is two hundred dollars, for life-members five hundred: the latter pay no dues, and enjoy all the privileges of members except that of voting. The annual dues are fixed at fifty dollars, payable quarterly, in advance. There is an art committee, which takes charge of all works of art purchased by the club or contributed by members, and which supervises the monthly art exhibitions; a committee on literature, which has charge of the library and reading-room; a committee of entertainment, which is expected to give at least one reception or entertainment each month; a house committee, which manages the house-keeping affairs of the club; and a committee on admissions, which inquires into the qualifications of candidates for

membership. The Lotos, unlike the Century, makes a point of giving dinners and receptions to visiting strangers; and there are few magnates in art, letters, or statesmanship who have not partaken of its hospitality. Among the guests thus honored, old members recall Grant, De Lesseps, Sir Henry Berks, Premier of New South Wales, Wilkie Collins, Charles Kingsley, Edmund Yates, Froude, Tyndal, Lord Houghton, Proctor, Bartholdi, Bayard Taylor, Salvini, John Gilbert, on his fiftieth birthday, F. A. Bridgman and Commander Gorrings,—a double dinner,—Gilbert and Sullivan, Gerald Massey, H. M. Stanley, Hepworth Dixon, Von Bülow, and Offenbach. It has also become a custom to give a dinner to each new mayor after his inauguration.

One of the most brilliant of the Lotos Saturday Nights was that given in honor of Weber, at his piano palace on Fifth Avenue, April 6, 1872. The company was assembled by invitation of a committee appointed by the Lotos, and comprised nearly all the celebrities in music, art, letters, and the drama then in the city. Fifteen *prime donne* of distinction were present. Some operatic managers were there, including Gilmore, of Jubilee fame, and Lester Wallack. Among the singers were Parepa Rosa, Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Cary, Santley, and Capoul. The entertainment was informal, and consisted of music only, as was appropriate. Another social event of more recent date was the decennial dinner, given March 27, 1880, at which the presidents of ten leading city clubs, with many other noted club-men, sat down to discuss the good things of the Lotos-eaters.

The visitor to the Lotos club-room steps from the street into the wide entrance-hall, whence he is shown into the reception-room. On the right of the hall are three parlors, all *en suite*, and all thrown into one on occasions of dinners and receptions. They are richly furnished and brilliantly lighted. Over the mantel of the second is an ancient lotos from the ruins of Memphis, and at the entrance to the third a handsome Japanese screen, bearing a lotos painted

by native artists. The last is the library and reading-room of the club, and contains all the current works of history, fiction, and travel, all the foreign and native periodicals of note, and the daily journals. The walls of the suite are graced with paintings by Eastman Johnson, Edward Moran, Constant Mayer, Launt Thompson, and other well-known artists, members of the club. Ascending the wide stairs, that once echoed the tread of pretty feet,—for the old mansion was once a private abode, and many a fashionable rout has occurred there,—we find on the second floor a large dining-room, where the club-dinners are given, a committee-room, and several private dining-rooms for the use of members. On the floor above, a few bachelor members of the club have elegant quarters. One of these is Colonel Thomas Knox, the author and traveller, dear to all young people from his history of the "Boy Travellers." The colonel is an old *habitué* of the Lotos, and was a prominent candidate against A. Oakey Hall in the election for its second president. His rooms are *en suite*, and furnished with sufficient luxuries to render a man inured to Siberian hardships at least comfortable. Tables, mantels, and secretary are laden with a rare collection of souvenirs of his travels,—curios from all lands, idols from Buddhist and Chinese temples, gems, weapons, shields, and, occupying a prominent place on table and mantel, two great white elephants. Of these the colonel tells a tale. When his first book of travels was completed, he sent a copy to the King of Siam, who acknowledged the compliment by sending in return the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant. This honor came to the ears of the colonel's friends, and a flood of white elephants was poured upon him, two of the most elegant of which have been retained to decorate his rooms.

Of the many political clubs in the city two are worthy of somewhat extended mention, both from their social prestige and the influence they have wielded in national politics: they are the Union League and the Manhattan

Clubs. The former was the direct outcome of the Sanitary Commission, and was created by prominent gentlemen of that organization for the purpose of developing and crystallizing the Union sentiment of the country. The project, discussed through the summer and fall of 1862, assumed form in January, 1863, when the Union League was formally organized, with Robert B. Minturn as president. The first club-house was the old Parrish mansion, in Seventeenth Street, corner of Broadway, and here in a few months the club bourgeoned into one of the most influential political organizations in the country. The most prominent gentlemen in the city were among its resident members, and President Lincoln and the chief officers of the army were included in its honorary list. The first work of the club was the enrolling and sending to the front of three regiments of colored troops. Soon after came the great sanitary fair, first proposed at the weekly reunions of the League, and held in its club-rooms, which netted one million one hundred thousand dollars to be expended in furnishing comforts for the boys in blue; and scarcely had this been accomplished when the intense, laborious Presidential canvas of 1864, which put Mr. Lincoln a second time at the head of affairs, absorbed its energies. Since the war its political influence has been less marked, and at the present date its objects and sympathies are almost purely social. Of peregrinations the association has fewer to record than either the Union or the Century. From the old Parrish residence—in its day one of the finest private dwellings in the city—it moved to the club-house on Madison Avenue, corner of East Twenty-sixth Street, originally built by Leonard Jerome for the Jockey Club, but subsequently leased to the Union League. The League leased it for ten years, and moved in April 1, 1868; but long before its lease expired the club had attained such proportions that it was necessary either to build a new club-house or seriously curtail its limit of membership. The former alterna-

tive was adopted, and in March, 1881, the present elegant building at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street became the home of the club. In outer form and inner arrangement the building represents a new order of architecture. Outwardly it is ugly enough to be mistaken for a monastery, and the resemblance is heightened by the little chapel-like building attached to its rear wall, which holds the theatre or meeting-room of the club; but within, marble floors and light-wood finish, brilliant lights, soft carpetings, Tiffany's glass-work, and Lafarge's frescos and decorations, in no wise bear out the idea.

The value of the building, furniture, and lot is estimated at one million dollars, and the title is held by the club without encumbrance. The main entrance is on Thirty-ninth Street, and opens directly into a lofty hall with frescoed ceilings and marble pavement, which gives access to the entire suite of club rooms. These comprise cloak- and reception-rooms, writing- and reading-rooms, parlors, a library, picture-gallery, private dining-rooms, and a restaurant with perhaps the finest *cuisine* in America attached. Indeed, an English nobleman, on being dined by the club recently, pronounced it the best in the world. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the League, however, is its paintings, of which it is justly proud. These comprise large portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Bright, Cobden, De Gasparin, Laboulaye, and others; Eastman Johnson's portrait of General Thomas and his "Wounded Drummer Boy," Cropsey's "Battle-Field at Gettysburg," Homer's "In the Wilderness," Gifford's "Seventh Regiment at Washington," Julian Scott's "Rear-Guard," Henry's "City Point in 1865," and many other historic canvases. Once every month the art committee, in addition to its own paintings, secures loans from artists and amateurs, and gives art exhibitions, open to members and their male friends. These are always held on a Thursday evening, and next day the picture-gallery is opened to lady friends of the club. The theatre is

occasionally opened for lectures, readings, and dramatic entertainments. Of late the club has been in the habit of giving an annual ball, which has become one of the social events of the season; but this ball was not given last winter, owing to the steady growth among members of the true club sentiment,—that of a home as sacred from intrusion as a private dwelling would be. It is probable that from the same cause the receptions and art exhibitions will shortly be dropped.

In its organization the Union League is much more complicated than the average club. A president, twelve vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and three auditors, comprise the officers. There are five standing committees,—an executive committee, and one each on art, literature, admissions, and the library. There is also a house committee, with duties similar to other bodies of that kind. The method of electing members, house rules, privileges and duties of members, do not differ sufficiently from those of other clubs to make special mention necessary. The present membership of the club is sixteen hundred.

Coming down Fifth Avenue to Fifteenth Street, we find on the southwest corner the habitation of the Manhattan Club,—the political antithesis of the Union League. The Manhattan makes no secret of its purposes. The first article of its constitution declares that its object is to advance Democratic principles, as well as to promote social intercourse among its members. It too had its birth in the stormy period of the civil war. As confided to the writer in pleasant chat by a prominent official of the club, it was first conceived at the Union Club during the stormy Presidential canvas of 1864. Party feeling ran high, and rarely could a quiet, peace-loving adherent of McClellan and Pendleton make his appearance at the Union without having his hat hit, metaphorically, by some obstreperous partisan. And later, when the crash came, and the Democratic ship went all to pieces, the expressive silence of the aforesaid

partisans was still more aggravating. A few choice spirits of the Democracy therefore seceded from the Union, and founded a club whose sheltering walls should admit only sheep of the Democratic fold. This club they called the Manhattan: it is probable that it was founded partly in the hope of exerting as great an influence on national affairs as did the Union League, and to counteract in part the latter's influence, although the members do not admit this. Douglas Taylor, Secretary of Tammany, Street Commissioner McLean, S. L. M. Barlow, the well-known lawyer, Hon. Augustus Schell, Judge Hilton, and John T. Hoffman, later Governor of New York, were the prime movers in the matter. Their preliminary meetings were held at Delmonico's up-town establishment; but very soon after its organization the club purchased its present palatial quarters at No. 96 Fifth Avenue. John Van Buren was the first president, and ex-President Johnson and Hon. George H. Pendleton were early honorary members. A dreamy, languorous, distinguished air salutes the neophyte who strays into the old mansion at No. 96. There is nothing here of the upstart parvenu spirit that forms a feature of the age. Stately gentlemen with the manners of the old school are to be met in its rooms; its hospitality is of the kind that distinguishes the recipient. It is more sought by its members than any other club, except perhaps the Union League; and, though so young, memories of many important and interesting events haunt its halls. Here, in advance of the national convention, Seymour and Blair were nominated, and in set speeches accepted the nomination; here, too, Samuel J. Tilden and General Hancock were nominated before the delegates of their party had assembled; and here nearly all the questions that have agitated the Democracy in the nation or the State have been settled. Many of the great railway wars that startled the nation in the days of Fisk had their inception here. While not ostentatious in its receptions, some very interesting affairs of the kind have taken

place. President Johnson was its guest during his tour around the circle. General McClellan and George H. Pendleton have been often dined. Samuel J. Tilden was given a dinner on his nomination to the Presidency. In 1868 the delegates to the national convention were handsomely entertained. In 1881 a notable dinner was given to Major-General Hancock; a brilliant company filled the rooms, music and flowers were furnished in profusion, and two hundred members and guests sat down to an elaborate dinner. Governor-elect Cleveland and Sergeant Ballantine have been the most recent guests of the club.

In organization the Manhattan differs somewhat from most of its *confrères*. Its membership is limited to one thousand. Members are divided into three classes,—ordinary, life, and non-resident members. A life-membership may be secured for seven hundred dollars, and exempts the holder from annual dues. For ordinary members the entrance-fee is one hundred dollars, and the annual dues seventy dollars. Adult citizens of the United States, and foreigners resident therein two years, are eligible to membership. The whole government of the club, including the election of members, is given to a board of twelve managers, who are elected by ballot at the annual meeting in March. This board has power to elect from its own number a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and at any time to remove and replace the same; to control and manage the property, business, and affairs of the club; to appoint a house committee from its own body; to levy assessments on members not to exceed fifty dollars in any one year; and, in short, to exercise autocratic control over all affairs of the club. The club is quite exclusive, and the tendency is more and more to restrict its privileges to members only. Under the present house-rules members may invite to the use of the club, for a period of two weeks, any gentleman who does not reside within thirty miles of the city, and may introduce any gentleman by registering his name and residence in the visitors' book. The

membership now amounts to nearly six hundred, and to accommodate this number the club will considerably enlarge its mansion.

The Authors' Club, though the youngest, is yet one of the most notable in the city; and, as there is considerable misconception in the public mind regarding its object and scope, it is worth while, perhaps, to devote some space to elucidation. The popular idea is that it is an exclusive, close-communion organization, confined to old and well-known men of letters, whose magic circle no young writer may hope to enter, and that its objects are of a purely literary character. This is incorrect: its aims are more social than literary, its design being to bring the older men in letters into more intimate relation and fellowship with the younger; more than half its membership is composed of young and comparatively unknown authors. The club shuns publicity, and but for an indiscreet young writer on the *Tribune* its existence might never have been suspected by the public, in which case very many worthy men of letters would have been spared the uncomfortable feeling that they had been left out in the cold. The first constitution was adopted November 13, 1882: it is somewhat unique materially, being printed on thick green paper with rough edges, and forms a square pamphlet of ten leaves. The full title-page is "'The Authors' Club.' Officers, Constitution, Membership." On the third leaf is printed "The Authors' Club," and in the upper left-hand corner the words "New York, December, 1882." The fourth leaf gives the executive council and officers of the society. The fifth leaf has a second title, "Constitution. Passed November 13th. Amended December 20th." The first clause of this instrument refers to the title of the club; the second declares its object to be "the promotion of social intercourse among authors;" the third, that "the club shall consist of not more than sixty gentlemen, at least forty-five of whom shall reside in or within twenty-five miles of New York City;" that "no person shall be eligible to member-

ship who is not the author of a published book proper to literature, or who has not a recognized position in other kinds of literary work," and that "technical books and journalism as such shall not be accounted literature." Another section fixes the entrance-fee at fifteen dollars, and the yearly dues at ten dollars. The club meetings are held fortnightly, and there is an annual meeting for the election of an executive council: the latter consists of nine members, and the government of the club is vested in its hands. As much has been said concerning the club's choice of members, we give the section on elections in full: "1. Elections shall be by ballot. 2. An affirmative vote of not less than twenty members of the club, and of not less than four-fifths of all the members present, shall be necessary to elect. 3. No candidate shall be balloted for until his name has been submitted to, and approved by, the committee on membership, and posted at least one month. 4. The committee on membership shall consider both the professional eligibility and the character of the candidate. 5. Not more than one member shall be elected at each meeting after the 1st of January, 1883." But one honorary member can be elected in any one calendar year. They are elected in the same manner as active members, and enjoy all the privileges of the club except voting and holding office. Section nine provides that each member may bring one gentleman to each meeting as a guest, and that the hospitality of the club may be extended to distinguished gentlemen of any profession.

The club now numbers fifty members. Among the names best known are T. B. Aldrich, Mark Twain, George William Curtis, Edward Eggleston, Parke Godwin, Julian Hawthorne, Henry James, Jr., Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles Dudley Warner, Richard Grant White, and G. P. Lathrop. *Harper's* is represented by Curtis, Alden, and Conant; the *Century*, by its editor-in-chief, Richard Watson Gilder, and by S. G. W. Benjamin; the *North American Review*, by Allen

Thorndike Rice; the *Times*, by William L. Alden; the *Herald*, by John Habberton; the *Tribune*, by J. R. G. Howard; the *Evening Post*, by E. L. Godkin; Art Criticism, by Clarence Cook and Charles De Kay; and Yale College, by Professor Henry A. Beers. Other out-of-town authors besides those mentioned are George H. Boker, the poet, of Philadelphia; Thomas Dunn English, of Newark; Frederick Law Olmsted, of Brookline, Massachusetts; and Raphael Pum-

pelly, of Newport. The club has no stated place of meeting, and does not expect to have, one of its objects being to keep its expenses at a minimum. Its meetings are held at members' houses, and are purely social in character. A bowl of punch is brewed, cigars are lighted, good stories told, and the young men patted on the back, metaphorically speaking, by their elders, and encouraged to continue in the thorny path of literature. C. B. TODD.

SOLON'S MOTHER.

THE doors and windows of the old meeting-house had been flung wide open, that the sun and air might have their weekly struggle with the mustiness of the dingy little interior. Miss Wendle, in her afternoon's walk along the crest of the hill, stopped for a moment and looked in. She hardly recognized the gaunt, barren little church. The sunshine was gilding the walk and flooding the aisles. The light summer breeze, moving in and out among the thin draperies that screened pulpit and windows, seemed a spirit of cheerfulness come to rescue the ungainly structure from its mournful sadness.

As Miss Wendle stood for a moment on the threshold, her eye was arrested by something other than the golden sunlight and the fluttering curtains. There was a small sun-bonneted figure in the midst of the empty space around the pulpit steps. As Miss Wendle stepped forward, she saw that the little figure was bending over the melodeon, and was swaying backward and forward, then sideways, with the emphasis of motion peculiar to one playing such an instrument with vigorous physical force. But the melodeon gave forth no sound. There was not even a creak from the pedals or a snort from the stops. Yet on the girl's face, as Miss Wendle

caught a profile view of it beneath the limp sun-bonnet, was the rapt look of one evoking tuneful harmonies; the eyes had the dream in them of one transported into a paradise of sound.

A moment later the strange performance ceased. The child lifted her head, pushed back her sun-bonnet, and spoke, —to the air, as it seemed to Miss Wendle, since none but themselves were visible in the empty little church. It was an oddly grave young voice, a voice that matched with the face, the sharp, slight features of which were already marked with the age of suffering. As Miss Wendle glanced at the girl's advancing figure, she saw, what the ragged skirt was much too short and scant to conceal, a pair of wasted, misshapen legs and twisted feet. But the child shambled down the little aisle with wondrous ease and quickness, her shrill, rapid speech biting the still air like an acid: "Solon! Solon! bring down yer doll. It's time ter git hum neow. Step easy, or I'll hev ter come an' lift ye!"

As she looked up, she and Miss Wendle faced each other. The girl gave the lady's fine face and figure a rapid glance, whose shrewd scrutiny was in curious contrast with the rapt expression of a moment before. Then the shrewdness melted into a kindlier look. Some-

thing in Miss Wendle's appearance produced a not wholly unusual effect.

The girl came nearer, smiling, as she approached, in a serenely unperturbed, reassuring way. "It's only Solon," she said, as if in explanation: Miss Wendle's quering glance had been lifted to the choir overhead, from whence came the sound of small restless feet. "He's a-mimickin' Miss Saunders," she continued. "He's a-throwin' her head back as far as he ken. *She* allers does." With a slim, thin finger she pointed to a minute object resting on one of the high music-stands in the little gallery. The object finally resolved itself into a battered ruin of a doll which the invisible but audible Solon had placed in as tragic an attitude as was possible in a figure bereft of arms and devoid of clothing. "Can't yer see? He's throwed her head 'way back, as *she* does when she brings out her tall notes. She's afraid she'll crack her throat in tew, I spect, they're so harsh-like. Steam-whistlin', Emmons calls it." The child tossed her own small head in the air, and laughed a thin, cracked little treble of a laugh. It sounded like some feeble, poorly-strung instrument long out of tune.

There was a moment's silence. But the girl's eyes were busy. She had never ceased her curious, eager intentness of gaze, which she directed impartially to all the details of Miss Wendle's person and attire. She seated herself on one of the swinging pew-doors, as if to pursue her inspection with more ease and deliberation. After a long, critical glance, a light came into her face:

"Yer transient, ain't ye?"

"Why do you think I'm a 'transient'?" Miss Wendle was smiling in her turn. She found the child's directness amusing.

"Yer clothes looks it. Steddy boarders down ter Davenport's don't frink up much, 'cept Sundays, when their beaux comes."

Miss Wendle began to feel a vague sense of unrest beneath her amusement. She was unused to such ready astuteness. "Is Solon your brother?" she asked

hoping to divert the child's fixed gaze, which was riveted with a kind of fascination on the gold bug that fastened the feathers of her turban.

"No; Emmons is my brother, an' Solon's his young un.—Solon! tek care,"—directing her voice upward. "Yer might fall. Step kerful." She seemed to have some occult sense of her young nephew's movements, and her tone suddenly changed to one of watchful, experienced motherhood.

"What good care you take of him! One might suppose you to be his little mother." And Miss Wendle smiled admiringly into the little face as the girl unwrinkled her anxious brow.

"Well, I'd oughter. He ain't got none,—ter speak of, thet is."

"Poor child! What became of her? Is she dead?"

"No, she ain't. She run away."

Miss Wendle looked at the girl. But her face was as indifferent as her tone. She continued to twirl her sun-bonnet by the strings as unconcernedly as if the episode of a runaway parent were among the most commonplace occurrences of life.

"Ran away?" echoed Miss Wendle. "Why, what was the matter?"

"There warn't nothin' the matter." She stooped to pick up her fallen sun-bonnet. "She was jes' skittish,—that's what father sez. So she run."

She lapsed into an attitude of apathy that discouraged further questioning. There was a few moments' silence; then the girl lifted her head with a new eagerness in her eye. "Ken yer sing?" she asked breathlessly.

No; Miss Wendle was sorry to say nature had denied her that gift.

"But p'raps yer ken play?"

Miss Wendle hesitated for a second's space: "Yes, I play. But, if I do, will you tell me how it all happened?—about Solon's mother running away, I mean. That is, if it be right that you should."

"Oh, I'll tell yer. 'Tain't nothin' secret. 'Twas town-talk. Come, I'll open it fur yer." And the melodeon was opened with a wrench.

Perhaps it was only Miss Wendle's fine sense of the congruous that inspired her fingers to sweep the dulled key-board with the brilliant chords of Mendelssohn's March. But if to her humor the bridal strains seemed peculiarly fitting as a prelude to the coming disclosures of marital infelicity, to her audience the grandeur of the stirring harmonies was working its old miracle of wonder and delight.

Solon, at the opening crash of the sounding chords, had climbed noisily down from his lofty perch. He stood leaning against the girl's slim, wasted figure in open-mouthed silence. The girl's own breath was coming swift and fast.

The intense absorption of the little group about her inspired Miss Wendle's performance with an unusual force and fire. When she had finished, there was a long silence. Then the girl gave a deep, rich sigh:

"My, but yer *ken* play! Yer bean't tired, be yer?"

Miss Wendle proceeded to close the instrument. Yes; the double labor of using hands and feet had fatigued her.

"But," the girl pleaded, "ef yer rest a spell, ef I tell yer now 'bout Rusha, 'bout Solon's ma,—won't yer play, jes' once more?"

There was no resisting that beseeching face.

"Come, then, le's go set on the meetin'-house step, where I *ken* keep an eye on Solon. He *ken* run out into the medder an' play."

"We live over yander." And she pointed to a distant farm-house. They were seated now on the broad, uneven steps, with all the lovely prospect of the beautiful valley at their feet. The farm-houses were at wide, restful distances, and the one the girl had designated, set in the midst of rich, fruitful acres, seemed peculiarly the abode of pastoral peace and plenty. The girl had seated herself very close to Miss Wendle. She had taken off her sun-bonnet, smoothed its limpness into shape, and laid it on the step above them. Then she went on with abrupt directness. "Yes, thet's Hollow Farm,—ever been there? Thet's

where me an' Solon an' Emmons an' father an' mother an' Rusha *she* used ter live. Well, Rusha *was* a queer one. She was allers kinder oneasy; seemed as ef she was one o' the restless sort,—as ef she'd an angle-worm a-gnawin' inside o' her. Hevin' tew many beaux *doos* make gels that way, don't yer think? An' she'd been brought up ter it,—hevin' beaux, I mean. Her folks hed allers lived down ter Lancaster, an' she'd been used ter fellers a-takin' her buggy-ridin' ever sence she'd been out o' frocks. Did you ever go a buggy-ridin'?"

Miss Wendle blushed. Then she laughed. It tickled her fancy to think of certain drives she had taken *en grande tenue* with the accessories of liveried footmen as being classified under this head. She was about to respond by some form of denial, but the girl forestalled her:

"Well, I don't see what there is ter pink up 'bout. 'Tain't sinful, is it? Leastways, Rusha she didn't seem ter kalkerlate 'twas. She'd been times out o' mind 'fore ever she went 'long with Emmons. An' *he* only took her once. Then he popped. Emmons ain't one ter dilly-dally. He allers was straight up ter the handle. She was goin' ter back an' fill, same as she hed with her t'other beaux, but Emmons he turned her straight foremost to, so of course she knuckled right down. Well, ma when he was a-courtin' Rusha she jes' up an' freed her mind, an' told him she warn't no kind o' a wife for him. But, law! 'twarn't no use. Emmons allers *was* sot. An' he was terrible sot on her, first-off. 'Twarn't long 'fore he knowed her better. Gittin' married seems risky kind o' work, don't it? Folks don't seem ter hitch, somehow. Seems as ef the minnit they was tied the halter makes 'em kick. Father he says the trouble is with the women; women is like colts, he sez, an' gits fretful at times, an' kinder narvous. Then you'd jest oughter tek the bars down an' let 'em go. Ma she goes a-visitin' twice a year, an' father he calls it a-lettin' the bars down. An' she allers *doos* come hum powerful good-natured."

The child gave her queer little cackle of a laugh here, as if there were something peculiarly humorous in the thought of her mother's semi-annual periods of good temper. Then she went on:

"Well, Emmons, when he seed Rusha's ways, he didn't say nothin'. He ain't the kind thet ever *doos* let on 'bout things—much. She warn't used ter steady ways, fur one thing. She'd allers lived in a mess, I reckon,—things higgledy-piggledy. Law! she jest raised things up in arms t'our house. There warn't nothin' good 'nough for her; an' ma she sez she wore out 'nough shoe-leather ter shoe all Hollow, pickin' up what she'd cluttered 'bout. She'd make more work in a day than we could git through with in a year. An' I never seed the like o' Rusha fur a-wearin' o' her best clothes. Seems as ef she *hed* ter put 'em on ter git herself good-natured. There *is* folks, yer know, thet dressin' up makes perliter. Well, Rusha was *thet* kind. When she'd her Sunday-go-ter-meetin's on she was as sweet as hay. First-off, when she'd her best caliky or a new ribbon on, she'd run outer doors ter meet Emmons, an' we could hear her a-kissin' him, an' a-callin' him a hull lot o' rudekulus names. But, law! Emmons he warn't never one ter take on; not afore folks, anyway. An' he used ter tell her he hedn't no time ter fool. Well, thet kinder wore on her, his never noticin' her when she rigged herself out, so she jes' wore her old duds weekdays an' Sundays, an' temper ter match. But when Bill Timmins he come up from Lancaster harvestin'-time, she begun ter tidy-up some. Him an' her kep' company 'fore she'n Emmons got married. When he come up they was allers a-whisperin' an' a-gigglin', her an' Bill was. Emmons he didn't seem ter take no notice. But, sakes alive! he can't see nothin', anyway, unless it's jes' afore his very nose. He's nigh-sighted, yer know, an' slow, too; never knows nothin' thet's a-goin' on unless it's p'inted out ter him. Ma she allers said he'd be fooled terrible some day, an' never know it tell some one spoke up in meetin' an' told him. Well, he was.

But they didn't fool me. I seed 'em one side o' the barn a-laughin' an' jokin', and Emmons never suspectin', round t'other side milkin' the cows. She was one o' the sly kind, yer know. Law! she could lie like lightin', and hide like a squirrel. But it doos seem as ef lyin' an' hidin' ain't much good, don't it? Folks is bound ter be showed up sooner or later. Leastways, *she* was. How it come was sudden, though. Mother'n father'd gone down ter Lancaster ter hev the team shod, an' Emmons he was out in the medder, cartin' a hull lot o' corn-cobs over ter the barn. He ain't one thet lets things spile by lyin' tew long, Emmons ain't. An' so me an' her an' the young un was ter hum. She up an' spoke arnd 'lowed she'd got ter go ter town herself fur flaxseed an' ter buy the young un a sash. She spoke kinder high-speritted, as ef she kalkerlated I was a-goin' ter korredict her. I didn't say nothin', thinkin' one o' her oneasy spells was on. I only axed her how she was a-goin', seein' Emmons's mare was all tuckered out haulin' water, an' the team was gone. She sed she'd take Jake. I sorter laughed then, fur Jake ain't only used fur ploughin'. But she fired up so, ter ease her I axed was she a-goin' ter take the young un. Fond o' him?—of Solon? Well, she never seemed ter set no store by him till them last few days. Why, she would let that child go dirty a hull year, never so much as washin' his face, ef we hedn't tended him from the first. Ma she sed she knew there was wind in the sails when she seed her a-bringin' hum blue kid shoes an' a white fur cap fur Sol. She'd never bought him so much as a sock afore. She kalkerlated tu take him 'long, I suppose. She was a-riggin' him out fur the tower. Well, she didn't git him. Fur when she come ter hunt him up the young un couldn't be found, high nor low. He'd run out o' the back door an' up inter the medder ter his father. *Thet* riled her. I could see she was terrible mad. An' she took on awful when she was outed, an' she took on awful then. I never seed her cry

afore. An' she was cryin' when she druv off. Jake's got the spring-halt, an' is spavined. But she was a-whippin' him tell he was a-goin' inter the air like fire-crackers, lickerty-split down the 'ere hill. I couldn't see fur it why she was in such a tearin' hurry. The flaxseed warn't goin' ter spile, nor run away. Well, when mother an' father come home, they wanted ter know where Rusha was. 'Didn't yer meet her?' sez I. 'No,' sez they. Then it seems they come by the mills road, an' she must hev gone by Jenkenses. She warn't so mad but what she could steer straight. Well, she hedn't come hum by supper-time, an' Emmons, though he didn't say nothin', got kinder restless. I could see. 'I reckon I'll go down an' look after Rusha,' he sed, after a spell. 'Your mare's all tuckered out,' sez ma, who allers is fur a-puttin' her word in. 'I'll ride her slow,' sez he. But I reckon he didn't,—goin', anyhow, fur she warn't able ter touch her oats fur nigh outer tew days. Well, we sot, an' sot, an' sot. Jes' as we was a-shettin' up, Emmons he come a-ridin' as slow as a hearse, an' he looked one when he come in. 'Rusha's gone,' sez he, 'with thet darned Bill Timmons.' An' then he went an' locked hisself in his room, an' 'twarn't no use knockin' nor a-pesterin' him, fur he wouldn't budge a bolt. But next mornin' we pried it all outer him. Seems he went first-off ter the store, an' they told him yes, she'd been there fur the flaxseed, an' they measured it out fur her. She sed she'd come back fur it. But, sence she hedn't, they'd put it back. Couldn't let tew pounds o' flaxseed spile over-night, they sez. Then Emmons he looks fur her ter her mother's. But, law! she wouldn't let on. Her an' Emmons allers was like tew turkey roosters jes' ready ter fly out at one another. Well, as he was turnin' down Coos Street, who should he meet but Jim Squires, an' he let the cat out o' the bag. He'd seen Rusha an' Bill a-victuallin' together at Jones's tavern, an' Jones he'd seed 'em a-goin' inter the cars outer his back window. So Emmons he come hum. Ma she 'lowed

she suspected somethin' was up when she seed Rusha goin' back on her fritters that mornin'. She seed she didn't eat nothin'. When mother axed her why 'twas, Rusha sed she reckoned her stommick'd got kinder behindhand. Emmons he said he didn't notice she warn't up ter her victuals. But then Emmons he never sees nothin' when buckwheats is 'round. Ain't men awful ones ter eat? An' he never did study her—much."

"Still, I suppose he felt dreadfully when he found she had really gone, didn't he?" interpolated Miss Wendle.

"Well," returned the girl, in her calm tone, "yes, Emmons he did look cut-up, first-off. Most men takes on when their wives runs, I s'pose, tell they git used to it. 'Taint in natur' to be down-sperited *tew* long. Leastways, Emmons warn't. He kinder worked hisself out o' carin', I reckon. Father he sed Rusha's goin' hed been a savin' all round. There warn't no platters nicked, nor things cluttered about, an' Emmons he worked as steddly as a clock. He knowed *now* there warn't nothin' goin' ter happen. An' he felt settled'er'n any time sence he'd been married."

"Did you never hear of her again? Did she never come back?" asked Miss Wendle, feeling, she knew not why, a vague sentiment of pity for the sinning Rusha.

"We *heard* of her more'n we wanted ter. But she knowed better'n ter come back. Her folks was up, though. 'Twarn't more'n tew days 'fore they come ter the farm, drivin' Jake an' the buggy hum, an' ter git the young un. When they come in, nobody sed nothin'. We didn't pass the agreeables round, I tell yer. We was stiff-jointed enough. But father, him and Tid—thet's Rusha's father—allers *hed* been thick, an' they couldn't stan' it long. Men *is* softer'n women: ain't they? And Tid he allers was a square kind o' man, an' no mistake; an' he up an' sed, 'Well, it's a goll-darn pity, but Rusha's bolted.' Emmons sed he reckoned we knew thet by this time. An' then, come ter find out,

they'd come fur the young un. Well, Emmons he jest let out on 'em then. Golly, but he giv it ter 'em hotter'n mustard-seed and brimstone! He told 'em he'd see 'em blowed ter thunder 'fore they ever'd lay a hand on Solon. They was welcome ter Rusha. An' so was Bill. She was the wust bargain he ever made, an' he was glad ter be shet o' her. But all the law in the land couldn't make him let go on Solon. Well, when they seed he was so sot, they cleared. For Emmons ain't one ter spill words. An' they knowed it. So Tid he went out inter the barn ter harness up. We thought the old woman hed gone tew. But, come ter find out, she'd went round ter the back door an' emptied Rusha's bury drawers; an' all Solon's things was gone. She'd jes' stole 'em."

The girl rose, shaded her eyes with her hand, searching the adjacent meadows for Solon's curly head. When she had discovered him among the distant bushes, and had sat down, Miss Wendle could not forbear one more question. She was possessed with a wondering sense as to the fortunes of the other principal actor in this extraordinary little drama.

"And Emmons,—how does he take it? Has he quite forgotten her,—forgotten Rusha, I mean?"

"Take it? Oh, Emmons he's all right. He's married sence,—sence the court freed him. Didn't I tell yer? It was kinder romantic,—his marryin', I mean. Least ef it was out o' a story-book."

The girl for the first time evinced some show of interest: her face brightened, and a smile came into the worn little eyes: "Emmons he went down to the fair, an' oncet as he was a-lookin' at the pigs—they was as prizes, yer know—he seed a real purty gel a-lookin' at 'em tew. So he sez ter her, sez he, jes' ter be kinder sosherable, 'Lookin' at the pigs, my dear?' An' she sez yes,

she was, an' wasn't they big? Then she lets on she was acquainted in the town where they was raised. An' Emmons he sed he was tew. So they got on. They was married quite sudden. Emmons he brought her up when he hauled up the taters."

The girl looked into Miss Wendle's smiling face, and gave a dry little nod of content.

"You like her, don't you?"

"Yes,"—emphasizing the nod by a series of pats on the small knee. "Yes, she's a likely gel. She's *our* kind. Everything's hitched up where she is, I ken tell yer. An' there ain't never a button off his clothes," pointing to the indistinct Solon darting in and out amid the buttercups, "nor Emmons's. She's got a spry hand with the butter, too. Well, that's all, I reckon. There ain't nothin' more ter tell. 'Cept"—thoughtfully—"thet Bill Timmons he's married tew;—married Barbary Slocum. She's a cousin o' ma's. Come, let's go in; yer promised, yer know."

Half an hour later, as she walked away, the girl smiling at her from the top of the meeting-house steps, Solon clinging to her skirts, and his featureless doll clinging to him, then, and many times after, Miss Wendle experienced a sense of mental confusion. It resulted from her strenuous but futile efforts to adjust this glimpse she had had of pastoral life, and its easy acceptance of the vicissitudes of things, to the conceptions of her own more complex existence. But the epics of Hollow Farm remain to her as a bit of the literature of life so unique as to stand quite apart and alone. To her worn and tired sense the peace and serenity of this mountain-retreat had appealed to her as a rescued corner of paradise itself,—an Eden before the fall. It was still Eden, for the beauty was there. But the human tragedies it had witnessed made it an Eden after the fall,—in fact, a long time after.

A. B. B.

WOMEN IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME.

IN the discussion of the much-vexed "woman-question," it is commonly assumed that the present movement for giving women a larger share in the active duties of life—for their emancipation, as it is called—is only one phase of the restlessness caused by the spread of those liberal opinions which have changed so many things during the present century. It is maintained that the claim that women should engage in some of the occupations of which men have hitherto had the monopoly, and particularly that they should be educated for their work in life with such an object in view, is a wholly novel one in history. History, it is said, always shows us, in accordance with "the eternal fitness of things," a deep, broad line dividing the sphere in which women may work, from that in which man's appropriate task has been allotted to him. The difference of sex, it is supposed, has always rendered the abyss dividing these spheres impassable.

To many, women in ancient Greece and Rome, so far as their influence affected the current of the social life of the time at all, may seem to be divided into two classes only: *first*, the married women, who, in the seclusion of the *gynæceum*, occupied themselves exclusively with domestic duties, the care of their children, the government of their slaves, and the preparation of the household clothing; who, being by law completely in the power of their husbands, were jealously kept by them in seclusion, and not permitted to share either their anxieties or their pleasures, or admitted to any social intercourse with their male friends; *secondly*, those women, unmarried, who, without any rights or position recognized by law, became by their beauty, by their accomplishments, especially in music and dancing, and by their sympathy with the pursuits and aspirations of brilliant men, the favorites of such men, leading them astray from their

wives, and guiding more or less their course in life.

To such persons the Christian doctrine seems the earliest and strongest protest against the barbarity with which married women were treated in antiquity, as well as against the immorality of those relations with unmarried women which prevailed in Greece and Rome during the most brilliant period of their history. It is said that, while the Christian doctrine was thus the strongest protest against the relations of the sexes which prevailed in antiquity, the surest and most permanent remedy for its evils was found in the gradual adoption of the precepts of Christian morals. The great and novel principle of equality which Christianity introduced—the equality of all men and of all women in the sight of God; the equality of slaves with their masters, as well as that of wives with their husbands—crumbled, it is said, the foundations of the old domestic life. Upon its ruins Christian marriage, with its holy sanctions, was founded, teaching us that respect for woman and her position as a wife and a mother which forms substantially the basis of our modern conceptions of the true relations of the sexes, and especially of the proper sphere of woman's activity. A sketch of the social condition of woman in pagan Greece and Rome, and some account of that brilliant period of her history which intervened between the official recognition of Christianity in the Empire, both East and West, and the first invasion of the Barbarians, may be useful in determining how far her present claim to a "higher education" and a more conspicuous position is unprecedented.

Of the many precious gifts bequeathed by Greek civilization to our modern life, not the least precious is the principle and practice of monogamy. In contrast with the habits and ideas of Oriental nations, this was the root of the life and the religion of the Greek race. We

find it recognized in its earliest annals. The Greek heroes of the Iliad, as has been well said, are all monogamists; and long after everything else characteristic of early Greek civilization was destroyed and forgotten, this doctrine survived in the habits and practice of the race. The reason is not far to seek. The instinct of monogamy was indissolubly bound up with its most deep-rooted and primitive religious ideas. It is hard to say whether the religion of the Aryan race, and especially of the Greeks, was the outgrowth of the family, or whether the family relation suggested the form of religion which was adopted. At any rate, its essential feature was the perpetuation of the family name and blood. The *manes* or spirits of their dead ancestors were the real objects of the worship of the early Greeks; their sacrifices were offered upon the household hearth or altar; their oratories were filled with the images of those who had gone before them, and in their belief the well-being, first of the family, and afterward of the tribe and the state, depended essentially upon two things,—*first*, their paying due honor to their forefathers, and, *second*, their taking due measures to perpetuate this form of worship by keeping up the family, free from the admixture of any blood not that of the ancestor. For in their ritual of worship the father of the family was the only priest, and those of his own blood, or those women who became through marriage members of it, were the only worshippers, for they alone, it was supposed, could offer worship acceptable to the household divinities, the spirits of their departed ancestors. The family was the unit in Greece and Rome in religion and in law; the tribe was only a collection of numerous families, and the city or state a still larger collection, in each of which the identity of the family with its special household rites was always carefully preserved. While marriage and religion were thus indissolubly united, the motives and objects of marriage were, of course, very unlike those involved in that relation now. Previous acquaintance,

mutual affection, the impulses of passion, the attractiveness of beauty, or even the desire for genial companionship, had then nothing to do with the contract. Marriage in Greece had but two objects, so far as either religion or the law was concerned: *first*, the union of two persons who might lawfully share in the performance of the same religious household rites; and, *secondly*, as the result of this union, the birth of children who might become competent in time duly to perform these rites and so perpetuate their observance. In other words, the most solemn marriage, either in Greece or in Rome, was regarded only as a means of increasing the number of citizens and of keeping up a perpetual family priesthood. How significant for such a purpose was the meaning of these marriages, contracted only between men and women of the unmingled blood of the citizen, is apparent from the symbolical ceremonial which was employed when they were celebrated. In both countries this ceremonial was essentially the same. It consisted, in early times, of a preliminary sacrifice in the house of the bride's father, by means of which the bride was formally released from the obligation of worshipping her own ancestors. She was then ready to be delivered (*traditio*) to the intended husband. She was conducted by him to his own house, escorted by a chorus singing nuptial hymns, violence, in accordance with the most primitive customs, being simulated to induce her to cross the threshold of her new home. The newly-married couple then went at once to the household altar, where, grouped with the husband's family around the sacred fire, and surrounded by the images of his ancestors, they prayed, and poured out a libation, and then joined in eating the nuptial cake. It was the eating of this cake together which made the union between the husband and the wife specially sacred; for by that act—*confarreatio*, as it was called—they became united in the same religion, and the husband's ancestors became thereby those of his wife,—a consequence which was further recognized by the civil law, which for certain pur-

poses made the wife one of her husband's children.

Under such a system, where the likes or the dislikes of the future husband and wife had never been considered for a moment, and where marriage was regarded only as an agency for keeping up the number of citizens and thereby promoting the general welfare, two results were inevitable: *first*, that the wife should not be regarded by the husband, or by people generally, as the true companion of his life; and, *secondly*, that faithlessness on the part of the wife, although the greatest of social crimes, because it involved the danger of imposing upon the state, as citizens, spurious offspring, when its very existence depended upon its being ruled by those of pure blood only, was still not such faithlessness with reference to the husband or the moral law as in societies where different conceptions of marriage prevail. This should be borne in mind, that we may understand why the practice of seeking for companions and friends among women not their own wives was common to the most illustrious men of Greece, and why such relations were regarded not only as harmless, but as praiseworthy, by the public opinion of the time.

One of the great defects of the marriage system, such as we have described it, in Greece and Rome, was the utter ignorance and stupidity of the wives under it. They had received no education, and they were bred up for purposes in the accomplishment of which intellectual training could have been of no service whatever to them. The contempt which was felt for these unfortunate women is well expressed in the saying of Pericles, that the best wife is she about whom least is said, whether of good or of evil. The men, the true Athenians especially, were, on the contrary, the most lively, most sympathetic, and best cultured of all antiquity. Unhappily for the moral aspect of the case, "stranger women," as they were called, came into most of the Greek towns, and especially to Athens in the height of its glory. These *hetairai*, as they were

called, were chiefly from the Greek colonies in Asia Minor; and many of them were women of great beauty and grace and possessed of those seductive charms which made their society attractive to the versatile and accomplished Greeks. These women held a very curious social and legal position in that country. Their great crime in the eyes of the authorities was that they were "*strangers*" in the Greek sense. They were not entitled to the protection of the state. They could not marry Greek freemen, and no laws were made for their benefit. Grave statesmen thought that great dangers might arise from their presence in the country; political peril might threaten the existence of the city if strangers with strange traditions and foreign interests might take even the smallest part in the management of public affairs, or the gods might be fearfully insulted by their presence and inflict dreadful vengeance upon the city. But Athens, at least, could not afford to do without strangers, even if they were "stranger women." Public opinion, in spite of the law, looked upon them with an indulgent and favorable eye, and it was not disposed to deny hospitality to those who could not marry, but who could do almost anything else they liked. The most celebrated woman of this class was Aspasia of Miletus. This wonderful creature is said to have made a complete conquest of Pericles. She taught him rhetoric and eloquence, as she taught Socrates philosophy. Her house was the resort of all the brilliant men of Athens. Besides Pericles and Socrates, Phidias, Anaxagoras, Sophocles, and Euripides were constant visitors in her *salon*,—doubtless the most remarkable in history. Her influence is said to have been such as to stimulate each of her friends to do his best in his particular line, and they all attributed what was best in them to her influence and sympathy. However irregular all this may seem when tried by our modern standard, we are forced to admit that the harmonious development of the Greek mind, which was the most characteristic thing about it, which has made its productions the treasure-

house of wisdom for all time, was greatly promoted by woman's influence.

None of the ancients speak of Aspasia as a beautiful woman. She commended herself to her friends by attractions of a different kind. She was what is called a practical woman,—possibly a little “strong-minded.” After the death of Pericles she became the companion of a vulgar person, said to have been a sheep-seller or drover, but under her tuition this man soon rose to be the foremost politician in Athens.

It may be worth considering for a moment how far the propagation at least of those philosophical opinions concerning government and the social condition, which have affected most profoundly man's condition in the history of civilized states, has been due to the impulse given by the enthusiasm and sympathy of women. The example of Greece has its counterpart in France during the eighteenth century. In England, at this period, writers, sceptical, materialist, open infidels, preachers of the rights of man, and others of the same kind, abounded,—men like Bolingbroke, Collins, Toland, Hume, Hartley, Price, and Priestley,—many of whom may be regarded as quite as brilliant as writers, and all of whom were as advanced in their opinions, as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, and Condillac; but how different was the reception of these ideas in England and in France! The English deists of the eighteenth century are now almost a forgotten race. They never had any popular following, and the scepticism of the present day disowns the old methods of warfare. How different from the influence of the same philosophy in France! It has made the tour of the world, uprooting by the French Revolution, which was its logical outcome, the old foundations of European society, and even now with ever-fresh vigor threatening the existing order by socialistic and communistic doctrines which are the genuine outgrowth of the theories of Rousseau, Condillac, and Helvetius. Why should there have been so great a difference between the

influence of the English and French philosophy on these subjects? M. Taine explains it by saying that in France *l'art de parole* existed, and in England it did not. How that art was practised in France, Rousseau tells us when he says that “any question of moral philosophy would be quite as well discussed in the *salon* of a beautiful woman in Paris as in the society of the profoundest philosophers.” Women of the highest rank studied optics and chemistry, and even did not hesitate to be present at the dissection of the human body. In 1786 the doors of the College of France were thrown open to them; they attended all the lectures, and such was their enthusiasm for learning that they flocked in crowds to the public sittings of the French Academy and there listened with the greatest attention to discourses about the bull Apis, and questions of Egyptian, Phœnician, and Greek grammar. In those days in France women were true queens. Men were not their slaves, but their companions and their equals. They led the fashion, and gave it its characteristic tone; they flattered men's vanity by sympathy with their opinions; they chose the topics of conversation most agreeable to them, which were always more or less of a philosophical kind, and thus shaped the ideas of those who approached them, and, through them, the public opinion of the time.

But to return to antiquity. The primitive Roman marriage was not unlike the Greek both in form and intention. The object was the same,—to furnish citizens of pure blood to the state, and to perpetuate that family worship of the household divinities upon the due performance of which it was supposed that the safety of the republic depended. *Connubium*—that is, the legal capacity to contract a marriage between the parties—was essential; and there was no such capacity, at least in the earlier days, save in those who were Roman citizens. This strictness, however, was much relaxed after the struggle between the patricians and the plebeians. The Roman matron was never as much secluded from

the world as the Greek wife: the *atrium* was a much more public place than the *gynæceum*, and a certain limited intercourse with the outside world was permitted to the wife. It is said that not a single divorce took place in Rome during a space of five hundred and twenty years; and surely, if this be the case, it would appear that the Romans recognized the sacredness of marriage to a far greater degree than other nations of antiquity. Still, even married women were treated with strange contempt, when Metellus, the censor, in the year 623 (A. U. C.) could enforce the duty of marriage before the senate in these terms: "Could we exist without wives at all, doubtless we should all rid ourselves of the plague they are to us. Since nature, however, has decreed that we cannot dispense with this infliction, let us bear it manfully, and rather look to the permanent conservation of the state than to our own transient satisfaction." The language of Augustus on this subject in the senate more than a hundred years later was hardly more polite.

These utterances are significant, for they show how completely the popular feeling in regard to marriage had changed with the changed condition of the times. After the second Punic war, and particularly after the Roman conquests in the East, the introduction of foreign religions and the new philosophy lessened very much the reverence which had been felt for ages for the household divinities, and especially for that old form of marriage which made so essential a part of their worship. Besides, the soldiers of the Roman armies, scattered in garrisons over territories which acknowledged no allegiance to the Roman gods, were unable to marry according to the old law, simply because no Roman women were to be found in the places where they were stationed. The result was that there was in the latter days of the republic a growing disinclination to marry, and a growing habit of forming irregular connections, in Rome and throughout the Roman world. The remedy for such an evil in our time would be obvious enough. If the law

in Rome had forced the marriageable women to be educated so as to be attractive to intending husbands, and especially if it had granted full liberty of marriage to all those who were moved thereto by mutual inclination and affection, the current of history might have been changed. But the one thing the true Roman never gave up was his reverence for the past and for the old traditions of his race. The authorities, alarmed by the decreasing population of citizens, could find no better way of meeting the difficulty than by forcing men, under heavy penalties, to choose their wives from the same limited circle which had been provided for them by the laws of Numa. This was a tyranny which neither men nor women could bear. For once in history there was complete harmony of views on "the woman-question." To the mass of the Roman citizens, male and female, in the later age of the commonwealth the idea of marriage became positively odious and disgusting; and it is said that with reference to this one point only the master of the Romans, Augustus, could make no impression upon the dogged disobedience of his subjects.

Some of the difficulties which he encountered in enforcing his scheme of limited marriage are thus described by a writer of authority: "The actual dissolutions of marriage (before Augustus) which now took place, though vastly numerous, bore no proportion to the general discomfort which invaded 'the blessed state.' It is womanly to forgive, but it is also womanly to threaten, and the law now enabled every Roman matron to keep her poor husband under a perpetual 'notice to quit.' The wives, of course, threw all the blame of this domestic misery upon the wretched husbands, and, adding insult to injury and characteristically infusing a little religion into their proceedings, they set to invoking a deity that seemed to be made for their purpose,—the goddess *Viriplaca*, that is, Appeaser of Husbands. The noble Roman who had enough public spirit to sacrifice his ease and risk his life for the state hesitated to encounter

for her sake the cares and perils of wedlock."

This was the evil. Now for the remedy proposed by Augustus. "The people of Rome were assembled in his presence and divided into two distinct masses, the one on his right hand and the other on his left. On the right were the married men, dejected, indeed, and careworn, yet proudly supporting themselves by the consciousness of having dared and suffered in their country's cause. On the left were the bachelors; and great was the city's dismay when it appeared that this selfish and timorous class far exceeded in number the married patriots. The great emperor spoke and strove in vain to rouse the youth of Rome to make a venture in their country's cause and for her sake to choose fair brides. He spoke of the penalties prescribed by the Pappian law (which he had forced through a reluctant senate) for obstinate celibacy, how in contests for office the married man was always to be preferred to the bachelor, and how the capacity to inherit property in certain cases was to be taken away from those unwilling to run the risks of matrimony. Then he strove to entice his obdurate hearers by holding up before them the rewards which the state (by way of compensation, no doubt) had decreed to the unhappy husbands. The 'honors of old age' (whatever they may have been), the first choice of boxes and stalls at the theatres, constant precedence in public office and emolument,—these were some of the temptations held up to soften the hearts of those whose rallying-cry was unlimited matrimony. At last the emperor, in a sort of frantic despair, and as a last appeal, exclaimed, 'For less rewards than these would thousands expose their lives; and can they not then entice a Roman citizen to arise and marry a wife?' But it was of no use: the 'gilded youth' could not be persuaded to abandon their freedom, and many who desired the civil immunities of a husband without enduring his troubles complied with the letter of the law, and were formally married to children four or five years old."

This account of the unfortunate position of unmarried men at Rome in the beginning of the Empire is to be regarded rather as a sketch of a curious phase of Roman life than as a trustworthy picture of the general social condition either in the city itself or throughout the Empire. The common impression is that Rome was a sink of iniquity until it was purified by an infusion of Christian virtue. If we are to trust the satirists, Juvenal, Tacitus, Seneca, or Martial, all of them *laudatores temporis acti*, and all of them, with the inveterate habit of Roman moralists, looking to the past only for examples of virtue, we must believe not only that the Roman world was governed by monsters for more than a century after Augustus, but also that whatever influence women had in that age was used to aid the progress of general demoralization. No writers are less trustworthy than satirists, for the vice of exaggeration is inseparable from their habit of thought and colors falsely all the pictures they present. This is the case in all ages and in all countries with people who undertake to scold society for its short-comings in morals. Who, for instance, will believe that two thousand years hence the historian who then undertakes to depict the actual condition of American society and of the American women of our own times ought to regard the picture recently presented by a reverend divine as a truthful representation of the world and age in which he lives? We cannot help feeling, as we read it, that it is exaggerated, that the picture has been highly colored in order to attract attention; for, while we know how much truth, unhappily, there is in it, especially as far as large cities are concerned, yet we also know as well that it only presents half the truth, and in history nothing is better settled than that a half-truth is equivalent to a whole untruth.

There were many good, true, and virtuous women, as we shall see, with a wide sphere of influence, in the early days of the Empire, notwithstanding the indiscriminating censure heaped upon them by the satirists. Juvenal seems

to have been a sort of Roman Carlyle, ever grumbling at the world around him, its men, women, and institutions. But Tacitus, whose ideal, as he presents it to us, was a German woman in her native forests, whom he holds up as a pattern to the depraved Roman ladies, speaks much more to the point when he tells us what he really knows of the household of his wife's parents. "They lived," he says, "in admirable harmony, filled with the utmost tenderness, and each striving to make sacrifices to promote the welfare of the other." Seneca's works are filled with the most virulent abuse of the Roman women of the time, and yet in one of his letters he thus speaks of his second wife, Paulina: "I am ill, and Paulina forces me to take care of myself. As my life depends upon hers, I shall follow her advice, because in doing so I am caring for her. Can anything be more delightful than to feel that in loving your wife you are loving yourself?"

But long before this, in the days of the early emperors, shining examples are not wanting not only of the truest conjugal affection, but of the great influence of women of high station and cultivated minds upon the life of the time. Notwithstanding the absurd Roman law in regard to marriage, and the fierce opposition which, as we have said, it encountered, the demands of those women who were married for emancipation from legal slavery were in many cases irrepressible. Augustus was forced to set a better example. Jealous of his power, he did not hesitate to share it with his wife Livia. He consulted her on all grave occasions, he made her the partner in the honors which were conferred upon him, and she and his sister Octavia were placed under the protection which the tribunes alone enjoyed. In the triumph of Claudius, Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, was placed on a throne close by that of the emperor, and received from the legions imperial homage and honor. In the time of the Antonines the empresses were called the "mothers of the camps and legions," and, later, of "the senate and the

people." Under the Severi it happened more than once that the reigning empress disposed of the Empire and governed it as she thought best, under the nominal rule of her husband or her son.

During all this time the legal position of the wife was unaltered, but tolerance and usage made, as so often happens, the law a dead letter. The inscriptions on the tombs give on this subject some important information. We there find Roman matrons spoken of as members of a respectable society called "*Sodalitas pudicitiae servandæ*," and of another, of which the object is not well known, called "*Conventus Matronarum*." Women, as is well known, had exclusive charge of the service and worship of certain divinities. In municipal affairs societies such as these had a certain weight. They discussed the rewards which should be conferred upon worthy magistrates, they gave the money for the erection of statues, porticos, and temples, and the towns which they adorned recognized their services as entitled to the public gratitude. We are to remember, when we read accounts of the extravagance and shamelessness of Roman women, that in the nature of things they can have been true of a very small portion of the society of a city of nearly two million inhabitants, and of a still smaller portion of that of an empire of one hundred millions. The truth is that at no time do we read of nobler women than in the very days when satire handled them so coarsely. The ideal Roman matron was always dignified, brave, and chaste; the fuller blossoming of womanhood and a more many-sided grace were the growth of an age which we regard at first as hopelessly corrupt and vile.

The Romans of this era had very different notions of the ideal woman from those which prevail in our modern life. Young women of free birth are never represented as timid and sentimental, but they speak in a decided tone and with almost a *mannish* air. Grace, tenderness, and passion were regarded as the special charms of a totally different

class. In order to make men and women fit companions for each other, boys and girls went to school together. The practice of co-education was born in the best days of Imperial Rome. Both sexes studied the same books and read together the great poets of Greece and Rome, and it appears that the works of Menander and of Terence were the favorite text-books. There were then no public schools in Rome controlled by the government; and it is a striking illustration of the absurdity of a good deal we hear about the Roman opinion and practice concerning the relations of the sexes to find parents, both patricians and plebeians, voluntarily sending their children to be instructed in the same school and in the same subjects. That this was done after due consideration is apparent from the fact that the only branches of education which were not taught to both sexes alike were music and dancing. These accomplishments were regarded with a very different eye in antiquity from that with which we look upon them at the present day. Still, it is strange enough that almost the only co-education which is not regarded by many good people now as immoral is that given in the singing- and in the dancing-school.

This method of educating free-born marriageable girls had a special object and significance. When the temple of Janus was closed, in the reign of Augustus, the flood-gates which had hitherto measurably kept out of Rome the luxury, the vices, and the religions of the East were opened, and "the waters of the Syrian Orontes poured into the Tiber" in more senses than one. Among the evils which threatened the city and the West from this source was the arrival of vast numbers of seductive women of brilliant education, with whom the young men of Rome, who were rich and idle, were only too ready to form connections such as those which existed in the Greek cities with the *hetairai*. The Romans, with that practical common sense which was one of their marked characteristics, determined to avert the danger, the porten-

tous nature of which they fully recognized, by so educating their own daughters that they should be more attractive as companions to men whom they might marry, than their unworthy rivals. The effect was soon apparent. Notwithstanding the efforts of Augustus to restore the old strict methods of treating married women, society and fashion proved stronger than he. During his reign it became common for women of rank and spotless reputation to perform on the lyre, to dance, and even to write poetry. Horace, in one of his odes, does not hesitate to speak of the charming wife of Mæcenas as an accomplished singer. The poet Statius, who was not rich, tells us that he hopes to marry his daughter well, because she is a "cultured woman." So Pliny tells us later that his wife Calpurnia took the greatest interest in his literary work; that she read and re-read his books, that she learned them by heart, and that she set his verses to music, accompanying them as she sang with the sound of the lyre. Well may he exclaim with enthusiasm, "She is the pupil of love, the best of all teachers." Educated women were very numerous during the first century. Agrippina, the mother of Nero, wrote the memoirs of her youth. Pliny tells us of a friend who showed him some letters written by his wife which he says could only be compared "to Plautus and Terence in prose." Sulpicia, who lived under Trajan, was a renowned poetess. Martial, bitter satirist as he was of Roman manners, speaks of a young girl about to be married to a friend of his as possessing the eloquence of Plato, with the austerity of the philosophers of the Porch, and writing verses worthy of a chaste Sappho. Such women became the true companions of cultivated men. They were invited with their husbands to social entertainments, and they went, accompanied by their daughters; they formed in many of the great houses in Rome a charming society, in which women talked about Homer and Virgil, just as they discussed in the seventeenth century in the Hôtel Rambouillet, where the modern art of conversation was

born, the merits of "Le Cid" or the newest madrigal.

The traditions of the influence of Roman women on public and social life were not lost upon the decline of paganism, and in that portion of the fourth century when Christianity was striving to assimilate what was good and pure in Roman society. How little should we know, for instance, of St. Ambrose if he had not revealed the secrets of his heart in his letters to his sister Marcellina, who was his constant and sympathizing adviser! No doubt, too, the Church owes much of the glory shed upon her by the life of St. Augustine to the influence of his mother Monica. So in regard to another great doctor of the Latin Church, St. Jerome; almost every step of his illustrious life is marked by the care, sympathy, and aid of those noble Roman women whose mothers are held up to us as conspicuous types of all that is foul in history. The "Church of the household," established on the Aventine, in the fourth century, by women of the highest rank, who had become disgusted with the fashionable luxury and folly of Roman society, and who sought in this retreat opportunity to lead undisturbed a Christian life, to practise Christian virtues, and to study the Christian Scriptures, is in many ways one of the most remarkable institutions of the primitive Church. Their residence was not a convent, but one of the most sumptuous palaces of Rome, belonging to one of their number, Marcella; they took no vows of renunciation of the world, for they were free to come and go as they pleased; they were not poor and humble: so far from it, most of them were descendants of the noblest Roman families, and were possessed of immense wealth, which they distributed freely to the poor. They were nearly all widows, who, without any official connection with the Church, had consecrated their lives and their fortunes to its service. It is not too much to say that out of this "Church of the household" came the influence which, more than anything else, sustained St. Jerome during his labors in that trans-

lation of the New Testament now called the Latin Vulgate, and especially of his translation into Latin of the original Hebrew Scriptures. These translations, as is well known, were the great work of his life, and they now form the authorized canonical Scriptures in the Roman Catholic Church. From the great ladies on Mount Aventine Jerome received invaluable aid. They all knew Greek, and some of them Hebrew. Marcella and Paula, the chief among them, became so learned in their exegesis that they were frequently consulted on obscure points by the clergy. "During the whole time of my residence at Rome," says Jerome, "Marcella never saw me without asking me some question about history or dogma. She was not satisfied with any answer I might chance to give: she never yielded to my authority only, but discussed the matter so thoroughly that often I ceased to be the master and became her humble pupil." This Church of the household, it is to be remembered, was simply a congregation of instructed Roman women; yet, strange to say, it is spoken of as the teacher and inspirer of the most learned man of his time,—one of the four great fathers of the Latin Church.

But its influence on Jerome did not end here. After the death of his patron, Pope Damasus, whose secretary he had been, Jerome decided to go to Palestine, in order that he might be better able to carry out his great project of translating the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin. He accordingly established himself at Bethlehem, where he supposed the greatest facilities for his purpose would be found. He was soon joined by a large number of the ladies from Mount Aventine, headed by Paula and her daughter Eustochium, who were filled with holy zeal to aid him in his great work. Near the "grotto of the Nativity" they built a hospital and four monasteries, one for men and three for women. What they did for the relief of the surrounding population and of pilgrims does not concern us here. At Bethlehem Jerome passed the last thirty-four years of his life, engaged in incessant

sant literary work, Paula giving him her aid and sympathy during seventeen years, and until her death, when her place was supplied by her daughter Eustochium. No praise of these celebrated women can be given as honorable to them as that of Jerome's own words. "I must say," writes he, "however strange it may seem, that Paula has learned with ease thoroughly that Hebrew language which it cost me so much labor to acquire in my youth, and which I must study constantly for fear of losing my knowledge of it." "Paula and Eustochium," he says to them in the preface to his translation of the book of Esther, "you who are so familiar with Hebrew literature, and so skilled in judging of the merits of a translation, go over this one carefully, word by word, so as to discover where I have added or omitted anything which is not in the original Hebrew." He also undertook with them a revision of the Psalter, and instructions of the minutest kind given by him for this work still exist. And perhaps, when we are inclined to speak of women as unfitted by nature for a learned education, we might gratefully remember that the Psalms which are read in the daily service of the Church are translated from that Latin Vulgate which was edited, and the text of which was finally settled, by the learned labors of the forgotten Paula and Eustochium.

The controversies of the Church of Constantinople, while the celebrated St. John Chrysostom was its archbishop, at the close of the fourth century, have an important bearing upon "the woman-question." This is the case not merely because the chief actors in this quarrel on both sides were women, and its immediate cause was a certain fashion of wearing the hair, which Chrysostom disliked and which he preached against, but also because the history of the persecution of the sainted archbishop shows us of what women are capable for good and for evil when their passions or their sympathies become thoroughly aroused.

The Empress Eudoxia, having completely subdued her husband, the wretched Arcadius, was determined to

bend the great Chrysostom to obedience to her will. The Christian society of Constantinople seems to have been in a strange state in those days. What with the vice and luxury of the great ladies of the court, the scandal of the relations of many of the clergy with the *mulieres sub-introductæ*, and, to crown all, the erection of a statue of the empress, which the people were required to adore, it may be supposed that there was a fine field for the moral reformer. Against the shamelessness and impiety of such proceedings Chrysostom preached with fiery zeal. The result was that the empress and those ladies of the court who were her intimate friends, and felt most aggrieved by the attacks of the archbishop, formed a cabal to ruin him. They succeeded, by means of an intrigue with his enemies of the clergy, chiefly of Egypt, in convening a council which deposed him from his see without hearing his defence. He was twice exiled, the last time driven from his cathedral, —the great church of St. Sophia,—from which the flames, lighted doubtless by his too zealous followers, arose as he went forth; and, surrounded by an enthusiastic but helpless crowd of friends, he began that wearisome journey to the farthest frontier of the province of Asia, where he passed in exile the remainder of his life.

It is important to observe, as showing the very prominent position of women in the churches of the East, that both the most violent enemies and the most devoted and active friends of this great saint and martyr were women. The deaconesses of his church,—Olympias, Salvina, Ampructe, and Pentadia,—especially the first, held toward him a position very different from that involved in a mere official relation. These were all ladies of the same high rank and social position as his persecutors. Salvina was the official protectress of the Eastern churches at the court of Arcadius, and from every quarter of the Empire supplications for favors were addressed to her, as to one most powerful near the emperor. But the glory of the corps of deaconesses was the celebrated

Olympias, a woman of great wealth, and of the highest position by her family alliances, but who early in life determined that she would remain a widow in order to give her whole time to the service of the Church. While Nectarius was archbishop she had become his counsellor in all church affairs, and when Chrysostom succeeded him he reposed the same confidence in her. She was always his dear and trusted friend; she managed all his worldly affairs, as Marcellina did those of St. Ambrose; to her, as he was being driven into exile, while the flames were bursting forth which consumed his church, although surrounded by bishops, he gave his last instructions for the government of that church during an exile which was to have no end except in the grave; to her, during that exile, were his principal letters addressed, — letters not merely of personal friendship, but filled with the most important instructions concerning the feeding of that flock from whom the shepherd had been torn away. The correspondence between these two remarkable persons, which has been recently in great part reproduced by M. Amédée Thierry in his account of St. John Chrysostom, should be read by all who wish to know what were the nature and consequences of the extraordinary power wielded by Christian women in the fourth century. On this

subject Chrysostom at least gives no uncertain sound. We cannot do better, in closing, than to give what may be called his profession of faith upon the true position of a Christian woman. It is contained in a letter written by him to a noble Roman woman to ask her influence toward securing the convening of a general council, in which his case could be heard. "In the order of affairs in this world," he says, "as in that of nature, each sex has its particular sphere of action: to the woman, household affairs; to the man, public business, the government of the city, discussions in the *agora*. But in the work which has the service of God for its object, in the Church militant, these distinctions are effaced, and it often happens that the woman excels the man in the courage with which she supports her opinions, and in her holy zeal. . . . Do not consider as unbecoming to your sex that earnest work which in any way promotes the welfare of the faithful. On the contrary, I urge you to use every effort to calm, either by your own influence, or by that of others whom you can convince, the fearful storm which has burst upon the Eastern churches. This is the great work which I beg you to undertake with the utmost diligence: the more frightful the tempest, the more precious the recompense for your share in calming it." C. J. STILLÉ.

SOULS AND RAIN-DROPS.

LIGHT rain-drops fall and wrinkle the sea,
Then vanish, and die utterly.
One would not know that rain-drops fell,
If the round sea-wrinkles did not tell.

So souls come down and wrinkle life,
And vanish in the flesh-sea strife.
One might not know that souls had place,
Were't not for the wrinkles in life's face.

SIDNEY LANIER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Midsummer Pilgrimage.

CHRISTIAN fleeing from the City of Destruction, with a burden on his back which he is anxious to get rid of, is, in our age of little faith and easy consciences, less suggestive of the "convicted" sinner seeking relief and safety from spiritual ills, present and prospective, than of the business or professional man escaping from physical evils and discomforts,—the stifling air of offices and counting-rooms, the glare of paved streets, and the derangements, actual or imminent, of those organs which seem to have become more sensitive as others have grown callous,—and hoping, when he has reached a cooler shade and purer atmosphere, to throw off for a time the worldly cares that have proved too oppressive. The modern pilgrim, like his prototype, is unencumbered with wife and children, though this is not because they have refused to go with him, but because they have fled in advance. He will be somewhat exceptionally fortunate if the parallel do not hold good in other particulars,—if he be not as much hindered when starting for the railway-station as was Christian on his way to the "wicket-gate," if he do not find himself plunging into a Slough of Despond when looking after his baggage, or climbing a Hill Difficult when trying to make his "connections," or encountering an Apollyon in the form of scornful hotel clerks or of boarding-house-keepers whose bowels are compassionless in regard to those of their "guests." His Place Beautiful is rarely a scene of undiluted delights. Angelic forms may not be lacking, and shining apparel will be certain to greet his eye at every turn and on every occasion; but squalling infants demand a share of his attention in the hours that should be devoted to repose, and myriads of mosquitoes are apt to haunt the precise

spots where inanimate nature is most prodigal of her charms. Happily, these and the like drawbacks, however keenly felt at the time, dwindle in the recollection, or, if vividly remembered, there is always the chance of exchanging them for less unendurable nuisances by going in a new direction. Most of us, unlike Hamlet, are ready to fly without hesitation from the ills we have to those we know not of. It is the agnostic, not the orthodox believer, who professes nowadays to have triumphed over the fear of death.

Of the various classes that are able to take part in the summer migration, the lawyers and the doctors are generally the first to depart and the last to return. For the former a long vacation is the necessary consequence of the suspension of court-sittings, which no doubt brings with it as great a relief of mind to a portion of the public as the adjournment of Congress does to the whole nation. The protracted absence of the medical men is a voluntary one, but according to a standing joke—which some people regard as a sober statement of fact—it proceeds from entirely unselfish motives, being intended to give the patients a chance of recovery. We need hardly say that the true explanation is different from this: the patients themselves go to the sea-side, the mountains, or the mineral springs, and the doctors follow them to see that nature does not get the whole credit for any improvement that may ensue. In the case of another profession, whose members live by other people's faith and their own good works, a distinction must be drawn between the few who are highly paid, and who can take their full of recreation, and the poorly-paid many who have to content themselves with the rest and refreshment afforded by an occasional exchange of pulpits. The merchant, or business man proper, is apt to lead a peripatetic life during the summer, going now to

one resort and now to another, and rushing back to town when his presence is needed, or as often as he has a suspicion that things are not going right and require a sharp eye and a strong hand to straighten them out or make them lively. Of literary people—so called (sometimes, apparently, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle)—a considerable number endeavor to make their summer outing a source of profit by “writing up” the places they visit and the routes they traverse, selecting with this aim the newest or least frequented, as admitting not only of freshness but of embellishment in the treatment. Others avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the gregarious habits of the season to extend their knowledge of characters and manners, and to pick up incidents and bits of family history that may be worked up in novels or magazine stories. The mention of magazines recalls the existence of a class peculiar to modern days, one to which Johnson’s definition of “harmless drudges” is much more applicable than to the dictionary-makers, whose innovations and discordancies are throwing the English language, or most people’s conceptions of it, into a state of confusion. Editors, however, if they ever “longen to gon on pilgrimages,” generally find it convenient to repress the vain desire. There is, indeed, one member of the fraternity whose delightful *causeries* are suggestive of a wide experience of fresh woods and pastures new. But his is an Easy Chair, and its occupant is a Personage, social and political, while most of his *confrères* cannot abandon their autocratic functions even temporarily without being made conscious of their helpless insignificance as mere men and brothers.

The amount of pleasure to be derived from a summer vacation, long or short, depends partly, of course, on circumstances, but chiefly on disposition and temperament. Those who “go in for a good time” generally have it, though the impartial spectator might be at a loss to imagine in what it consisted. On the whole, there is no class—not even the active spirits who measure the

value of their allotted time by the number of miles it will allow of their speeding over and of the places of which they are enabled to catch a passing glimpse, nor even the fashionable belle with unlimited opportunities for flirtation and for the display of innumerable costumes of all imaginable hues—that contrives to get so much enjoyment out of the occasion as young mercantile clerks and similar employés, who expend upon the pursuits of their fortnight’s holiday an amount of energy and hard labor that could by no possibility be extracted from them in the performance of their regular tasks. It is not, however, to any of these classes that such of us as are fain to get our share of the summer pleasures *per alios* are most inclined to extend a warm and ungrudging sympathy. The play, the laughter, the delight, that move the reflective and jaded mind most strongly are those of childhood,—above all, of childhood amid the surroundings that best harmonize with its qualities, contribute what it most needs for its healthy development, and inspire it with the keenest and most innocent raptures. No deprivation so touches the universal heart as that of children debarred from the sight of fields and foliage, of green hills and sparkling brooks, from all participation in the gracious influences of nature, to which they are never insensible, and to which they above all others might be thought to have an inalienable claim. Nor is there any record of summer travel so pleasant to read as that which tells how Mr. Greatheart has taken charge of a band of little pilgrims, convoyed them safely to mountain or sea-side homes, and brought them back with plump forms, rosy cheeks, and minds filled with images more impressive than the lessons of the Sunday-school and more enchanting than the visions conjured up by pictures and story-books.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

The Conversational Talent of Women.

THE fact that women have always

been regarded as great talkers is no proof of their natural skill and aptitude in the art of conversation. The great talker has many faults that the good conversationalist is free from, being often as trivial and verbose as Dame Quickly herself, who must stop to gather up every little shred of circumstance on the way in the narration of the minutest bit of gossip. Hear how she reminds Falstaff of his promise to marry her: "Thou didst swear to me upon a farcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor," etc. It is this particularity about trifles, waste of words, and poverty of ideas, together with utter lack of dignity and reserve, which distinguishes mere talk from conversation. Not that the art of conversation concerns itself only with the most weighty and difficult subjects. It may, on the contrary, expend itself on the lightest and airiest of themes, resembling a play of intellectual soap-bubble, where rainbow-hued fancies softly glitter and poise, and the evanescent glow of wit vanishes in the coming. Yet ideas are the substance upon which all true conversation feeds, either with the hungry greed of the intellectual gourmand or the dainty appetite of the epicure. And, since conversation is chiefly concerned with ideas, it naturally follows that it should be of a more impersonal nature than we often find it. Not persons, but things,—books, humanity, the events of the day,—constitute its proper working material. It was said of Mrs. Browning that "persons were never her theme unless public characters were under discussion, or friends to be praised."

Woman's right of social leadership is chiefly derived from her talent, assumed or real, for conversation. Intellectual conversation, promoted by the presence and influence of highly-gifted women, has formed the bond of union in many a social and political *coterie* of historical renown, such as those brilliant literary and philosophical gatherings chronicled

in the annals of Parisian society. The distinguished women of France attained their celebrity in great part by the interest they took in politics. Many a political faction had, if not for its leader, its inspirer, some woman of large heart and brain, like Madame Roland, at whose house the Girondists were wont to assemble to report the events of the day and receive her counsel. Never was a woman, especially a Frenchwoman, more devoid of coquetry than Madame Roland. The men who sought her society—men like Vergniaud, Condorcet, and Brissot—were her friends, and not her lovers, and the influence she exerted over those around her was that of moral and intellectual ascendancy. Madame de Staël was at that time the leader of another political party,—that which favored a constitutional monarchy. The principal fault of her conversation, we are told, was its amazing depth, though she was sometimes more profound than reflective. The stories of her brilliant loquacity have often been repeated,—Goethe's remark that he had "regular dialogues" with her, and Byron's criticism that she "declaimed instead of conversing, never pausing except to take breath," and, lastly, Schiller's complaint about our "importunate visitress," on whose going away he declared he felt like one risen from a sick-bed.

In England the names of Lady Blessington and Lady Holland shine out most conspicuously among the social leaders of their time. Lady Blessington's conversation was of a light yet brilliant order. Her delicate beauty and frank spontaneity combined to impart an air at once rich and winsome to all her words. "She seldom spoke at any length," says one of her biographers; "never dogmatized on any subject, or played the learned lady in discourse."

Not far from Gore House was another famous mansion, celebrated for the political distinction attained by a long line of ancestors, its vast treasures of art, and the elegant hospitality dispensed therein to men of genius and reputation. The mistress of Holland House possessed neither beauty nor grace of man-

ner, while she exhibited not a few eccentricities of speech and behavior difficult to excuse on the part of those who did not know and understand her. Yet she was by no means without tact and kindly sympathy. One admirer says of her that beyond any other hostess she could "perceive the talent and evoke the various capacities which lurked in every part of the brilliant circle around her." Though she was despotic at times, she was never rancorous or spiteful, but showed everywhere a high sense of womanly honor and decorum, and would permit no small-talk or gossip in her presence.

Crossing the seas to our own land, the name of Margaret Fuller naturally suggests itself in connection with our topic. Margaret Fuller's vocation was essentially that of the critic, and it shows her freedom from the lower sorts of pride that she could estimate her own gifts and powers with as clear and impartial judgment as those of others. Thus, while she recognized and cultivated her wonderful conversational talent, she said of it that, after all, such talent "bespoke only a second-rate mind." The Cary sisters' Sunday-evening receptions formed the rallying centres in their day of the literary and artistic circles of the busy metropolis of New York. The hospitality dispensed was of the most quiet and unostentatious order, though the guests numbered many eminent in literature and politics and included nearly always some distinguished stranger from abroad. The gentle dignity and friendly goodness which marked the elder sister's manner were fitly supplemented by the radiant dash and lively wit of the younger, and the two together combined the elements necessary to a refined and enlivening social intercourse.

But something besides the cursory mention of a few distinguished names is necessary to a complete understanding of the general fitness of women as conversational leaders. Society exists elsewhere than in London and Paris, and everywhere about us are to be found women of tact and ability whose names are never spoken outside their own im-

mediate circle, but whose daily life and conversation are a perpetual stimulus to all around them. So many efforts have been made during the past few years to extend woman's influence by asserting her claim to a full recognition with man in the public avocations of life, that we are in danger of forgetting that it is in society, after all, that this influence will always be most directly felt. It is a bad habit we have fallen into, this of railing at society, condemning its faults in exaggerated strain, and quite overlooking its softening, humanizing influences. A high and refined social intercourse is the latest and most beautiful blossom on the stem of human progress. Society is capable of much folly, yet there is scarcely a single form of extravagant dissipation upon which it enters but what if kept true to its first intention would prove an innocent and healthful diversion. Even the "dress-party" has both its rational and its poetical side. There is nothing essentially foolish or wicked in people meeting each other now and then in their best clothes. Only, when a woman puts on her best dress she should also don her best manners, speak her best thoughts, and be at her best throughout. Thus only can the æsthetics of dress be preserved. It is a case of arrested development when a beautiful woman turns out a simpleton. She should be beautiful all through, her lovely face the index of the purity and harmony within. So far from urging women to resist and set aside the fascinations of society, the appeal should be made to raise the standard of this society, exalt and refine the character of its amusements, modify its extravagancies, and abolish its shams. This can be done in no better way than by making conversation one of its leading features. The only danger in such attempts at reform is that they often run into another extreme, almost as irksome and profitless as that which they seek to correct. The spirit of dilettanteism everywhere abroad is nowhere more manifest than in certain social gatherings of a quasi-literary order. The impression of many women, ambitious to lead in this direc-

tion, seems to be that all one has to do to render society more intellectual is to invite some young woman to recite a poem. Owen Meredith thus describes one of this type:

She's talking æsthetics, the dear clever creature;
Upon man and his functions she speaks with
a smile;

Her ideas are divine upon art, upon nature,
The sublime, the heroic, and Mr. Carlyle.

What society needs is not the introduction of new form so much as the infusion of a new spirit, and this, it is only fair to say, it is rapidly gaining. To substitute dancing and card-playing with some form of elocutionary entertainment, or the like, is to replace one kind of formalism with another. A perfect hostess never constrains her guests in either this or that direction, but places them in the midst of the most suggestive surroundings, which of themselves incite to ease and pleasure.

Every woman cannot be a good conversationalist, which requires natural gifts of a high order, strengthened and perfected by a liberal education and knowledge of the world. But every woman can at least promote, if she cannot lead in, good conversation; she can frown on frivolity, and turn a deaf ear to flattery, and rebuke malice. The gift of entertainment belongs peculiarly to woman, and is not to be despised. Through it she can accomplish, in the worthiest manner, many of the highest and best duties given her to perform. The amenities of life follow last, and in natural order after the humanities, and woman is their natural dispenser, mistress and hostess of the rights and needs of humanity at large, as of her own home circle and fireside. C. P. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters and Reminiscences of John Howard Payne.

THE removal of Payne's remains and the attendant sketches of his career by the press bring pleasantly to mind a summer spent at East Hampton, Long Island, the poet's early home, together with sundry reminiscences of him told

by charming, vivacious old ladies of the village who had been his intimate friends and correspondents,—reminiscences that I feel should be made public as a contribution to the memory of a poet whose bar to eminence was not lack of talent, but rather of ability to continue the race until the goal was won.

One June day, while calling on one of the ladies mentioned, she produced a package of yellow, time-stained letters, exhaling a faint odor of lavender, with the remark that they were all from the poet's hand, having been addressed to herself and other members of her family.

"Mr. Payne," she continued, "was in the habit of passing many weeks at my mother's, in East Hampton, during the summer season, in company with his sister Anne, who died in 1849, Mrs. Lucy Osborn, and his aged aunt, Miss Esther Isaacs. They boarded with my mother, Mrs. General Miller, and Mr. Payne always corresponded with my family as long as he lived. He was a delightful companion, as genial and cheerful as any one I ever knew, and as gentle and refined in his manners as possible; yet he was not effeminate. He was never reduced to such extremes of poverty as have been described by writers. He called himself poor because many of his intimate associates were men of such large fortunes that they could indulge tastes which were not compatible with his means. Mr. Payne was not a poor actor, as some of his critics have untruthfully said. He recited and read very beautifully. When he was a guest at my mother's, I have known the village people to gather in the street and listen for hours to his reading and recitations, he being seated near an open window in my mother's sitting-room. Once, when he read 'John Gilpin,' I remember, a crowd of nearly a hundred gathered in the street and listened without a sound until the recitation was concluded. The poet was never attached to any one of my immediate family, except in the bonds of friendship; but he did love tenderly a lady whom I have always known and loved, and who is now living in a happy home, surrounded by her

children and grandchildren. I think his allusion to this lady in this letter one of the most charming and delicate things in the history of letter-writing. I will read the extract :

"I confess, I should have been gratified to have read your cousin's epistle, though the indulgence, after all, would only have been a childish one, for I think as well of her as possible now,—so the letter could not raise my opinion; and to dwell upon these high estimates of young ladies is playing with edge-tools, even though a man know he has too many years over his head and too little credit at the banks to render his admiration anything but an inconvenience. Besides, I have no reason to believe, were I even younger or richer (though I am sure she is incapable of putting the last consideration into the balance upon such a subject), that I should be more fortunate with her; and if my vanity now and then endeavors to set it all down to the score of some predisposal of her affections, I am perpetually obliged to return to the rationalizing conviction that, even if they be not engaged to anybody else, it is perfectly certain she would never engage them to me. We seldom meet, and shall probably meet even less frequently, as I predicted in my last; but my notions of character and of what constitutes hers must change vastly if ever I like her worse for not liking me better. I am not quite so selfish and unreasonable. I only hope when she marries she will marry where she will be as thoroughly appreciated as she is by me; and whoever obtains her will obtain more certain means of happiness, if he know how to use them, than could be derived from all the treasures in the world. With these impressions, you may probably wonder that I am on such distant terms with her, but so it is, and so it must remain: therefore you must not rally me any more upon that subject, and, *entre nous*, don't let other people talk about it, but keep it all to yourself, for it must be ungrateful to a young lady's delicacy to have her name mentioned knowingly and with smiles in association with that of any gentleman with whom she is really friendly, but nothing more."

"This epistle, and the others in this package, were letters of friendship, written from New York, Washington, or wherever he happened to be when travelling either for pleasure or business. He makes many playful allusions in them to the East-Hampton girls, and often jested about marrying and settling down for life. He was always invited to our tea-parties and merry-makings, and was the life of the company. I will read you extracts from these letters bearing on this topic, showing the sprightliness and vivacity of the man. The first is dated New York, August 14, 1839:

"They say Rosalie is coming here, so that I

may have a chance of losing my heart yet, even though Mahomet should not go to the mountain. Beg her not to give herself away before she has a chance of refusing me. Don't you mean to come? New York changes so fast that it will lose its identity in any eyes that are taken from it six months. Old Trinity Church is going rapidly at last. The side-walls are down, and the steeple hourly getting "small by degrees and beautifully less." New York has changed more, Broadway especially, during the few years since my return from Europe than it did all the many years I was away. By the bye, if Rosalie scorns me, and the pretty Misses Osborn next door to you will not smile, I am told there is a Miss Gloriana Osborn who is captivating all the world. What a fine name! *Gloriana!* There is something regal about it. Adieu, my friend. You see, nature will break forth. I cannot help being nonsensical, though I try to write nothing but good advice and grave moral lectures. No matter, let paper be spoiled as it may, several trades profit by the spoliation, and when it comes under the stamp of Amos Kendall it even assists to pay the expense of sending better epistles, and to perform the noble and most patriotic exploit of supporting the national post-office, and thereby rendering Tom Parsons a great man in your little town. My best regards to your mother and all who care about me and several who don't, and be sure, if I do not see you all soon and get merry over your pumpkin pies, it will not be for want of inclination on the part of

"Yours most truly,

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

"In 1837 he was conducting the 'Ladies' Companion,' and with a copy sent us he forwarded the following letter:

"NEW YORK, August 3, 1837.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you a number of the 'Ladies' Companion,' a little affair which I have just undertaken to conduct. How are you all at East Hampton? I have been wavering about a visit thither, but it is getting so late in the season now that I should fear an embargo again, and therefore shall not probably turn my countenance thitherward. Besides, I cannot persuade your people to fence in the grave-yard, and have no inclination to be buried where the geese will be as busy over my dead body as I have always found them over my living actions. If you are taken romantic, send me a tale. There are three young ladies in New York (sisters) who come up to the 'Companion' office every month with one apiece, romances either of Governor's Island, Staten Island, or Oyster Bay. Surely East Hampton could supply a romance. Pray drop me a line to thank me for this agreeable epistle and to tell me how the East-Hamptonites all are, and believe me, with best remembrance at home and all around,

"Yours truly ever,

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

Two characteristic letters were next read, the one dated at New York in 1836, the other at Washington in 1849. I give extracts from them, even at the risk of prolixity:

"New York, December 9, 1836.

"I am compelled to inform you that I am neither married yet, nor dead, though General Morton is, and had a fine funeral and the universal regret of all who valued worth and hospitality. He has left his widow so forlorn and heart-broken that it puts me quite out of the humor of getting married, for fear my widow would be unhappy; and yet that might not be. She might know a joy in parting with me which none but widows know. Pray ask Miss Julia if she is ready. This is queer weather. To-day has been like summer. To-morrow we may have to get muffs for our noses. Christmas is coming, and the poultry going. I have been feeding upon the feathered tribe so long that I am afraid wings will come upon my shoulders and I shall be taken for a Cupid. Don't laugh; Cupid must be a good lot older than either Deacon Sherrill or I, and it is all a mistake that the poets have not painted him with a full-bottomed wig like Dr. Buell's. What do the East-Hampton geese think of Christmas? Does it make inroads upon that ancient and honorable society? Oh, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Clinton and I had made up. She behaved very elegantly upon the affair, and made me really in love with her,—a sort of churchy love, nothing of the deary species. She is really a superior woman. Good-by. I won't be quarrelled with nor pouted at, so see you answer this letter, or you'll see no more whales at East-Hampton beach. My best remembrances to your mother, your sisters, Mr. Akerly, all my sweethearts, and believe me

"Yours ever truly,

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

"WASHINGTON, August 6, 1849.

"There is no hope for me of pardon for my long omission to answer yours of the 9th of May,

dear —, but through your known kindness and disposition always to put the best construction even on the worst appearances where an old friend is concerned. Your letter has been often before me, at once as a delight and a reproach, and now I am determined that I will venture a reply, even though it be received with frowns. It may, however, prove some extenuation of my offence that I have been harassed ever since my arrival here in such a way that I have not had the energy to write,—though I might more properly say the *inhumanity*: for if I had conveyed to you what I felt, I should have made you as miserable and as vexed as I myself have been and remain. The new administration is the most impracticable and unaccountable that ever came into power. Even yet I am entirely in the dark as to its plans regarding me, only I receive obscure hints that if I am not sent back to Tunis I shall be otherwise taken care of, and that I must 'hold on.' This holding on without anything on which to hold is mighty dull work, and I am tired of it. My spirits need a change. I shall go mad if I cannot obtain at least a month's repose and oblivion of all sources of annoyance, and I am seriously meditating a trip ere long to East Hampton. If I come, will you promise not to increase my unhappiness by snubbing me and looking all sorts of unpleasant things? Is the town thin enough of interlopers to answer the purposes of misanthropy? . . .

"I will break off now, for I really think, after my seeming ingratitude, it would be rather too much to inflict more querulousness and stupidity upon you. I hope I shall grow more brilliant: if anything can render me so, it will be a reply from you speedily. Meanwhile, with best love to all *chez vous* and around you, believe me

"Ever faithfully yours,

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither." By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MISS BIRD belongs to a class of travelers who stand midway between discoverers and those who, whether in search of amusement or of information, limit their peregrinations to civilized countries or to regions that have already been thoroughly explored. If she makes no attempt to extend the bounds of geographical knowledge, she resolutely shuns all the well-beaten paths, turns her back upon comforts and conveniences, and goes in for novelty and adventure, with all their attendant risks and *désagréments*. Her heart, as she tells us, is "in the wilds;" there only does she enjoy perfect health and days of unclouded happiness; and

when she emerges from them "the process of breaking in to conventionalities again is always a severe one." Yet her interest is not confined to her personal experiences, and few books of travel are freer than hers from that egotistic spirit which vents itself either in displays of feeling or in purely autobiographical details. Curiosity—not ennui or the need of distraction—is the gadfly that drives her in her wanderings, and it is what she has seen and learned that she seeks to communicate to her readers. Her merits as a describer and narrator have been so generally recognized that it is sufficient to say that there is no diminution of them in her present book, which, if it contains nothing as piquant and absorbing as the recital of her perilous

rides and queer companionships amid the Colorado mountains, and no such revelation of a unique and, so to speak, stranded type of humanity as her account of the Ainos, is rich in information respecting a region less known than any of those which formed the subjects of her former works, and suffused throughout with the coloring of the life and scenery to which it relates.

It was an accidental temptation which led the author, on her way back from Japan, to turn aside and visit the Malay Peninsula, her previous ignorance in regard to which is avowed with a frankness that may properly be imitated by the reviewer. Of the eastern coast, and the greater portion of the interior, little, in fact, is known to the world at large beyond the general geographical features and the existence of various independent states, formed by the Malays, who conquered or colonized the country at an uncertain date, and of wild tribes supposed to be the remains of the aboriginal inhabitants. It is of the European settlements and the "protected States," on the western coast, that Miss Bird writes from personal observation; and, though Singapore and Malacca are not unfamiliar names, and Jungei Ujong, Selangor, and Perak are among those which may be more or less distinctly recalled as having flitted under one's eyes in publications of one kind or another, definite impressions in connection with any of them cannot be so common as to deprive the subject of its freshness. The book has a two-fold interest: its pictures of tropical scenery are at once glowing and distinct, and the light which it throws on the nature and growth of British rule in the East and its influence on the condition and movements of the population is full of suggestiveness. It is characteristic of Miss Bird that her delight in the beauty, grandeur, and luxuriance of nature is unaffected by the physical discomforts they so often entail upon the spectator. She revels in "the glorious, equable, equatorial heat," and in "the fierce glory of a tropic sunrise," in voyages "under a blazing sun over an incandescent sapphire sea," and in night-expeditions up narrow and tortuous jungle-streams, amid a darkness penetrated only by occasional glimpses of starlight, and a silence broken only by the shrieks, yells, roars, and plungings of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles. Even the torture inflicted by the bites of innumerable "tiger-mosquitoes," compelling her to discard shoes

and stockings and sew up her feet in linen, can be written of at the time as among those light evils which may be easily endured and forgotten. In circumstances which most people would consider a proper occasion for outbreaks of vexation she finds a source of entertainment. "I can hardly write," she says in one letter, "for a little *wah-wah*, the most delightful of apes, is hanging with one lean arm round my throat, while with its disengaged hand it keeps taking my pen, dipping it in the ink, and scrawling over my letter. It is the most winsome of creatures; but if I were to oppose it there is no knowing what it might do, so I will take another pen."

But it was in seeking opportunities to study the habits and characteristics of the people that her patience, courage, and endurance were most severely tested. We find her by turns toiling along sandy by-ways, plunging into noisome lanes, reposing in squalid and crowded huts, visiting gambling-dens, hospitals, and prisons full of repulsive and loathsome spectacles, and riding almost unattended into a village "officially described as a nest of robbers and murderers." The contrast which she draws or implies between the Malays and the Chinese is very instructive. The former are physically the superior race, more courteous and more docile, with strong domestic affections, and, though ardent in their love of liberty, quick to appreciate the advantages of a secure and orderly rule, and hence attracted in great numbers from the dominions still governed by native sultans to those which are under British control. Yet they are fast diminishing, not from the effects of wars or pestilences, of their own vices or of contact with Europeans, but apparently through a mere deficiency of energy, enterprise, and productive skill and power. "Civilized as they are, they don't leave any more impress on the country than a red Indian would." The Chinese, on the contrary, swarming into every part of the Peninsula where there is a prospect of gain from agriculture, mining, trade, or other pursuits, are in a fair way to become if not the dominant at least the most important race in the chief centres of industry and commerce. "They are everywhere the same, keen, quick-witted for chances, markedly self-interested, purpose-like [*sic*], thrifty, frugal, on the whole regarding honesty as the best policy, independent in manner as in character, and without a trace of 'Ori-

ental servility." They are, however, turbulent, addicted to gambling and opium-smoking, and split up into clans which are often at deadly feud with each other.

It is impossible to doubt that in the extension of the British rule and influence lies the best hope of peace, security, and progress for all those regions of the Far East where a mixed population and the despotic rule of petty princes offer problems insolvable by any other method. The Foreign Office, it is true, disclaims the policy of annexation, and instructs the Residents in the protected states to "find and train up chiefs of sufficient capacity and enlightenment to appreciate the advantages of a civilized government," with the view of ultimately rendering back the power which, under a real or pretended necessity, has been taken from its original possessors. But the prospect of such a change must be very remote, nor is there any evidence that it is looked forward to by those whose interests and wishes should be chiefly considered. The main drawback to the advantages of the present system is the arbitrariness of the rule exercised by the chief officials, making its efficiency and benefits almost entirely dependent on their personal character and notions of equity as well as on their capacity. Miss Bird has some pointed remarks, the application of which to a particular locality may be easily deduced, on the kind of Resident who "makes use of his position for purposes of self-aggrandizement and struts tempestuously and swaggeringly before the Malays." But there is a very different class, of whom she mentions several, especially Mr. Hugh Low, the Resident in Pérak, who "works fourteen hours out of the twenty-four," "devotes himself to the promotion of the interests of the state," "seems to grudge every dollar spent superfluously on the English establishment," "goes about unarmed," "speaks to Malays as respectfully as to Europeans," and exhibits in his dealings with them a caution not unmingled with suspicion, but "combined with singular kindness of heart and an almost faulty generosity regarding his own concerns." We may add that there are many amusing character-sketches in the book, the best being that of two apes in whose sole society Miss Bird passed several days during the absence of her host, eating with them at a table laid for three, while the meals were served with "great stateliness and the most profound solemnity."

"George Eliot." By Mathilde Blind. "Emily Brontë." By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THIS series of female biographies is well opened by these two volumes. Both are clearly and accurately written, with a fine intelligence and a sympathetic comprehension of the works of the authors they treat of, although both have the drawback of comparative ignorance of the actual women behind their books. Charlotte Brontë, in her memoir of her sister, said all that could be said with a basis of actual fact; but Miss Robinson's study of Emily's work and life, the impressions she received, the qualities of mind and heart and brain which went to make up her unique and extraordinary powers, possesses extreme interest. With "George Eliot" for a subject, Miss Blind works with a wider field of knowledge, it is true, and her critical sketch is far more complete than any biography hitherto offered. It is, nevertheless, wholly inadequate to supply any clear idea of the real Marian Evans, whose life would be indeed a subject of the profoundest metaphysical interest. To make the two careers of the woman and the author merge, instead of offering inconsistencies and contrasts, would need an almost inspired insight, besides the most accurate understanding of each circumstance in the outer and the inward life. In her books George Eliot shows the most absolute belief in the harmony of moral and social laws: nothing blinds her to the imperative necessity of obedience to the simple every-day facts which environ us all,—the duty which lies nearest, the tragic pathos of the loss of any chance for noble doing, the worth of renunciation, the faith that comes to us out of separation, grief, and loss, more than out of union, love, and life. This she teaches in every book, with a full knowledge which has settled and solved all problems, answered all needs, sanctified all hope.

It is no ordinary curiosity which the well-known facts of George Eliot's life have stirred; and readers of Miss Blind's little book will at once seek to find out whether any actual information is given concerning the union between the novelist and Lewes, and, again, whether there is any elucidation of the mystery of her final marriage to Mr. Cross. But concerning these matters Miss Blind knows no more than the rest of the world, and has refrained from anything more than simple recital and comment. She has no doubt of George Eliot's absolute purity

and loftiness of motive, remarking that her views concerning marriage and divorce differ from those generally held,—that when at the age of twenty-four Marian Evans read “Jane Eyre” she had observed that, under the circumstances, she considered Rochester free to contract a second marriage. But Miss Blind has, perhaps unconsciously and perhaps systematically, developed a theory concerning the subject of her book which gives her life a sort of consistency, and shows her to have been, with all her masculine powers of intellect, one of the most womanly of women,—distinctly emotional, nervous, hysterical, constitutionally timid, and retaining almost morbid traces of any feeling which had once impressed her. Maggie Tulliver, with her swift impulses, her tender conscience, her ardent sympathies, her passionate love of beauty and all the rich, varied life of the senses, Miss Blind considers to have been the prototype of the actual Marian Evans who fell in love with Lewes and after his death turned with fresh need of support and strength to the man who became her husband.

As we have already said, the story of Emily Brontë’s simple, intense, and tragic life was long ago told with passion and with tears by her sister Charlotte. It might seem strange that, with the general eminence accorded to the author of “Jane Eyre,” Emily should have been chosen as the one to receive the highest meed of praise, and one cannot help wishing that that ardent but sombre soul could have been gladdened by the laurels which modern critics heap upon her lonely grave. In Mrs. Gaskell’s “Life of Charlotte Brontë” the final triumphs of the brilliant young genius light up the gloom and sadness of the picture she draws of the life in Haworth Parsonage; but in this little book not one star shines out of the black firmament. Nothing was ever quite so seemingly dumb, so pitiful, so hopeless, as Emily Brontë’s life and death; and the vivid illustrations Miss Robinson here introduces of Branwell’s career make it almost repulsive. Her object is to show that Emily, in depicting such an abnormal character as Heathcote in “Wuthering Heights,” was, from her familiarity with a monster like her brother, incapable of believing him to be out of character and keeping with people in actual life. This baleful and concentrated influence must have had a powerful effect; but genius has its own characteristic bias, and Emily’s could never

have been toward the lighter meanings of the life about her. Of her poetry much has been said, and much will continue to be said. But nothing of her work can be said to be completed and serene: the real meanings of life had not been attained by her when she wrote,—

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,

And even despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,

Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

“Through One Administration.” By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

“THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION” is the second notable novel given us of Washington society within a few years, and suggests comparison with “Democracy” from its having in a measure the same motive, although it differs from it in scope, in tone, and in moral. “Democracy” was at once a more brilliant and a more realistic novel than Mrs. Burnett’s: it was, in fact, written with a more distinct purpose. The writer had a clear vision, and seized the most salient types of American political men and presented them with a swift smiting word. Mrs. Burnett offers a pleasanter picture,—veils whatever goes on outside her pretty parlor-groups, and dismisses bores and noodles in high places, impertinent women and dishonest men, with a little gentle irony. Tredennis, who is the hero of the piece, flings out an angry word now and then, but he is a lion-like sort of man, and a long silence, then an occasional roar,—a rather agreeable roar, “an ’twere a nightingale,”—are spontaneous with him.

The book is full of charm and intelligence. It suggests, nevertheless, the possibility of a far greater book, in which the actual story of a “Westoria Land Scheme” shall be told with clear insight and fiery emphasis and depth. The author of “Democracy” might do this, perhaps. But Mrs. Burnett does not require to give stronger effects than she has given. Her book is exquisitely feminine,—full of the soft *frou-frou* of silken gowns, the odor of heliotrope, the sparkle of jewels on pretty hands, and the flutter of gracefully-wielded fans. In fact, the interest of the book centres in Bertha, who is one of the prettiest figures in recent fiction: she fills the stage, and the men, who are subordinate characters, fall into appropriate positions,—the pro-

fessor, the fact of whose paternity surprises himself, and who studies Bertha,—Richard Amory, who is Bertha's husband and the father of her children, but who, wrapped up in love of himself and his own objects, allows her to become *une femme incomprise*,—Colonel Tredennis, who loved Bertha from the first, but did not speak at the right time, hence is silent and faithful,—Arbuthnot, in love with Bertha,—senators, etc., all admiring Bertha and revolving about her.

The Westoria Land Scheme, which gradually absorbs Amory, makes him use every effort in his power to promote its success, and he puts his wife into doubtful positions,—compelling her to do a little lobbying for him with her circle of admiring senators. It must be confessed that the strength of the book does not lie in this direction; but Bertha fights her way through her difficulties valiantly to the end, and we could wish her better rewarded at the last. The final solution of the problem the incidents of the story have created is pathetic and hopeless, and, even at the risk of being a little commonplace, might, we think, have been made more satisfactory. The allusions to actual personages in Washington society during Grant's administration—*par éminence* to the wife of the Secretary of State—are more delicately and pleasantly given than is usually possible in such cases.

"No New Thing." By W. E. Norris. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MR. NORRIS'S very clever and delightful books are almost the sole survival of the great period of English novels, and are a distinct boon to those readers whose taste was formed by Miss Austen and Thackeray and who experience a reprehensible ennui under the mild sway of modern fiction. "Matrimony," at the time of its publication two years ago, at once drew attention to its author as a writer of distinct promise besides brilliant performance. "No New Thing" perhaps shows no actual advance upon its predecessor, but there is no falling off, and we are ourselves inclined to accord it a deeper interest. The character of Margaret is to us more touching and more lovable than any in "Matrimony." The fault which the average reader would be likely to find with both books is the

rather cynical attitude of the author, who seems to be considerably diverted by the follies and weaknesses of the men and women he has summoned into existence. But for Margaret Stanniforth he shows distinct tenderness of sentiment.

We recall no other heroine who happens to be a widow and who remains a widow to the end of the story. A first marriage, if a rich one, is generally the apology for a romantic second one, and if it has been unhappy and disenchanting it serves as an excuse for regained illusions. But Margaret, having made a rich and happy marriage, remains faithful to its promises until her death, and "No New Thing," although it offers a striking instance of a life-long devotion which suggests Dobbin's for Amelia, is not a love-story in the ordinary sense. Desolate and rather hopeless, Margaret adopts a boy of twelve, and this handsome, clever, selfish little changeling is the hero of the book. It required a pliant and a versatile faculty to draw Philip Marescalchi, but it is done with a sure touch. A little more shadow, a few deeper lines, would have made him contemptible; brighter colors would have rendered him altogether fascinating. As it is, he hovers on the border-land of our prepossessions: we admire him, we applaud him, occasionally despise, but almost never hate, except when he seems likely to succeed in gaining name and fortune. He has neither manly sentiment nor honor, but all the time he is a deliciously amusing fellow, and an unlucky one, and we cannot for our life detest him as we should. We should like to quote some of his experiences, particularly his interview with Colonel Kenyon, when that gentleman seeks him out, burning with righteous wrath, and discovers the young man sitting among the splendors of the Signora Tommasini's hotel drawing-room. There is much, too, we should like to say, if we were allowed the space, concerning the immortal Mrs. Winnington, who is really the treasure of the book. Thackeray could hardly have done better in depicting that awful female gathering up her skirts in her hand and peering into every corner, bullying the servants, her daughters, every man who came near her,—unless she had need of him, when she turned about and toadied him,—her unblushing greed, her lying awake at night to make schemes to get money out of poor fleeced Margaret.